

Rasco f/ Planet Asia

"Backdown"

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[Rasco]

I like this, all tribal
Yeah, aww shit

Back down, cause nigga we back now
Back down, cause nigga we back now
Back down, cause nigga we back now
Burnin the track down

[Planet Asia]

They got me goin in, sober kind hype loaded
Though in the night I'm like a 747 Boeing
Nike Air Jordans, soaring, velour touring
Raw forum for it blow up the whole forums
Black money markets, stocks rack up profits
Cali Agents back on top
Back on the block so you can stop watchin, waitin, hatin
'76 the king's throne was first taken
And since then it never was vacant, with no hesitation
Get at your chin have you lookin like Leatherface on
vacation
For tryin to make statements
MaKe way for the cake maker, trey eight shooter
Hooba smoke through the dope pimp player
God Body persona honor my winter gear
Triple goose gun talk, P.A. clack
Clack clack clack motherfucker yeah C.A.'s back

[Chorus]

Back down, cause nigga we back now; back down,
cause nigga we back now
Back down, cause nigga we back now; C.A., P.A., we
burnin the track down
Back down, cause nigga we back now; back down,
cause nigga we back now
Back down, cause nigga we back now; Rasco, C.A., we
burnin the track down

[Rasco]

Yeah - semi-automatic with it
Tell niggaz that I work hard, that means I gotta get it

Still rollin with the glass tinted
Gotta do it up front never tell 'em at the last minute
But you gotta put some cash in it
C.A. quick to blast, spit the gas
Now it's, highly octane, brothers thinkin they can stop
fame
Man niggaz really pop thangs
Out rollin in the drop stained
Still lookin for a breeze to freak for more cheese, get it
She said that I'm tryin to hit it
Got it all fucked up man I'm tryin to split it
C'mon, you know we got ready to smash
Smash, ain't none of y'all better than Ras'
Ras', I'm 'bout to put a foot in your ass
and keep movin, bumpin this track and keep groovin

[Chorus]

[Planet Asia]

Blood brothers, take it back home, hood life
And never forget, we still live the good life
Ras and As', cash for days
Pull the shotty out my Sean John and blast your braids
Ask your dame, she should know cause she got brains
At the weed spot lookin for Jane, this is gold chain
Cali Agents yard game, guns click, bandanas black
Fuck a battle rap, where the cabbage at?

[Rasco]

Yo it's the head slapper
Dick Swan' still the head rapper, right now it's the dead
factor
It's the bread stacker, paint shirts with the red lacquer
Spit rhymes not a gun clapper
The before and after, better call an after
Wrote the book, you lookin at a closed chapter
First and last, provoke your past
Back down so that we don't have to choke yo' ass nigga

[Chorus]

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