

## Mr. Complex

### "Who Got My Back?"

Visit "[Who Got My Back?](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Bad Mentalz]

You look my all, but you jaw folks be forward  
We from the same zone, but you wanna cause war  
Then Bad Mentalz mold to make match things upon this  
mission  
So I drink the booze, so I block out all restriction  
Now I am prepared for these hazardous conditions  
So brothers will be scared, but in my past, there's no  
pissin'  
Genoese, I'm feelin' this, I'm illin' this, forever  
Forever, just out as long as these niggas ain't never  
pull my lever  
Figurin', rush triggerin' this nigga and, conditionin' of  
the mental slang  
You become legendary for the men you bury  
So I work with this, I just be merciless just like a mercy  
man  
Just comin' with a spark, perpetrated heart, damn if he  
do  
(Trends though he the rule)  
But let's begin to ruffle, Trends setter huddle  
No way that my neck'll buckle in the scuffle, yo let's  
shuffle  
Let's hook to the dome of a cut, yo, what's up  
Swagger as you stagger, I bust you like a neck flexed  
out  
And watch the wreck come trickle in  
Adrenaline, come any men, cause it's my temple that  
you ticklin'  
Mad rows, bad blows surfen' through the shadows  
That can't go, the test stress of your chest, your back  
blows  
This cover, this mother, this and another, because your  
back wasn't covered

[Method Man]

Me, nothin' I hate more than a fake and phony ass  
nigga  
In my square, prepare for the nation, if I slam, like my  
culture  
Old jet style and get bit by the vulture

Scavenger, take anyone on the calendar  
In the back, you can be the champ, I'll be challenger  
From the underground, understand, I'm the underdog  
That one and all, some hungrier than ya'll  
Water down bastard, style's not long from the casket  
36 Chambers of death, kid, to let it  
Now they goin', oh hey, except it  
Come here with the childish shit, you get molested  
I got the anger of a slave man  
Usin' my change to bring pain, to the cave man  
Dig it, it's the, I ain't got no love for the nigga on the  
trigga  
With my name on a slug, now ask yourself

[Chorus: Trends of Culture (Treach)]

Who got my back, who got my back? (Naught got your  
back)  
Who got my back, who got my back? (Ill Town got your  
back)  
Who got my back, who got my back? (North Carolina  
got your back)  
Who got my back, who got my back? (Virginia got your  
back)

[Treach]

Blaow, cli-clao, cli-clao, how you like me now  
Blaow, cli-clao, cli-clao, guard your lips, funk that  
Who see my back, who be my back, who rockin' that?  
Who got my back, like that, a gat  
Looks like a pump, feels like a sneaker  
Even deeper a reaper ain't scared of a weaker creeper  
either  
It ain't no mystery, you played your history like a  
hoochie  
Now we see where Miss Goldberg is a Whoopie  
White face, black paint, didn't get me dancin'  
White men can't jump, and I bet you ten can't dance,  
son  
Fuck what you heard, just act like you listen  
Any mission caught dissin', listen, I'm pissin' on your  
system  
Then I'm playin' Mr. Split You, with your sister  
Fuck stick and move, bitch I'm slick, I stick and blister  
Then I sliver through your liver, quiver, shake an  
earthquake  
The style shaker, that make you wet the faker  
To tell 'em I'm yellin', cause I'm strapped, I'm mad at  
the world  
Drinkin' earl, heard shots, who got my back

[Nastee]

A mastermind takes dimes to create  
And if you're not experienced, you best contend with  
your own weak class  
Word to my granny's ass, my range is strange  
Enter, box ripper, to the center  
Here I am, so what, this nigga's style is what  
I throw a brick from the lip, when I'm in the cut  
Always representin', cause the men, done white  
Hittin' the uptown slick nigga, shit through the night  
Cause I hate when other niggas list it, check this,  
kissed it  
Never had to diss it, call me swinger man  
I maintain my rap, get my dap and I step through the  
rubble  
Lookin' for trouble, muthafuckas here it is, grown in  
your biz  
I put your all in here, I'm sayin' flows for days  
where the big boys be playin'  
Mad styles from mad files, see, Trend-men  
wreck shit from miles and mile and miles  
I dedicate my skill to the sewers  
I dedicate my skill to those who walk through the  
manure  
Forgot a, whose in the butter, here we are  
Call us Trend-men, we come and make muthafuckin'  
masada  
Who got my back in the mist of the mayhem  
When I attack 'em, Brother Nast' out to slay 'em

[Outro: Treach (Method Man) {Nastee}]  
Yeah, word up, peace out the gutter  
Who dat? D-Ski, Lord Champ, Trends State, Riker's  
Island  
All will, North County  
(Wow, Meth Tical, power cypher got my back  
The whole Shaolin Island got my back  
Yeah, even Long Island got my back, and I'm out)  
{Word up, word up, Brother Nast', Uptown  
Represent niggas, in Brooklyn, in Bronx, all ya'll niggas  
Get live with us, Trends of Culture, who got my back?}

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