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Warren G "Back Up"

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Now Now go

You got me fucked up

'Cuz I'm a bad muthafucka and you can't understand me

MC's don't know how we puts it down K-9 and P-C from east to north town We be bound by honor, or whoever wants to step So either ya keep on steppin' or we takes ya automatic weapon

Back up, see I came to stack up Bodies like hits, what's that? You wanted to act up and diss the clicks A sister, put my niggaz up wetted the grave You wanted to get richer, so offer your beats that made by fade Cascade, because yo ass is soapy

Mr. Loc, you wanna be Mr. Loki When yo ass used to be low key You know me, so act like you know my click And I'm an assist to kick the shit that you and MD could never get with

And speakin' of MD, another nigga that used to be from mv click

Act like he double to down, but when it go down, go down he splits

Now this is strictly for all of y'all niggaz that diss me

Y'all think y'all skills is up to par well stars, come out and get me

Now we got these niggaz out on the streets, and a place to lay my gun

I guess you could say that I got hostess, in more ways

Y'all keep clickin' and clickin', my chips continue to stack up

But while you dissin' and dissin' I'm a tell you niggaz to back up 'cuz MC's don't know how we puts it down K-9 and P-C from east to north town We be bound by honor, or whoever wants to step So either ya keep on steppin' or we takes ya automatic weapon

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(Hey K-9 what about Mad Dog)
Well, let that nigga loose
No better yet just, let the dog loose
So he could fetch, goin' to Vegas to see what he catch
Ain't gonna be no cases
Just tell him what he faces and watch him snitch
While I lay up in Vegas
It's either the Raiders or the switch, so he did

Switched over like electric shocks, moms got on pregnant static

So they suspected pops, did they know about me?
Mr. K-9 see, clicksta in deep, in your Mama's panties
Did they know that I was bangin' it?
Where at, oh, your Daddy's bread be back
Now she's pregnant and I ain't claimin' it

Your husband's cryin' 'cuz he feels like a chump What, your son is fit to die and he ain't nuthin' but a punk, huh

She can't sayin' nuthin' 'cuz she needs my support But not for the child, see the hooker's tryin' to take him to court

And I'm a body like Jah but accept with mo mil We probably was meant for each other 'Cuz we two, niggaz, they gave us both jams

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MC's don't know how we puts it down K-9 and P-C from east to north town We be bound by honor, or whoever wants to step So either ya keep on steppin' or we takes ya automatic weapon Back up, back up
So when the east is in the
When the north is in the house
Back up, back up
So when the west is in the
When the south is in the house
Back up, back up
So when the east is in the
When the north is in the house
Back up, back up

So when the west is in the When the south is in the house Back up, back up
So when my click is in the When my click is in the house Back up, back up

So when K-9 is in the
When K-9 is in the house
Back up, back up
So when P-C is in the
When P-C is in the house
Back up, back up
When Warren G is in the
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