

## **Big Runga**

### **"Behind the Scenes"**

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[Yukmouth]  
Nigga East Oakland  
Where niggas be posted all night long  
Hoping they still smoking like Cheech and Chong  
To each his own  
Never leave home without my heat or chrome  
Strapped like a beeper on my hip  
Ready to flip when the heat is on  
Hop in the Lac with Axl Foley  
Presidential Roley make niggas want to hold me for  
ransom  
And some bitches know me  
My niggas told me  
Them bitches love holding pockets  
Get out a pocket  
I'll knock your jaw out your socket  
Then squash this  
Fold up a little S-C  
Best be on my C-H-E-S-T  
If niggas test me  
Let's see  
Which nigga gonna meet Elvis Presley  
Best be like what up my niggas let up like a Nestles  
Crunch  
And start to punch niggas  
Soon they gonna crunch  
Fall on the dance floor  
Haul off your ass into my hands slow  
Get the show cancelled  
No Hansel and Gretel in the ghetto just to let you know

Chorus:

[Cool Nutz] Behind the scenes  
[Yukmouth] All that glitter and gold  
Yo that nigga aint swolled  
[Cool Nutz] Behind the scenes  
[Yukmouth] Lights, camera, action  
anything to get the greenery stacking  
[Cool Nutz] Behind the scenes

Repeat 1x

[Cool Nutz]

Now what makes the motherfucking world go round?  
You can sit back relax to my ghetto sound  
This is for the hoes, niggas  
Money and the yay  
It gets mega trifling when your struggling and your  
striving  
Surviving  
I'm stuck to the strip for my grip  
Penitentiary chances for my cash advances  
What's my stances?  
Brings this to your hood late night for the trip gold  
hund's  
I want my fetty in tons  
Gangs and guns  
Five thousand stash what the sum  
A nickel slick nigga and I'm up with the sun  
So what you got for me cooking in the kitchen  
Two birds hella sift got my motherfucking palms  
itching  
So scandalous and my east coast dunns  
Shit foaming and bubbling  
For my money and the doubling  
Respect that the Yak track got me caught up  
All this "D" and the scrilla aint never enough  
I pop my title like cash I'm in this game for a Franklin  
Serious rap shit got a young nigga banking  
Street stanking  
Motherfuckers know what I mean  
Low-key  
Plastered to the wall I'm behind the scenes

Chorus

[Poppa LQ]

Italian link flooded diamonds  
Started off that Crystal and budded  
My neighborhood I love it  
I'm never above it  
I stays true to it  
Better flew in like fluid  
I'm knowing how to do it  
And partner I've been through it  
Sure I'm improving I'm the coldest thing moving  
I had some confrontation with some cocky-ass Cuban  
He said some black squabbling for some cheddar  
And then he had to deepen and dict the vendetta  
Well anyway I gave my baby mamma my Buretta

And told her that some Cubans might try to come get  
her  
But meanwhile I'm a try to peel them first  
But if they invade let your heater disperse  
Cock it back bang, bang and do your thing girl  
Let them know what's going down in your world  
I want a woman with smarts  
I want a woman with heart  
That wont hesitate to blow your buster ass apart

Chorus

[Jiboh]  
Now who makes moves like chess?  
Pack heat like a sauna  
My bang bang clears your whole corner  
Lights, camera, action  
The bomb make my boogie make me hot like coal  
Braxton  
I be taxing niggas like Uncle Sam  
My red laser beam make you do the running man  
A hundred miles an hour top speed you shouldn't of  
fucked with  
The shorty lunatic  
And fuck who you with  
You should have came with your whole army  
Now your duct taped buck naked walking home with no  
car keys  
Yeah you're swoll like Lou Ferigno  
But all that shine like glitter it aint gold  
See my crew laced in the finest  
Matching Lamborghini and diamonds  
I pack the jam  
Make niggas say oh damn  
Jiboh so cool

Chorus

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