

Back It Up

Talib Kweli

A nigga Kweli be snapping like photographers
Black star in the constellations like Andromeda
You try to start it up
But you not hard enough
That's why your career is shorter than retarded
Club owner gave you bottles, you the shit now
This shit costing twenty dollars who the pimp now
Stop standing on the coach homie, sit down
I'm at the bar but you're chick is getting this round
They call your girlfriend a beard, need shaving
You brag about what you spend so much you need saving
You need shaking cause you buckle under pressure
You can keep fronting but nobody does it better
Yeah, I hop on any track, peep how I switch lanes
This the highway of life, check the whip game
Check the side of my neck you see the big vein
Just cause you have dragon breath don't mean you spit flames

These niggas soft man, they sweeter than glucose
Gimme fifty feet homie or you too close
Personal space nigga back it up
Beep beep, back it up
Beep beep, back it up
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Ayo my penmanship fucking up your face like a bleamish do
Keep it banging like red and blue
The instrumental through
Killing shit, you ain't got a chance
You and your man is through
Inspiration, ran into my music like xanadu
You rolling through, with a rent a crew
And a rented crew
Ten of you, way too many dudes
Soft as betty boo
Steady you, talking all that shit
In them interviews
Annie who? shit is pitiful
I had to get at you
Spit at you, like it's Tupac at the camera
You ain't got no hammers bruh, talking streetsweepers
You a muthafucking janitor
I'm the realest nigga that you ran into
Can it bruh, the shit you spit faker than the tits on Pamela Anderson
Catch me in the Manderin, post it up
Ghetto's near you, catch a close up
I walk through any hood like respect it
Cause the flow tough, grow up
Personal space homie, back up

