

2Pac F/ Mac Mall, Quincy Jones

"Back of the Club"

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HOOK

While the self proclaimed players push and shove
On the dancefloor crowded with the pigeons and
scrubs
You can find Big JUGZ in the back of the club
Smokin' my bud gettin' shown nothing but love

I walk past the bodyguards with the herb-in-my-boot
No batty man bizness-straight like ya perm-at-the-roots
Got no time for thuggin' out I'm concerned-with-the-
loot
Back when you were learnin'-to-shoot--I was murderin'-
groups
Now 18 year old gulls say "I heard-he-was-cute...
And nasty as he wanna be...worse-than-Luke"
...Not a player--I'm the coach signin' short skirt-recruits
While you in the bathroom tryin' to jerk-loose-some-
juice
I'm over-by-the-bar--smokin'-cigars
Convincing broads with D-Cups to open-the-bras
Seein' which one I can get alone-in-the-car
Retreat around the back--and bone-under-the-stars
But that's later...right now JUGZ is gettin'-wet
Sippin' Hennessy X...checkin' the sillouettes
Of available honeys with the potential for givin'-sex
Ignorin' niggas-threats--rollin' funny cigarettes

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While ya'll stuck-on-the-line-in-the-front
I'm in the back twisted--stuffin'-whole-dimes-in-a-blunt
Stay puffin'-any-kind-that-you-want...politicin'
With them "all about cuttin"-hoes-grindin'-they-rumps
Tellin' me my rhymes-is-crunk...gassin'-my-head
They said they like the real cuz talkin' fashion-is-dead
I'm fixated on they bodies--all that ass-and-them-legs
Askin'-instead "How can I get ya ass-in-my-bed?"
Got the ginseng drink for the task-that's-ahead
If they man talk shit then I'm blastin'-the-lead
I'm pass-the-edge...already had way-too-much-liquor
Checkin' out a stallion comin' this way-who-much-

thicker
I yelled through the crowd "Hey hoooo!"-to-fukk-with-her
She looked at me and said "You way-too-rough-Mister...
(Who me?) What are you one of those thug-emcees?
Even so you still the type I'd love-to-squeeze!"
That was my cue--I knew shawt dug-the-steez
I said "Now look look you bubbly but please don't tug-on-me!
Here have a drink baby gull...puff-some-trees
And let me palm the seat of ya dungarees..."

HOOK

Dudes be mean-muggin'-me...talking about
They baby mama is some chick they just seen-huggin'-me
What I look like? Jack Tripper? This ain't Three's-Company
I got no time for that--I'd rather burn this green-shrubbery
They whole team-scrubs-to-me...ridin'-the-pine
Mad cuz half they broke crew still outside-in-the-line
And it's been like this since I decided-to-rhyme
Fortunately Smith&Wesson;...provided-the-nine
...JUGZ keep more-protection-than-Trojenz
Up in the VIP before-the-section-was-open
Gettin' in gulls heads like Hannibal-Lector-probin'
"One Nite Stands, Casual-Sex"-is-the-slogan
Downing a couple-more-Jack-and-Cokes
Chicks mad--I'm getting in trouble-for-crackin'-jokes
See I don't give a damn-when-I'm-twisted
Cuz whatever I say--I know my man-got-the-biscuit

HOOK

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