

Big Noyd

"Back Up In This Bitch"

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Somebody gonna die in this bitch
We about to air it out

I don't know what convinced you to mention the Mobb
Must of been bent straight of the alcohol
Once you crossed that path, fuck with that cash
Quick, fast have a sick clique get up in that ass

Gold Pee, nigga with the cracks in his ass
Pretty Tone homey with the mack in the grass
They buck you, then fuck your boo, where she shit at?
Then we profit from it and spit it on the tridack
(Track)

Letting the world know you a bitch ass kidat
(Cat)
And how your own hood disrespect you, where you live
at
They be hey all day, how you let him do that
Noyd and his clique I think you better get at

But don't gas your dog, he ain't built for that
I will spit ?em all right through his fitted kiddap
(Cap)
Jump out with the midackon Broadway and Houston
(Mack)
Right in front of thousand and put it in efidack, I'm a
pay
(Effect)

The word is out, Noyd is out
And he about to air it out
Oh, y'all think it's a game, better bring those things
He gonna show you what a gangsta's about

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Ayo, nigga better back up off please
When you got tough, huh? Thun you lost me

You never grind enough you're a Mr. Softy
Truly the Ruger will kill you softly

Then we see then, yeah, who the boss be
Smoke your little clique like a bag of the Hersey
How the fuck it's all good, nigga, the hood is thirsty
Peep the big six and you want to test me
Gon' make my gun spit, y'all niggas kill me

Gon' have my gun, sitting on your ear piece
Having your bitch screaming, "Please don't kill me"
I don't owe you shit and I ain't your daddy
I don't own the six I own the Navi

And I'm sitting deep this, nigga, sweet like candy
You niggas want beef, you know get right at me
QB nigga, that's why you can't stand me
(You know 'cause)

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See, we don't back down, we go pound for pound
Tech for tech, right on the block emptying clips
Buck something, leave mothafuckas hitting the deck
And then one by one mothafuckas be dead

The word is out, Noyd is out
East Coast, West Coast, down to the dirty south
Catch anybody flossin', I'm airing it out
With the nine hollow tips, man, I'm spittin' ?em out
Listen out 'cause I'm emptying out for that bling

That watch and that chain put a bullet in your brain
Not a thing I'm a gangsta, this is what I do
Go to war, with the bangers and eat niggas food

When I'm starvin' I'm robbin' that's how it is then
If I'm lying, I'm flying word to everything I love
Don't get it twist, nigga 'cause I twist niggas cap back
That QB gutter shit, bringing it bidack
(Back)

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