

**AZ****"Sit 'em Back Slow"**Visit "[Sit 'em Back Slow](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Billy Danze]

Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, come on!!

Yeah! (Can you hear that sh\*t?)

Yeah! (Can you hear that sh\*t!?)

Come on, n\*gga, yeah

Sit 'em back slow!

[Verse 1: Billy Danze]

Fall back, for the 40 cal clap

Slugs burn like hot grits on Al Green's back

F\*ck what you heard, f\*ck what they talking 'bout

We chalk 'em out, you f\*ckin' with a legend

And I still keep it funky (that's right)

Jump up, I'm gonna shoot you down on the back

pockets to your Red Monkeys

You're on and your H owe[?] me love, then f\*ck it

You're gettin' money, I can't get none with you, then

f\*ck ya

Let me explain the bullsh\*t

The same bullsh\*t that make me want to hit your ass

with a full clip

It ain't enough love being spread

Love scene is over, it's all hate, so blood gon' shed

A n\*gga got goons, a n\*gga need red

My homey just bought a whip and the sh\*t need rims

And ya'll n\*ggas flossin' hard on a n\*gga, so f\*ck ya

I don't respect a G, motherf\*cker so f\*ck ya

[Hook: Billy Danze]

This is that, Riker's Island rap, for the block cash

On the block scrap, posted up gettin' that dough

Love for the block huggers gettin' that dough

40 cal for them cocksuckers, sit 'em back slow!

[Billy Danze]

What ya'll know about hood love?

Bang out, shoot out, got goons to sit 'em back slow

You should know about my hood love

This ain't a demo, you know my M.O., sit 'em back slow

[Verse 2: AZ]

East coast boogie, boulevard bundled up  
Cold corner Remy shots, four, five will numb you up  
Crushed purple haze, placed in a honey dutch  
By any means, hustlers, get your money up  
Strategic tactics, beliefs is backwards  
Sights of homicide on the streets is graphic  
In front of [?] n\*ggas freeze in traffic  
With they drug transactions, the love can't happen  
To each his own, we beef, we grown  
It's doe or die from day one, I'm in a deeper zone  
No disguise, still alive, I reach for chrome  
So either way it goes down, I'ma hold sh\*t down  
Boppin' to Chris Brown, hop it to brick pound[?]  
Showin' the 40 fully, Bape hoody's zipped down  
Pass me the piff round, death is all I see  
Since my return, all eyes on me

[Hook: AZ]

This is that, Riker's Island knock sittin' rap flow  
For them blocks getting things, monsters gettin' that  
dough  
The block huggers know the style, triple that dough  
40 cal for them cocksuckers, sit 'em back slow!

[Verse 3: Billy Danze]

I get it flowin' like it's water (brrraaaaat!!)  
I think you oughta support a n\*gga that sit 'em back  
slow  
The offspring of a quin[?] and a conflict, William Danze  
Aw sh\*t! This n\*gga sit 'em back slow  
So (floss!!) with your big sh\*t, your big whips and all  
(Floss!!) You got big chips, your sh\*t sick, but dog  
Who did ya'll call when it came to the rugged terrain  
For the struggle and pain with the love in his vein?  
(Billy!)  
You mean to tell me this the thanks I get  
For keeping East Coast on the map with that gangsta  
sh\*t?  
I think somebody need to check for the glitch  
And call Hollywood and tell them start correctin' the  
script  
See I, Danze, did it, spit it off the muscle with it  
Dominated the sh\*t, that's why you n\*ggas tussled with  
it  
Yes, yes, I watched how you struggled with it  
Felt my position that you n\*ggas would love to get it  
Ain't nothing change about me, it ain't the same  
without me  
The game won't bang without me, it's something you  
bang about me  
It's something down about me, mile about me, piles

about me  
Something slick about me, rick about me, prince about  
me

[Hook: AZ]

[Billy Danze]

What ya'll know about hood love?  
Bang out, shoot out, got goons to sit 'em back slow  
You should know about my hood love  
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