

Black Market Farts

"Behind the Scenes"

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[Yukmouth]
Nigga East Oakland
Where niggas be posted all night long
Hoping they still smoking like Cheech and Chong
To each his own
Never leave home without my heat or chrome
Strapped like a beeper on my hip
Ready to flip when the heat is on
Hop in the Lac with Axl Foley
Presidential Roley make niggas want to hold me for
ransom
And some bitches know me
My niggas told me
Them bitches love holding pockets
Get out a pocket
I'll knock your jaw out your socket
Then squash this
Fold up a little S-C
Best be on my C-H-E-S-T
If niggas test me
Let's see
Which nigga gonna meet Elvis Presley
Best be like what up my niggas let up like a Nestles
Crunch
And start to punch niggas
Soon they gonna crunch
Fall on the dance floor
Haul off your ass into my hands slow
Get the show cancelled
No Hansel and Gretel in the ghetto just to let you know

Chorus:

[Cool Nutz] Behind the scenes
[Yukmouth] All that glitter and gold
Yo that nigga aint swolled
[Cool Nutz] Behind the scenes
[Yukmouth] Lights, camera, action
anything to get the greenery stacking
[Cool Nutz] Behind the scenes

Repeat 1x

[Cool Nutz]

Now what makes the motherfucking world go round?
You can sit back relax to my ghetto sound
This is for the hoes, niggas
Money and the yay
It gets mega trifling when your struggling and your
striving
Surviving
I'm stuck to the strip for my grip
Penitentiary chances for my cash advances
What's my stances?
Brings this to your hood late night for the trip gold
hund's
I want my fetty in tons
Gangs and guns
Five thousand stash what the sum
A nickel slick nigga and I'm up with the sun
So what you got for me cooking in the kitchen
Two birds hella sift got my motherfucking palms
itching
So scandalous and my east coast dunns
Shit foaming and bubbling
For my money and the doubling
Respect that the Yak track got me caught up
All this "D" and the scrilla aint never enough
I pop my title like cash I'm in this game for a Franklin
Serious rap shit got a young nigga banking
Street stanking
Motherfuckers know what I mean
Low-key
Plastered to the wall I'm behind the scenes

Chorus

[Poppa LQ]

Italian link flooded diamonds
Started off that Crystal and budded
My neighborhood I love it
I'm never above it
I stays true to it
Better flew in like fluid
I'm knowing how to do it
And partner I've been through it
Sure I'm improving I'm the coldest thing moving
I had some confrontation with some cocky-ass Cuban
He said some black squabbling for some cheddar
And then he had to deepen and dict the vendetta
Well anyway I gave my baby mamma my Buretta

And told her that some Cubans might try to come get
her
But meanwhile I'm a try to peel them first
But if they invade let your heater disperse
Cock it back bang, bang and do your thing girl
Let them know what's going down in your world
I want a woman with smarts
I want a woman with heart
That wont hesitate to blow your buster ass apart

Chorus

[Jiboh]
Now who makes moves like chess?
Pack heat like a sauna
My bang bang clears your whole corner
Lights, camera, action
The bomb make my boogie make me hot like coal
Braxton
I be taxing niggas like Uncle Sam
My red laser beam make you do the running man
A hundred miles an hour top speed you shouldn't of
fucked with
The shorty lunatic
And fuck who you with
You should have came with your whole army
Now your duct taped buck naked walking home with no
car keys
Yeah you're swoll like Lou Ferigno
But all that shine like glitter it aint gold
See my crew laced in the finest
Matching Lamborghini and diamonds
I pack the jam
Make niggas say oh damn
Jiboh so cool

Chorus

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