Doctor Dre & Ed Lover "Back Up Off Me!"

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[Ed Lover]

Ah two years ago, a friend of mine
Asked me to say some MC rhymes
So I said the rhyme I'm about to say
The rhyme was def and then it went this way
Apple to a cherry to a cherry to a plum
Don't stop rockin 'til I get some
It's up my back around my beck
WOO-HAH! I got the girl in check
It's up my back around my spine
Dr. Dre c'mon, your turn to rhyme!

[Dr. Dre]

C'mon everybody let's all get down What we got it's a brand new sound So nobody out there be misled My name is Dr. Dre (and my name is Ed!) Look in the skies! Look in the trees! Who do you see? (D-R-E!) Look in the skies! Look in the trees! Who do you see? (D-R-E!) I'm not a preacher or a teacher or electrician Biter or fighter or a politician Some people say, I'm a turntable magician And I got the key, to your ignition Young ladies, rock the house That's young ladies, shock the house And just throw your hands in the air And wave 'em like you just don't care And if you got on clean, underwear Somebody say, 'Ohh yeah! '

'Ohh yeah! ' All the ladies All the ladies in the house say, 'Owww! ' 'Owww! ' And you don't stop So c'mon Ed Lover let's rock the spot

[Chorus: Dr. Dre & Ed Lover]
When I wake up in the morning and I drink my coffee
Like my buttered roll buttered softly
Like my apartment it's nice and lofty
All you little suckers you can back up off me!
Back up off me, back up off me
All you little suckers you can back up off me!
Back up off me, back up off me
B-A-C-K U-P off me!

[Ed Lover]

One two three fo' five six seven Rockin like hell make it sound like heaven Seven six five fo' three two one

T-Money, c'mon, come and get some!

[T-Money]

Don't you get me on that jive
About the things you wrote before I was alive
Cause this ain't nineteen-eighty-three
And my name is the T-Money!
With the bomb-diddy-bomb-a-dang-a-dang
That's the new T-Money type of swang

[Ed and T-Money]
C'mon, let's go to work!
C'mon, let's go bezerk!
Cause we don't wanna be left behind
All we wanna do is just blow yo' mind
We like yo' girl she's really fine
(Plus she has a +BIG+ behind!)
Let's do it, let's do it
Let's do it do it do it

[T-Money]

Criminal Minded, you've been blinded Lookin for a style like mine, you can't find it (YES!) The rhythm, the rebel Without a pause, I'm lowerin my levels To find a ugly woman to have sex Ed Lover, grab the mic, cause you're next

[Chorus]

[Ed Lover]

My name is Ed Lover not Kurtis Blow But Davy, is one guy I know So just give me, a little time And I'll rock the house, with a funky rhyme Don't - push - me, cause - my - middle - name - is -Eddddd I'll - get - up, and - smack - you - in - your - headddd I said a hip, hop, the hip hip the hop The hop the hop hibby dibby hip hip hop It's me and Dr. Dre and we're on the top And we got the rhymes that just won't stop One, two, three Hey you can smoke a spliff with a clip but you're still HIGHHHHH enough, or wide enough to touch ME! Cause I'm the Big E-D And I'm rockin the house, in the place to be Uncle Ed, Future of the Funk Records are recorded minus all the junk You can stop but you can't come near Cause my name is Ed Lover and I had it up to here (Give it to 'em Ed!) You got it (Give it to 'em Ed!) Ed Lover! (Give it to 'em Ed!) You got it (Give it to 'em Ed!) Ed Lover! I said engine, engine, number nine On that New York transit line If my train goes off the track It must be your mother, smokin crack And yes yes y'all (yes y'all) yes y'all (yes y'all)

[Chorus] - 1/2 (without music)

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