

## Il Tru "Back Door"

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(Chorus)

Release these chains on the down low, risin'  
Il Tru, backdoor for y'all foes  
Release these chains from my body parts  
Il Tru, backdoor for y'all foes  
Release these chains from my body parts

[Jhaz]

Comin' up in the game, Il Tru, backdoor  
Keep it on the hush hush, for they foes  
Play it tight, bein' it real with it  
Better learn to respect us, broads throw blows  
You don't wanna see Il Tru get nasty  
Playa hate, it's all good, true  
And through Brina comin' up with my backseat

[Brina]

Exactly how many fools on the down low  
Had to see these playas on the risin' from a straight up  
ghetto status  
And we trues on the ? I'm climbin', hittin' the peak of  
the rap game  
Breakin' in the industry, sista is about as real as it get  
Never put no fear in me heart (for real)  
Recognize that backdoor, we've seen ya  
And since you come shady off the riff  
This Mo Thug family's sneakin' up on you, back-to-back  
We splittin' wigs

[Jhaz]

Bustin' them hits, comin' at you Il Tru, fools  
I thought you knew this  
Kickin' in doors - AJay roll, baby  
Backdoor with the AJay click  
No love for y'all hoes on the down low, risin'  
Straight from the head, Il Tru  
Much love for my trues  
Backdoor for you foes (foes), understand?  
Thought you cluckers knew...

[Brina]

...where a sista comin' from  
I done warned you about them shady ways that you  
displayed  
Il Tru with shady thoughts written on your face  
Come, come, now busta, underestimate females  
We got game - I got somethin' for ya backdoor, baby  
These trues, you'll never fade

(Chorus)

[Brina]

All I wanted to do was prove you wrong  
Now a sista 'bout to rip sets on a nationwide tip  
Recognize these trues settin' off top class  
Respect, you don't wanna see me (that's real)  
Brina gettin' outta hand on you, playa  
All about that paper  
Gettin' my respect, representin' somethin' major  
Fakers tried to play me plenty times  
Never had they game tight  
I done came up on that ticket-meal  
Il Tru to the game to the day I die

[Jhaz]

No doubt, backdoor, comin' up, what?  
Il Tru rollin' with these Mo Thug niggas  
Put it down in the studio  
Let it flow - sista's gonna make all these figures  
Listen here, son, 'fore I'm done  
Mama Jhaz gonna make you realize Il Tru's the best  
I stress this backdoor - better recognize  
Surprise, all y'all bitches, with nothin' but game  
Il Tru kickin' in backdoors  
Lettin' it roll for the playa haters, man

(Chorus)

[Jhaz]

Four years strong, puttin' in work  
Knockin' on front doors, with nothin' but sad songs  
Run around to the back with a sledgehammer  
Il Tru backdoor for y'all foes  
What do you know?  
Us trues sittin' back with a fat sack of that sticky  
On the mental, Il Tru come crucial, fool  
You don't wanna get with me  
On another level in the rap game  
Il Tru handle this like pros, keepin' it real  
Lettin' y'all feel, still Il Tru backdoor for y'all foes

[Brina]

You guessed it

It's the young and restless, 'bout to make fools feel it

Ain't worried about haters testin' my skills

I rips up, comin' up crazy

Tape sales is on the rise

And top notch is the way we dippin'

Il Tru rapture since we come corrupt

Set it off is our only intention

Playa type with lyrics to get ya, competition for days

Do you wanna hang? Can't get with the Il Tru

Comin' through the backdoor, rollin' with AJay (AJay)

Seen enough of the backside

Ain't nothin' but a hell rap for them cluckers to hate us

'Member all them times you tried to hold us down

Comin' up on the paper?

Mistake of your lifetime

Foot up in the door, 'bout to go for mine

Make way for these ladies

Puttin' in work for the nine-seven rap grind

(Chorus)

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