

Backbone "Believe That"

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feat. Big Gipp, Slimm Calhoun

[Hook] 2x

Never let the money and these broads break us

We right here 'til the Lord take us

We act a fool cuz the laws make us

'Baby.. You can't stop the hustle'

[Backbone]

You walk your ass 'cross my yard - get off my grass

You wanna get to that money - get off yo' ass

You wantsta know my name - you awsta ask

If you wanna see me for somethin - it's gon' cost ya cash

I see ya pokin outcha jeans girl you actin bad

Oooh, do that again wit'cha nasty ass

I caught her comin out the mall, with 2 or 3 bags

Now shawty got her at the wood shack, throwin her back

Champagne, chicken wings, and bubblebath

Catch me somewhere outta town signin autographs

Still workin street corners, straight servin them blacks

Them thirty-two fifth it for four and a half

I prefer a Cheverolet, when it's time to mash

And I smoke the 'dro weed, a hundred dollars a sack
I put up the big numbers nigga, check the stats
And I'm on the microphone with Gipp, Slimm, and Cass
[Hook] 2x
[Big Gipp]
Since the trashman only run once a week
If I miss it, I'm wait 'til night and dump it up the street,
behind the Winn-Dixie
Quiver, never step or kept up his penny drawers
To get an applause, appeared to have no flaws
In the situation, no dentation, smellin good
But I ain't gonna feel her, touchin up would be too easy
Sleazy, measly, lookin ugly like a person tryna sell me
a dub
Fool A, C, D, and me
Trees ain't my reason for sendin your ass to grave and
Watch you say the grade is..
Burn like acid reflux, someone'll order up the Pheffer
chickens
While I order up a smoked duck (Thank You)
Get the gas to go, at the corner sto'

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