

## Guadalcanal Diary

### "Back Up Remix"

Visit "[Back Up Remix](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

(Screaming Back Up! in the background in the whole song)

Hook:

If we be ackin up, you best be backin up! 6x

Verse 1: Lil Pete

It's Little Peter, the ity-bity, short ass color,  
but it ain't nothing, I got some shit to bust up ya  
sweater

Head bussa from Augusta,  
went to talking about Run up on a muthafucka,  
then I'm gone pour em out

I hang wit Loko, Dollar Bill, and Baby D

I'm screaming ready muthafucka don't fuck wit me  
A young gangsta, I group up with them G's from tha  
South

And if its anger, I'm ready to shove a gat in ya mouth,  
bitch its whatever Better not test me funny

Oomp Camp in dis bitch Where tha fuck is tha money?

My pastor told me Forever I represent for my team

Make them niggaz come clean or bust em in the head  
wit tha beam.

BACK THA FUCK UP!!!

Repeat Hook 4x

Verse 2: Baby D

OK OK, Well I act up, ya'll pussy muthafuckaz better  
back up

See we2-D-double-E-P, deep that's how C-R-double-E-P  
creep Baby D 2 g bitch

No mercy for no punk, bitches or snitches,  
no coward Water and flower nigga,

No flaw niggaz, bust em in tha jaw nigga

This for my thug niggaz gone off the wall get off me

Smoke em like a baker, deck em out like Decatur

Fire the pump like a cheetah

Ask yo girl did I beat her when I skeet her.

Repeat Hook 4x

Verse 3: Dollar Bill

All dem muthafuckaz, fuck ya mother sucker bitch  
Oomp Camp bring da drama so nigga I'm comin bitch  
Wit them thang thangs so nigga I'm bussin bitch  
To your brain brain so when I see you dead bitch  
We don't play inGA, so nigga fuck what you stay  
I got that Russian A.K., when I'm bussin ok.  
If you all 50 niggaz, cuz I'm 20/50 Central Road  
til I die Lincoln Cememtry, Well UH HUH!

Repeat Hook 4x

Verse 4: Quebo Gold

They don't want it so don't ya started  
Get ready to get that asshole tore off  
Probably make a nigga wanna front they gold  
Turn the tide when they see a nigga gone.  
40 Street and oooh peep cat break da gold out yo azz  
Said I don't play no games, my nigga I still don't play  
no games  
I keep my gun loaded ???  
Baby D & them boyz deeper than the ocean  
Fuck around get tha slow thug motion  
If there no doubts about it ain't no since of talkin about  
it  
??? fill up loan some money. Get a dime smoke  
somethin get POed New millenium Y2K, ready!  
My nigga, my ak , ready!  
My nigga, five bucks of gold,  
Yo fellaz I be right there, ready Back Up,  
Back Up, Hold Up...BACK UP!! (My nigga Back up!)

Verse 5: Pastor Troy

If I start ackin up, you better cut off the game  
And I ain't go to say nothing, but ask the devil my name  
I'm the flame and I got mo flame than a lighter  
I ain't tryin to be lame, but nobody inviter Southern  
writer,  
the preacher that keep up the fire Oomp Camp  
and Pastor Troy be layin it ride  
Don't get ??? I ain't been the one for that  
So now I travel everywhere wit that mack mack  
I crack heads til I bled and I thought I tricked  
I cut the game off quick back in '96.  
I'm gettin sick of the game

Go handle yo business, mayne  
I catch ya slippin I'm gonna lick yo azz for everythang  
We Ready!

Repeat Hook 8x til end

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

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.