

Ii Tru

"I Got Yo Back (Feat. Tombstone & Sin)"

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F/ Tombstone

...beam for the clicks that attack
Strapped dressed in black cause I always got your back
Infrared beam for the clicks that attack
Strapped dressed in black cause I always got your back

[Brina]

We know this bull runs thick, blood tends to run
thinnest
What, so now who's stuck, punk? No love is cut
Your back I got with no regards to exchange hits
With a dumb trick for testin' the skills in the game of a
thorough click
The way I see thangs, you snooze, you lose, on the
real, though
To them scrubs that slang no love, better jackmove
therefore
Whatever the problem may be, come see me
Let's solve this, I got the trues and the thugs back
With no think twice, trick
You want some trouble?
Well I'll be damned if I'm gon back down
Silly slugs, they get mugged
So check my back with this next round, fool

[Jhaz]

Friction, murder all around me, feel it
Shyste, nigga time to make another killin'
Watch my back, Brina
Please don't fail me, scratch the fool
You talkin' shit, a sista's goin' crazy
Caught up in the system, see the ghetto has
imprisoned me
Victim of the chrome, so my piece is always on me, G
Down fo' whatever, put my life into your hands
Show pap for eternity, no matter circumstance
Sickness of mentality, I swear my mind is cracked
My soul forever with you see I always got your back

(Chorus)

Infrared beam for the clicks that attack

Strapped dressed in black cause I always got your back

[Tombstone]

Rebels, ever heard of'em?
Man, we got all this shit in this field
What about the hand that dealed
The bullets real, don't play the Shift to the left
Ridin' to get him
Damage all up in his system
Don't know why they make me ride
With the TEC-nina, got my back heated
Roll with glocks and gauges
Brina heavy stroll through the click, cut your lungs
Open says me, though maybe
Y'all niggas didn't hear: test me, too stressed
There's mess when a fist open up his windpipe
Get the hell outta Dodge, 'fore a nigga count to ten
I'm loadin' up, get around their plot, lead followin' hot
Two shot from the glock
Now, I'm ridin' to get him, flex now
'Cause nigga we got your chest, now
Ain't no runnin' to the trunk for the vest no more
Caught up in the wrong district

[Jhaz]

Give me the gun
Run nigga, better watch your back
Creep north, come check the mode is on full attack
Strapped always, venom of a deadly reptile
Definition: unhuman, with psycopath intentions
Come into the darkness, let a sista' lead you
No more turnin' round I got your back
Now let's see whose soul is true
Only fools make foolish propositions
Come with me on this mission
You have the gift, but do you listen?
I drift deep into my mental tracks
And all is well because I know you got my back.

[Brina]

What made you think you could make a playa drop?
If I have to pop one shot, the rest comin' non-stop
Just for steppin' up to do some frontin'
I warned you phoney loonies amount to nothin' in the
game
We all claim to be down for each others' back
When the grip hit the fan, who be the one to cut much
slack?
No love for them scrubs when you got to wonder if they
down
My back is well got, don't think so?

Then let's flex now, fool
I thought you knew, Il Tru is what's happenin' and
cappin'
Much flex for the nine-seven, while the fools keep
nappin'

(Chorus)

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