

Southside Playaz

"Back Up"

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[Mike D]

You know what entice me, in this filthy world of balling
Fast cars stacks and thieves, with these bad bitches
calling
And fucking these niggaz, on the buddy-buddy plan
Pulling all scams cross the line, where it's a hundred a
gram
I got the world in my hand, that's just one of my plans
Coming back with stacks of thousands, wrapped up in
rubberbands
Nigga we keep blood money, thug homies and set up
mami's
Smuggling bundles in Hummee's, keep you blood clot
dummies
Don't front me, or show me the stash bag
Cause when I'm starving out here, nigga I'm coming for
that
So when I creep with the mack, you ballers won't see
the ball
Better be teflon to the drawas, bulletproof walls and all
Mean while, I'm ease off you niggaz
'Fore I unload reload, calicoes my trigger nigga
How in the hell, is you gon fade a young Don
Knowing damn well, from dusk to dawn I get it on

[Hook]

They gon back the fuck up, (when we act the fuck up)
When these niggaz talking shit, (on the wall they
tacked up) - 2x
See Clay-Doe a wig splitter, (Corleone a go-getter)
Together we made niggaz, (all about that six figgas) -
2x

[Clay-Doe]

Nobody move, nobody get hurt
Nigga cause I set it off, when the gun on squirt
Get my team see pay day, or expect beams from Clay-
Day
When I squeeze off AK, click is screaming may-day
Four stars, Laf-Tex niggaz killers is way off
Scratching off and basis, for maximum pay off

Take em off the shit list, or you'll get yours
Be at your doors with 4-4's, spitting tips through your
pores
Other words, better finish doing they chores
But this nigga you can figga up, the creep with no
whores
And I know it's a lot of you niggaz, screaming fuck that
nigga
And I forever tripping on my nuts, you can trust that
nigga
And you jackers po' hustlas, keep the billers
Get the road burns and ledge earns, from the heater
skills
Building my empire, bitch it's murder for hire
Going out in gun fire, Clay-Doe the live wire

[Hook]

[Mike D]

It's gung-ho Mike D, paper getter Corleone

[Clay-Doe]

Clay-Doe the wig splitter, busting down millions

[Mike D]

Now feel us (we killers), on some thugged out shit

[Clay-Doe]

When they act up (they back up), we reload the clip

[Mike D]

Take trip from Cincinatti, (back down to Texas)

[Clay-Doe]

(use these hoes to stash yay), got fo' bags of 'rexes

[Mike D]

Remote control pop spots, (in Yukons and Lexus)

[Clay-Doe]

(money so long we hauling), on the flat bed stretchers

[Mike D]

They send they dogs to fetch us, (while we split down
extras)

Surr-an-wrapped in bags caprice, and kayan pepper

[Clay-Doe]

Hit your spot dropping off, more blocks than Tetris

[Mike D]

Fucking FED's on our tale, (but they'll never catch us)
We too slick with cash bags, fully loaded AR's
Pull up on your set catch wreck, way down your
boulevard

[Clay-Doe]

Till that heart stop pumping on his chest, because he
dead
I made sure of that when I pulled up, put one in his
head

[Hook]

They gon back the fuck up, (when we act the fuck up)
When these niggaz talking shit, (on the wall they
tacked up) - 2x

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