

Shabaam Sahdeeq

"Watch Ya Back"

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[Shabaam Sahdeeq]

Yeah (uhh) yeah, yeah

Never never thought it'd go down like this

He got hit, comin from seein that girl from Cypress
(Cypress)

I wonder if she set him up to get stuck (stuck)

For the jewels and the three pounds of weed in the
truck

One shot {*gunshot* "Blaow!" just to warn this nigga

To hand it all over or you just a goner nigga

But he ain't havin that, pick the right opportunity then
he grabbin that

His name Mambo; small-scale street hustler (hustler)

Street tustler, muscular - loud talkin rowdy nigga

They gon' have to shoot this man

Cuz I seen him kill three cops, with his bare hands

He already took four shots, back in '94

Playin the corridor hall, with that nigga Barr

And now all eyes on him, cuz he inherit the block

Jewels, rock, speed through the hood slingin cock

To all these young sly hunnies, pretty long money

Now niggaz wanna see if they can get a piece

Nature of the beast, when hunger and power combine

They took the Callico and they put it straight to his mind

And of course, he goes for it, he grabbed duke hand

Now he wrestlin for the gun, it let one go {*gunshot*

Mambo caught it in the hip, but he still ain't loose grip

The other cat came from behind, started to pistol-whip

{*smack* "Uhh"

With his last bit of strength, Mambo threw that kid

Another one flew out {*gunshot* "Blaow!" headed
right to his croch

All the tustlin finally came to a fuckin stop

He fell to the floor, they took the jewels and the truck

Ran outta luck, now he looked straight to the sky

Wonderin why, he ever left his crib in Bed-Stuy

To check that grimy ass bitch, taste the blood on her
lips

Trap this nigga with her hips, got him shot and pistol-
whipped

Blood stained the concrete (life) life on the street

You could floss, but hungry niggaz gotta eat
So watch ya back (watch ya back)
Watch ya back (watch ya back)
The streets is crazy (crazy..) knahmean? knahmean?
(Watch ya back) Shit's crazy (crazy.. crazy.. crazy..)

Watch ya back, the streets is grimey now
No matter who you are, you could get laid down
Once the word get around, that you sittin on dough
You better be ready to let slugs go, whatchu thought?
{*machine gun*
[Repeat twice more]

[talking] + (repeat "Watch ya back" in background)
Watch ya back, extreme.. tell these niggaz
Runnin around flossin with all these chains and shit
Knahmsayin, shit ain't sweet, niggaz gotta eat
So you know.. you walkin around.. heavily jewel
Yaknahmean, flossin.. better be ready to back that up
This shit is crazy, knahmean
Better have that twin in the trunk
Brooklyn ya feel me?
Uhh, Queens, S-Double, where ever you at yaknow
Shit get grimey, yeah street scholar, yaknahmean
(Holla at me) Smoke somethin (tuck them jewels
stupid)
Soul Survivor (haha) Sinister Sounds (yeah) Shabaam
Sahdeeq
(Come on) For the streets baby.. (come on)
For the streets baby.. (yeah)
Gotta eat baby.. (uhh...)

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