

## Dope

### "Who Got My Back"

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Uh, Daz Dilli, Figgaro  
Tell em' that bitch in a row  
Let em' know, (Check it) let em' know, let em' know

[Verse 1]

I keep my mean mug, tight guards up and eyes open  
Knowin' that these niggas is scandalous stay scopin'  
So we sittin' on dubs, DVDs we stay flossin'  
And Cali boys bringin' the noise nothin' but bosses  
Heavy hitters, go-getters, and major figures  
Cause we young execs, cashin' checks we young  
niggas  
Balled out, cash advance we not playin'  
Platinum cards pushed to the max, we not payin'  
Overdrafts, over budget and over spendin'  
Live life of a villain, tonight when we chillin'  
Too right when we willin'  
It's all the same, game recognize game  
Tryin' to maintain  
My position is mob status, through my third eye I watch  
cash  
Cause niggas ain't cool I get further  
You ain't knowin' motivations, my only hustle niggas  
talk shit  
But can't come forth so I watch em' crumble  
More tide, just watch us blow by so quickly  
And simply West Coast finest, time like century  
Cashed out like Rico, watchin' out for my people  
Never sell-out, double my profits and keep it equal  
It's articial, when niggas come around the club  
It's only cause you got dubs  
Watch how niggas will mean mug  
Watch how niggas won't come through  
When you really need em'  
When though you used to feed em'  
Them niggas scandalous

[Hook x2]

Hey!  
Damn it, who got my back  
Smile in my face, stab me in my back

In front of them get mad at that  
Ooh, ah

[Verse 2]

Man a nigga make a move to touch the riches  
But the business confidential  
The Gamblaz, we international and continental  
With game, bringin' the pain, puttin' pressure on the  
brain  
Turn the shit that'll reconstruct ya brain  
We goin' against the grain man but ain't nothin'  
changed  
But the fuckin' time zones and my fuckin' name  
Chose to blaze the stages like killers that blaze the  
gauges  
My lyrics all outrageous, I'm gone to flippin' pages  
I'm through the vibe, followed a picture of my tribe  
Young niggas on the up and comin' on the rise  
You surprised we the Gamblaz, I'm Telly Mac the  
general  
Playin' for keeps, goin' beyond deep but gettin' critical  
Makin' mobsters look pitiful, bitches didn't know  
I got the mic and man I fit the flow  
What they hittin' for, I spit a flow  
That'll leave the crowd guessin'  
Hey who them niggas out the city that be wild wessin'  
They get low-key, 4-5-7 the fuckin' click code  
Millenium edition, yo we comin' out on flip mode  
I'll probably flip a drop Bent, stack me some loot  
Then try to count checks, gunshots from stocked techs

[Hook x2]

[Verse 3]

Born ghetto, my fellow comrads scorched their  
neighborhood  
You did us a favor so nigga hate ya good  
Shot ya cousin for payback  
Ya sprayed back, we came back on the attack for that  
Spray the wall, rest in peace for all my dogs  
I called shot, twenty-one miniature hurts  
Somebody got shot, nigga shot at my hoopie  
And the nigga tried to do me  
And they missed and now it's time to get in they shit  
Like boo-yow boo-yow when the knees sped off  
Wet off, bulllys and foolys gettin' hard get off  
Niggas around here, we shed tears and no fear  
Niggas around here cause real killers around here

[Hook x2]

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