

Da Backwudz f/ Nas, Slim Thug

"You Gonna Luv Me"

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It's Da Backwudz, y'knahmtalkinbout?
Once again with Nas, Slim Thug
Talk to 'em homey!

[Slim Thug]
You gotta love me mayne
You gotta love me mayne, why would hate me mayne?
I'm a young nigga on the grind gettin paper mayne
I'm the six-six tall baller draped in chains
It ain't my fault your girlfriend wanna date me mayne
I'm with them Backwud boys blowin back woods
H-Town to A-Town, always keep the sacks good
From the hood, Northside of the city
Where them boys turn corners and them 'llacs lookin
pretty
Fo's crawlin, you can tell that I'm ballin
NexTel stay rangin cause them boppers is callin
Boyz N Blue, Boss Hogg Outlawz
Ridin toppers through the town in them candy L-Dawgs
(geah)
That's how we do it down in Texas, city of the H
Where instead of 9 to 5's, boys pushin weight
We go-getters, side hustle flow spitters
Still hungry for the green on the hunt for mo' figures

(Dat Backwudz, dat Backwudz, dat Backwudz, go)

[Da Backwudz - Big Marc]
I'm still comin down, painted like Crayola
My page-ola stackin like Palace or Coke-Cola
I'm cold as deep freeze, I scope 'em like heatseekers
Snatch up and I bang her with my meat cleaver
Oh; weight shiftin how we burn calories
Saturated fats, pockets no {?} in my salary
(What's my name) Big Marc, see me in a big car
Fo'-fifty-fo', drankin XO

[Da Backwuds - Sho'Nuff]
Okay, check my attire, sit higher than bird wire
Pirellis like elevators, my doors is suicidal
I'm mack-nificent, flashin like paparazzi

Hustle flows Million Dollar Man, DiBiase (ohh!)
In any suits, a Chevy no Beamer Coupe
Mo' game than Maxx Payne, your lady playin my flute
(yeah)
Because we keep it gutter (gutter) pistols pop your
bubble
Queensbridge (Nasty Nas) H-Town, Slim Thugga

(A-Town!) N.Y., stand up man (Backwudz!)
Nasty Nas, Illmatic, let's do it!

[Nas]
Know I've been around, bought the cars
Played the game, wore the ice
Hit the hoes; can't repeat the same habits all my life
Shot the guns, had the run
Popped the trunk, QB style
Let it loose, hundred shots
All y'all standin one of y'all drop (woo!)
From this cannon that I got
Me and my man'll run to your block
See if our Land'll brighten your knot
You understandin why we so hot?
Expensive clothes, different flows
Bentley Benz, Range Rov's
Rolls Royce; all because my gold voice is so choice
Lame nigga, I flame niggaz whoever came wit'cha
I got retire out the game figures
But I'ma stay and hit'cha, no I'm not playin wit'cha
Yachts lay in the river
Out to take yo' cash if I ain't made it wit'cha
I hope you hate a nigga like me
Cause I'm loved, by your wifey
I'm a thug by day, a killer nightly
In the sheets with a freak, or with heat on the street
I make money, take yo' honey to the top floor suite
C'mon!

(Told ya! You gon' love me, yeahhhh)

[Outro - repeat 2X]
It's Da Backwudz, slabbin through yo' back hood
We got dem thangs that'll make Shaq act good
Known to put dem shiny thangs on the 'llac hoods
Known to do a little dance if they act good

{*sped up sample to end: "You're gonna love me!"*}

