

## **Junior M.A.F.I.A. "Back Stabbers"**

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Smile in your face, yeah back stabbers

They smile in your face  
All the time they wanna take your place  
The back stabbers  
(Back stabbers)

The buda got my brain seein' my own my blood stains  
Dental records checkin' my remains, it's hard to explain  
First I see 'em then I don't, they disappear  
First she tried to slit my throat, now she ain't there

I'm seein' bitches in the mirrors behind me  
But when I turn around, they hard to find  
A little bit of weed and a little bit of greed  
Make a bitch wanna choke me till I bleed

Now watch a bitch breathe from dum-dums  
That some young bum had to bust just for wreck  
Earn some self-respect, now should I tote a fo' pound  
'Cause a clown wants my autograph  
Broken off that hash I think he wants my cash

The lexus and rings, give a sex simple and plain  
But these bitches is mad an' they niggas is bad  
So they scheme on a cream, you know  
Fuck the hoes, bitches is detrimental, the guns is  
essential

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I'm havin' re-occurin' dreams bitches they want my  
cream  
They wanna be lieutenant so it seems, I can't sleep

I see an image that keeps movin' round and round my  
bed  
The shadow stops, points a glock to my fuckin' head

I grab my pillow, crack the back window  
Pull out the tre-8, bust three times at the gate  
Lord have mercy, the Devil tryin' to curse me  
I keeps seein' shit that wasn't there in the first

See bitches be livin' mad fad they fuck my man  
Steal out my crib, then come an' try an' shake my hand  
Yeah, man, breakin' you down one time  
I packs that shit for your ass, chronic for your mind

I keeps it real on all you bitches, I wish you keep your  
mind  
Off my motherfuckin' riches  
Bitches, I'm tired of all you hos beggin' me for clothes  
Bank rolls is all I knows, that shit is dead chicken-head

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The mornin's finally here, damn, what should I wear?  
Time to get dressed and do my hair, once again it's on  
Somebody's knockin' at my door, but when I walk  
across the floor  
Just hope it up, the motherfucker's gone

I'm hearin' voices in the back of my mind  
Better grab my 2, 'cause this fool might get outta line  
I guess it's time to test this bullet-proof dress  
From puttin' holes up in my chest

I'm lookin' through the peep-hole to recognise the face  
I see three bitches and still I got to play it safe  
I hope my dress come in handy but when I open the  
door  
Three little girls sellin' candy, ya see bitches is jealous

Of little Kim because my click is thicker than the rest of  
them  
All I wanna do is be rich and stay that bitch  
Clock dough on the law, you know

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