

## Rappin' 4-Tay "Back Again"

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Get a dose of my brand new twist  
For your tape or compact disc  
I'm no man when I'm off the indo  
With a proper tempo and an instrumental

I get so sick my homies know this  
So, kick on back because a player wrote this  
Type a rap you know the beat is phat  
And when I leave the party homies said you did that

It's a bay thing an everyday thing  
You do your thing and I'll do my thing  
I take the mic I like to rip it up  
And if you call my bluff I'm like nigga what?

I am the rapper, 4-Tay  
Don't crowd me fool because your in my way  
I gotta run you over, hit the gas  
Buck in the next lane on that ass

I bet you never thought I had the capability  
It's ninety-foe and I know that you feel me  
Fools are comin way too ill-iac  
But a gang a the fools is comin way too whack

I'm a drop another one for ninety five  
But it's ninety-foe 4-Tay has arrived  
Fresh out the lab a little dab  
Hit the sucka with a right then a jab

Callin' the kayo misscomayayo  
Then you gotta problem with a fool outta Frisco  
Now I'm off a that dank and gin  
Oh shit 4-Tay is back again

Now I'm off a that dank and gin  
(Foe baby where you been)  
Oh shit 4-Tay is back again  
In the studio clockin' ends

Now I'm off a that dank and gin  
(Foe baby where you been)

Oh shit 4-Tay is back again  
In the studio clockin' ends

Somebody hold me hold me, I'm getting hyper  
A secretary couldn't fade me on a typewriter  
All these concepts and new arrivals  
For ninety-foe I'm dropping fourteen titles

Walk with this, ride with this, slide with this  
Still guaranteed to move yo hips  
So do what cha wanna girls get sassy  
Oh get to talkin' bout ooh that's nasty

What's nasty the way you dancin'  
Shakein' you pants and niggas be glancin'  
Don't blame it on the Rag Top mob  
Your just doin' your thing I'm doin' my job

To a faster pace I lace the beat nicely  
Once again friends it's so spicy  
Finger lickin', never getting caught up no mo  
Suckas wanna see me stretched out on death row

Instead of rockin' every crowd that I run into  
But they can't fade me and sure can't fade you  
From Frisco to Oaktown dank is smokin'  
Vallejo to San Jo niggas choking  
I'm a do my part don't fight the feelin'  
Oh shit 4-Tay is back again

Now I'm off a that dank and gin  
(Foe baby where you been)  
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