

Popa Wu

"Back Of The Church"

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[intro: 5ft hyper snyper]

Turn up my mic a little bit, so I won't have to scream
Turn up my mic a little bit, so I won't have to scream,
buddha
Word, aight, yo, aight

[5ft hyper snyper]

All stand in attention, it's a spank in the nine
Some of y'all niggas be "sometime"
Sometime you bill, sometime you rhyme
All the time, we break out the snake pit, make hits
Blood in, blood out, dealin with the bullshit
Too complex, make it easy, elementary
So we can teach these babies
Crawl before you walk, think before you talk
Don't mislead them, fall, ya bleedin
Now take me to your leader
Desention in the ranks, divide and conquer
You should say thanks to your weed and liquor
Cocaine and bitches, diamonds, big chains, more
riches
Shiny cars, ain't nuthin man made can reach these
stars
Get in where you fit in, who you be, who you are
I be the fall dog, in the vanguard
Conductor of the orchestra, universal soldier
Zu ninja!

[spiritual assassin]

Thoughts controllin ya destiny and memory
Floatin in cups of hennessey
Logically it's like, niggas battle the bike
So I rip mics tight, and vibe right
We shine on each other till the climax
On your best systems, I'm deep like addiction
Whenever I'm co-mixin the slang
Delta #1, comin with them joints that a spark up ya
brain
Now ya rhymes is inflicted from my circle of flame
Peace now tame, run loose, at an individual
I enter you, gun tent, consential, the hip hop sentinel
Overdosin you, one of the chosen few

New host to guide you across the east coast
We held a few tight nights, but whose to pay the price
Throw the dice, seein thru my father eyesights
85 percent of the change of life, to jail
I hate, the pain is great to exchange moments of ya
fame
Now when we came close, to hopin the pain is gone
Momma said don't aim wrong, or you might blast me in
the arm
Son, my word is based on the strength or the strong
That be the same one, now he got your life in his palm

[manley musa]

Yo relax in stools in bars, brawls
85% gods, peep announcements
Stick ya neck out, niggas give ya the antikiss
Leave ya assed out and bone dry, like droughted pants
My thoughts throw them in your collector's edition
Cherish life on my 7 and a half mics
It's precious like black dad's kids
Valuable, natural like resources, symbolic
200% fruit juices, yo the truth ran from the east
Like musa from police, cronal leap over obstacles like a
pair of rules
Never step on x-men, while they shoes
Who the fuck wanna sponsor a highway yo get yours
Straight boulevard on the block, it's like a shoot out
Some cook outs, charcoal niggas is hot on the grill
I revail the ears, embrace with open arms
Yo incase my rhyme put in a gold frame
Praise my name and the niggas I run with
World class, yo we're legends

[k-blunt]

Yo true like the terminator, I shoot and kill
Mc, like space invaders, lyrical exterminator
In this music, we call rap, sittin on my top cats
Killin mice in the back, yo kill em, with the dog kills the
cat
Get ya scooby snack, that's the way you attack
A hip hop track, like a predator
Wild life, ready to fight and rock a mic
Yo niggas is this, like tina's and ike's, smack
Now we got it right, zu ninjas performin tonight
On stage under the lights, rhymes tight
Blow like crack in a pipe
Fans addictive to the crossidation of christ

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