

Backbone

"Slump"

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From front to back street, listen, we on a mission
To get right, workin' street corner in the midnight
Picture the scene, these fiends with fire
Ten dollar dreams, scheme, for a sack of that, believe
that

I'm with whatever like Wheatstraw
Stuck servin' my cocaine raw
Drop sixty-two off the brick, jump back
Twenty over now that's mo' money to get

Slick, we fin' to lick on the corner without gettin' caught
But time, keep a sleepin' and money gettin' short
Plus that crooked cop Brock think we blow slangin'
That why he ride through the hole with the do' swangin'

But I make moves, shake them tricks up out they
shoestrings
Be more precise when we do things
'Cause life like shakin' the dice, but I buck back twice
Like five-deuce, fo' Trey, okay

I'm strickly dressin' dirty dirty, gonna represent it to the
t-top
Born and bred up on the street top
Get to the money and the sweet spot
And forever hollerin', "Hootie hoo" when we see cops

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Shit, cops and robbers niggaz be bound to get them
dollars and cents
They get in a slump like baseball players
When they short on their rent
Anything goin' you ain't knowin' how much money you
spent

But in the real world you surrounded by these ladies
and gents
Who hang around you 'cause you be buyin' all the weed
And all the chicken, feedin' everybody, smokin' 'em out
When you was broke though they was missin'

Now you ridin' 'bout fo' deep, startin' to tear up yo'
suspension
And your baby, mamma on child support
My fault, forget to mention you don't even have a
checkin' account
Wasn't thinkin' about no pension

I used to work at Steak 'N' Ale, Old Gold off in the
kitchen
Had determination and graduated
Now I got the whole rap world fascinated
I wanted a piece of the pie for me and my family so I
made it

Continue to sell dope, it's payin' the bills so you gon' do
it
But legislation got this new policy
Three strikes and you're ruined
Now where your crew at? Yeah

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Ay, me and my buddy on the cut and they know we
servin' 'em slabs
We better watch what we doin' and look out for Joe Nab
And quit rein-up and standin' on this same old block
Before our gangsta ass partna get both of us shot

Niggaz talkin' 'cause they makin' some flow
But still ain't did nuttin' that ain't been done before
You can't be tryin' to showcase, just put it down for your
spot
And improvise and work with that little you got

So I think when I finish sellin' my last sack

I'ma take some of this money, go and give some back
'Cause people won't forget about the time you gave
Know what 'm sayin'? And start thinkin' 'bout a path to
pave

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