

John The Whistler

"Right Back"

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[Intro: Trife Da God (Solomon Childs)]
Yeah, ya'll (uh-huh) I would like to make a little
announcement (whooh)
Knowwhatimsayin'? We got Theodore in the building
(ya'll get ready)
Straight up and down (yeah) First up to bat (enjoy your
classic)
Introducing (yeah) the one and only (whooh)
The magnificent (you know who it is)
Trife Diesel, nigga (yeah, come on) yo

[Trife Da God]
Aiyo, I'm sort of like a water pipe, I'm ready to blow
In a pair of three-fourth quarter Nike's, the color of
snow
Listen here, sun, duel with my goons'll run through ya
For a little bit of change and exchange for some
buddha
Heat movers, and they barely speak like preschoolers
And they hug the block all day, with them C-Rulers
Young niggas, ready and willing to clack them thangs
Straight out the nest, they just learned how to flap they
wings
Now, all you niggas better pause for a sec
Know your claws run eject, when Theodore's on the set
Trife Da God, but for now on, just call me the barber
Cuz my hands they go to work like Antonio Tarber
Fuck shakin', my word got the fiends vibratin'
I ain't playin' fair this year, niggas is violatin'
I'm about to spaz out and start passin' out citations
Cuz niggas left the hood for good, now they high
maintenance
You ain't gotta know the name of my band, but this
flame in my hand'll
Put a quick somethin', change through your plans
Snatch you off stage, while you entertainin' the fans
And I don't show favoritism, do the same to your man,
what

[Chorus 2X: Trife Da God]
These niggas frontin' on wax

Don't make me push your shit back
In the hoods, ya'll don't pump like that
You'll get your shit pushed right back

[Kryme Life]

You know the kid got his weight up, now I'm tippin' the
scale

I gotta eat, and my appetite is large as a whale
Got little niggas talkin' big shit, knowin' they frail
Fuck the rest, we the most, fresh niggas and steal
And I'm about to ring a lot of your bells, I'm at your
doorstep

Grippin' the iron, bullets flyin' outta them shells
You think I'm lion, then ya'll niggas is gazelles
And I talkin' bout glasses, son, I'm on your asses
Put a hole in the back of your neck, right where your tag
is

Slabs is like luggage, look how heavy my bags is
The ave, I'mma flood it, it's my time to cash in
Money good for the gettin', targets good for the hittin'
Blaow, me and Trife in the kitchen, cuttin' the mixing
style

And no compares, to nothing, that ain't offici-al
Kryme, I got my stamp on it, got you amped on it
And I know what's gonna go, soon as I put my hands on
it

None of ya'll mans want it, whether we on the corners
Or performin', battlin' with mics or straight warrin'

[Outro: Solomon Childs]

Whoooo... ahhh.. S. Child, Theodore Unit
The movie, you muthafucka

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