

## No One "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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