

## **C-Murder "Back Up"**

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Intro:

Bob ya head to this

Bob yo head to that

Hook:

They say I'm crazy

But they can't faze me

Them chicks be lovin' me

Cause I be thuggin' see

I'm just a Cut Boy

I hang in the Cut Boy

I test em' up Boy

Cause I don't give a fuck Boy

Hook 2 (2x):

Now,Back the fuck up

Throw ya hood up

Back the fuck up

Now nigga what

Verse 2:

I ain't trippin'

Naw, nigga never

Any kind of weather

Wind or whatever

I'm way too clever

Status too lifted

Talented and gifted

You tossed it, I pitch it

A hog in the dog

Ball, fall and ball

I touch all of y'all

Duck off in the fog

Sippin', a lil' tipsy, like Nipsy

Fortune Teller said it look bad

She was a Gypsy

Mean like Feind

A gangsta, Nawha mean?

Underground, tell I'm Under the ground

XL:(Keep The MainStream)

Pistol packin', Totin', Smokin'

Cuttin', Throatin', Soldier

I told ya, back up Rova, It's over

Hook2 (2x):

They say I'm crazy(Uh Huh)  
But they can't faze me(Fa Sho)  
Them chicks be lovin' me(Keep it real)  
Cause I be thuggin' see(Wile Out)  
I'm just a Cut Boy(What ya do)  
I hang in the Cut Boy(Them what)  
I test em' up Boy(Yeah)  
Cause I don't give a fuck Boy

Hook 2x

Verse 2:

Watch me  
Flippa, Flippa  
Treat em' like a double  
Rollit and spin it fast  
Just like a Oozie  
Ain't gone let it Blues me  
Let nothin' get to me  
Come back hard and star in my own Movie  
If ya think ya know me Man  
You don't know me  
I done seen it all, And done it all  
Ain't nothin' you can show me  
I roll with high rollers  
And Purser Snatcha's  
Cut Boys, homie that still cause throwbacka's  
B.G. skeeza's that count cheese and hold Keys  
Screamin' C, Please let me see ya enemies  
I keep it real like Murda Dog and Black Dog  
I'm attack dog, waitin' to jack and whack y'all  
(Hook)

Verse 3:

Ridin' down the wrong way  
Down a one way on a Sunday  
With a A.K., with the Bass Hay(Hey!)  
Wildin' Out, Wildin' Out boy  
With a pocket full of stones  
I'm in the zone  
Do the Gangsta Walk(O.K)  
Do the Gangsta Bounce(Alright)  
Now show ya Gold's boy  
Mean Mug that fool  
Now show ya Gold's boy

(ooks 1 and 2)

XL:

Once again, you have been listening to  
An XL and C-Murder collaboration  
Ya Know  
I told him, if he get me the vocals  
I could hook him up, ya heard me  
Holla, Holla...(Fade Out)

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