

Mobb Deep "Backstage Pass"

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Aye, aye, come here bitch
I'm talking to you, I'm talking to you, shorty

It seems like, ever since a nigga became multi
Every women on planet Earth got their eyes
On the kid, they all wanna touch
On a nigga skin, they love me so much

They all got P on they brain
And at the show, do anything to get backstage
Just so they can hug 50 and kiss on Banks
After we all get a turn, the broads said, "Thanks"

Shit, just last month a nigga wasn't shit
Now I finger pop dimes with diamonds on my fists
Niggaz bringing me they girl like, "You can have my
bitch
Just help me get down with the G-unit"

Man, little groupies, they make me sick
You ain't getting in the after party unless you're a chick
And bitch, you ain't getting in the hotel unless we grip
And you're gonna look fine, plus suck a mean dick

Shorty, hit me high then hit me low
You get around girl, I know I seen your face before
Turn around, yeah I know, I recognize that ass
You was at the last show with your backstage pass

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Shorty what's up? You know you wanna roll with a nigga
I'm trying to fuck if you decide to go with a nigga
I'll tear it up in the tele you'll be loving a nigga
I'll work that, work that yeah, I'll work that, work that

It's funny how a bitch'll make her way backstage
Harder than the politician on the campaign
No games, baby girl, gotta do the damn thing

Let me see you back it up till you pull a hamstring

Face fuck, girl go for broke
So hard, leave stretch marks up in her throat
Then Havoc on the floor
I don't need to get her number, she'll be at the next
show

Half-ass dress, smelling like sex
Dried up nutt on her neck
They don't call us the master of the tour for nothing
We destroy good girls, send them home with pussy
soft from fucking

Catch 'em in the morning and somebody White-T'd
And that's the kind of bitch that you call wifey
She'll do it anywhere from the tele to the tour bus
Here's the hot line bitch, call us

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