

## **Spike Da Juggalo**

### **"Back Again"**

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(Juelz)

Yeah nigga, I heard my man Luca was out  
I guess he's...

(Chorus)

BACK A-GAIN,  
Back with my 45, gotta new quarter drive  
Tryin' to stay alllllllviivveee  
BACK A-GAIN  
Same gansta team, new gangsta lean  
Chasin' the fuckin' cream  
BACK A-GAIN  
Fitted to the back, Throwy well intact  
Ladies holla back  
BACK A-GAIN  
This time we here to stay  
Ain't got no time to play  
Stay out my fuckin' way

(Verse)

Now I'm "Back A-gain", just like flash was  
Bad like Shaft was, react like Cassius...  
Clay did in the ring with his back up...  
Against the ropes, jab, jab, back up  
It's all for what, it's all for us, all for bucks  
You chumps remind me of Mister Softee chucks  
Icey niggaz, banana boat milkshake ice cream niggaz  
I don't like these niggaz, nope  
I pop shots, hot glocks, shoot through vans too  
Oh-Bob-bobalo-bamboo, move  
And I'm fo' really with the milly-o  
Leave many wholes like the cereal Cheerios  
You into funny money, I'm rakin' in silly do'  
The type that don't really fold, just sittin' there and  
gettin' old  
I got the game ina loop kid, kinda like Snoop did  
It's more than me, it's more than the music  
I'm....

(Chorus)

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(Verse)

Come through new coup Z  
Three plus fitty, me plus Jimmy  
Speed up slow, ease up quickly  
Yeah we puff really, yeah we just silly  
Puddy-buddies yeah he just kills me, shit  
And I'm sick in the mind  
They don't understand this trife style lifestyle  
Live in a mine, but still I'm "Back A-Gain"  
BACK with my 45, Cadillac that my shorty drives  
Maggy-mackin' my shorty's live "Back A-Gain"  
Straight from 4-45, West 53 in Amsterdam  
Also known as Gramsterdam, way before the Santana  
man  
Long time ago, way before the bandana, damn  
Young scammy scam on the block hand to hand  
Hard I was slangin' it, straight Leron James with it  
No big star, no big car  
One big rock, one big block, I'll go far

(Chorus)

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(Verse)

Now this has been one hell of a year  
This has been one hell of a ride, I'm tellin' you guys

They'd thought we'd never survive, Jekey'll and Hyde  
Or the great american pie, weapons collide  
Dead or alive, left with no choice but to um, better our  
lives  
Get up and strive, but um, get up and roll, get up ya  
know  
Get up and go, these motherfuckers ain't lettin' us go  
So we get up and take it, get up and make it happen for  
us  
Nobody can gt up and take this  
In rappin' we trust, gat packin's a must  
It's part of my nature, part of my wake up  
Part of my waist yup, pardon my waist chump  
For this part of my waist chump, come part in of your  
face, yup  
It's Santana, part of the great stuff  
Fo really man, pardon I'm great chump

(Chorus)

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