

Back Up

Pastor Troy

[*:]

Back up! 14x

If we be ackin up, You best be backin up

(6x)

If I'm ackin up, you better cut of the game
I ain't got to say nothing, just have to tell them my name
I'm the flame, I got mo' flame then a lighter
I ain't trying to be lame, but this ain't nobody fighter
The southern writer, the preacher and keep a heater beside
Oomp Camp and Pastor Troy we letting it ride
So many died, I ain't never been the one for that
So now I travel everywhere with mack mack mack
I crack heads till I'm fed, and I dodge tricks
I cut the game off quick past ninety-six
I'm getting sick of the game
Just handle my business man
I catch ya slippin', I'm a lick ya ass for everything
We Ready

[*:]

(BACK UP!) [x8]

If we be ackin up, You best be backin up

(4x)

[Verse 2: Peter the Disciple]

It's little Peter, the ity-bity, short ass color
But it ain't nothing, I got some shit to bust up ya sweater
Head bussa from Augusta, went to talking about
Run up on a muthafucker, then I'm gone pour 'em out
I hang with Loco, Dollar Bill, and Baby D
I'm screaming ready, muthafucker don't fuck with me
A young gangsta, I grew up with them g's from the south
And if it's anger, I'm ready to shuv that in a nigga mouth
Bitch it's the devil, better not test me funny
Oomp Camp in dis bitch
Where the fuck is the money
My Pastor told me forever represent for my team
Make them niggas come clean or bust they head with the beam

[*:] (BACK UP!) [x8 in background]

If we be ackin up, You best be backin up

(4x)