

Da Backwudz "Welcome 2 Da Backwudz"

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[Intro: x2]

Are you feelin' groovy baby
Are you feelin' good

[Voice over the intro:]

I can't get no sleep at night, no
But everything seems to be alright

[Verse 1:]

Ok
What you wanna do
Sho-Nuff coolest whip
Chevrolet cruise ship, flip down, tip the hip
And I
Walk in the party show me the marley [?]
Play your women like Atari
Game spittin' like Ferraris
They wanna' ride, experience the Harley
First album triple platinum
Shippin' for more CDs in stores
Wood work, sweep the floor with competition, get
permission
Do your best rendition if you wanna' be hot like boiling
pots
Smoke shifted Macintosh [?]
You gotta' work hard to earn your spot
First plane car train
Ride it to the Hall of Fame
Like Walter Payton, one date so now your late
'Cause she broke my concentration, but still I'm
optimistic
Got rap by the balls, now we boa constrict it
My flow is so consistent like traffic in the daylight
We take your rapper salary like Don King Fight Night
Up to on the bandwagon, up the system listen good
If somebody ask you what, tell 'em "Welcome to the
backwudz"

[Chorus:]

Chevroleets and Cadillacs
Chronic sacks, chrome flats
Drinkin' on the cognac

Welcome to the backwudz

Ox tails and collard greens
Fried chicken, rice and beans
Moonshine canteen
Welcome to the backwudz

Crunk with women, po's, sliders
Baby mommas, pacifiers
Broken windows, slashed tires
Welcome to the backwudz

Pro tools and vocal booths
Microphones, LPs
Super hot sixteen
Welcome to the backwudz

Ya hear me?

[Verse 2:]

What it's about, the lyrics and beats
We blend 'em both and work the streets
The pens, pads, mics, booths
Make you relax and makin' you move
All at the same time
We back at the wudz to slang rhymes
We educate through our rhymes
Takin' my city to cloud nine
We shimmer like Dizzy Gillespie
Down on my knees he blessed me
Givin 'em thanks for talent he gave
Without him there is no me
Church music and oldies and R&B consoled me
But nothin' sounded better than what the hip hop told
me
You act so phony
Bananas in your tailpipe
You only Winn Dixie in your pocket if you save right
Black X and where they at [?]
Boys who got the chronic sack
Sho-Nuff so tough
Whipping that candy Cadillac
And just for niggas who wanna's act
I pack at Gat and I'm known to jack
Known to crush a frivolous rapper
Nigga these rappers prone to that
I'm flowin' like the Mississippi
Rollin' like a blunt of sticky
Headed to the top of the game
You know Decatur comin' with me

I believe 'dat.

[Chorus]

Ya hear me?

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