

## Back Up

Snoop Dogg

High speed chase, 405 is the freeway  
Swangin' my bangin' my swangin' my Coupe  
DeVille Scoop! DeVille, like that, right back  
Top for the hill, wheel in my hand with a trunk full of contraband  
Swimmin' under water like I'm aquaman  
I used to drink gin, now it's vodka, man  
Boss Dawg is the baller, no propagand  
Pop yo band, don't try and stop the plan  
Rocky land, step back and pop yo man  
Spaced out, caked out, no bug a boo  
Whipped out, Crippled out, nigga, what it really do?  
Time brings change, so I changed my name  
Tryna take flight while they clippin' my wings  
Groupie ass niggas see ya chipping the game  
With nothing to gain, plop plop, pop and I bang

Cadillac-er, Croco-sacker  
Hip-Hop-per, click-clacker  
Tip-tapper, pimp-slapper  
Ain't tryna act up, don't wanna act up  
My nigga back up, nigga back up  
Aye, baby back up, aye baby back up  
My nigga back up, nigga back up  
Hey Scoop DeVille, turn the track up

Thirty days later I'm back on the streets  
Got a batch of bomb beach shit I'm trying to eat  
Feet, to the pavement; money, I'm cravin' it  
What about the bitches dog? Are you savin' them?  
Can a blind man see? (No)  
Can a shark survive outta water for a week? (No)  
A snitch is a snitch if he solemnly speak  
I don't know near nothin', I'm a product of the beach  
To each, his own, hard as stone  
Lotta ya'll niggas bout as hard as foam  
Dead Wrong, tryin' to [?]  
Step back nephew, or feel the heat of the chrome  
G [?] and the heat of my Comb  
Playful as shit nigga, I never eat it alone  
Heat it alone, then I put the weed in the bong  
Step back at the feet of my throne mothafucka

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Cinematic, right back at it  
Talk the walk and walk bout that static  
I am the extra dramatic  
When he popped back, everybody scattered, didn't matter  
I was there from the get go  
Movin' heavy weights, Klitschko

Rookies and Cookies from 'Frisco  
Put em' in a box, Nabisco  
We the funk that killed Disco  
Showed you how to go and get dis tho  
And I'm the reason why your fuckin' with dis ho  
But don't thank me, that's how the shit go  
It's still banging Crip tho, from the intro  
Nigga what they Hidden fo?  
Hol' up, who is that tryin' to come through  
Step back and get mic checked; 1, 2

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Grapevine, State Line  
Get Yours, I take Mine

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Get Yours, I take Mine

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