

Blaq Poet

"Watch Your Back"

Visit "[Watch Your Back](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Verse One)

It goes late night pickin up, broke day, choppin up
Still tryin to make that dough, when its hot as fuck
Niggas dont understand the pain'll blow you
The money mold you, slow down dunn, lemme show
you
Yo, you ever sold crack to your man mother
On the back of the block and she coppin for the
undercovers
You ever tried to hide the pack from your little brother
Under the mattresses where the ratchets is
Now he's sellin crack and blastin kids
You ever called ur sister a bitch, based out on the strip
Suckin dick to get a hit, jus a little chip
Did your eyes ever cry black tears
Cuz niggas hate you, that you knew for years
Did your right-hand man ever shit on you
Did your moms house get raided and she did a bid for
you
You ever got shot up and put in critical, yo
You ever owed a coke man a hundred grams or two
Do you kno the outcome or wut ur dealin wit
Serious repercussions, consequences
Judge slams a hammer, a life sentence
I'ma real nigga so this I must mention
Watch your back

(Verse Two)

Early in the mornin, time to make the donuts
I see my fellows niggas, everybody wanna blow up
Go get the 40 and the dutches, set it off
Cuz thats how we left off last night, of course
It's a new day but the same ol' shit, werd
The D's is out and they lookin to be served
The pain is hard to adjust to, nobody trust you
So fuck it, get on your hustle
Police wanna bust you, niggas wanna buck you
People that use to love you, now they sayin fuck you
Lord what have I done to deserve all this pain
Pumpin nights in rain gettin off them thangs
Taking all money, food stamps, pinky rings

And wedding bands, goin strong hand to hand
I look in the mirror and ask the man, he understands
Watch your back

(Verse Three)

Yo, watch your back, your next move might be your last
Motherfuckers is rotten, they plottin on that ass
You fucked up, showed that bitch all your cash
You shouldn't of did that, might push your wig back
Kids get kidnapped, holes in your six pack
Recognize what I'm sayin dunn
Half the hood is dead and the other half laying up
Heads up, eyes and ears open
Coke from head quarters, rest in peice, I'm zoning
Shit is real on the front line
Dodgin bullets, stiffing, the boss shitted, plus one time
They wanna kill a nigga over a lil bread
Fall back, call a scally get a lil head
Cuz if not, they up on that roof top
Plain clothes, nigga dont get knocked
Remember the ten commandments, big pop
Aint gettin bagged, stay the fuck from police
Watch your back

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