

Mike Batt**"Back Up Off the Wall"**

Visit "[Back Up Off the Wall](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

No, Flagro
Uh, what!!
Yeah, Brand Nu' comin' through
Long Island, Harlem World, all out, all out
Let's talk about tit
What, yeah, now put ya hands up
Uh, what, now put ya hands up
Put ya hands up
Now get ya back up off the wall

[Sadat X]
I'm better feeling than running raw
Chain gang link I need a shrink
What y'all niggaz think I'ma do when I get real money
Iano keys played in series
Peace to Lil' Cease
Microphone track board, loose chord, oh Lord
Promo number one Sadat X had a grenade
And the have next day I smashed the shit Allie played
Now we delayed by ninety days
You better find me anyways
You better return to the Terrordome, ain't nobody
home
Non-haters play the corner in the elevator
Crash crews smack the open palm so you don't bruise
You push a button and what happens nothing
I push one and there's a man with a gun in the doorway
I'm in 4A, I been in there all day
I had some smokes, some bitches and chicken on a
slab
There's enough for everybody so y'all niggaz don't
grab

Chorus: Loon

Come on, come on, come on, yo
So get your back up off the wall
What, I said dance, come on, come on
So put your hands up
Stop frontin and pop somethin
Cornball niggaz stay frontin ain't got nothin

Mad cause the life I lead, twice ya speed
Brown-skinned mami, that's the wife I need
Light that weed, front nigga might just bleed
Tryin to ball with y'all but I might just flee

[Lord Jamar]

The second coming of Christ
I'll make you run for your life
It's like a gun up against a knife
You can never win, when we fight to the end
I'm tight with the pen
Don't be going off the head, cause they be blown off
the head
And showin off the skills of the mentally dead
I do the knowledge before any words get said
Herbs get me red, hold on, Simply Red
Pimps be dead in rap, everybody's fed with that
Y'all could go ahead with that
I'm trying to show you where my head is at
Dread be the positive black
Drop the B, you get lack
See you when you get back
Lyrical three-pack, spiritual miracle
Uhh, Lord Jamar the imperial
Microphone serial killer, urban guerilla
You acting mysterious, we out to take this rap shit
seriosu
Slap the taste out of your mouth, then break out

Chorus

[Grand Puba]

Now I'ma put a rush up on molasses
Breeze on through like easy passes
Wiggle more asses than aerobic classes
El kabong, my people blaze them trees up like Cheech
and Chong
Get that ass open like a pair of butt cheeks in thong
For sure dog, I don't mean to come off pushy
Blaze your party hot, and have it smelling like D'bussy
Spit my phlegm and drop my gem
Collect my wins and copy the Benz with the icy rims
I be dramatical, mathematical, radical thriller
The mic killa wreckin more shit than Godzilla
Matter of fact I'm more iller, knock your shit off the
pillar
The four-wheeler touched every flava but vanilla
You know my name, my game, so shorty shake that
thang
I get you open like them ball-head niggaz on Rogaine
Spit my flow all the way from New Ro'

to Acapulco, white poos brown like cocoa
Flip flows def like so so

Chorus

Visit [Mike Batt](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.