

Black Rob F/ Jennifer Lopez**"Back Up Kid"**

Visit "[Back Up Kid](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

The electricity shall now be passed through your body
until you are dead {*sounds of an electric chair*}

[Chorus: Kool Keith]

Back up kid, 40 billion hundred power watts
Back up kid, 40 billion hundred power
Back up kid, 40 billion hundred power watts
Back up kid, 40 billion hundred power

[Kool Keith]

You on my pubic, I tell you kid, that's on my testicles
I slice that style up like big {?} and vegetables
You know I'm legend though you clown man stiff and
blow
I got the big stage, no props for yo' small show
I light your anus up, pee upon your whole spectrum
Then damage all butt with missiles to your girl's rectum
No matter how where, with activator on your hair
You could be weaved up, toes to your sleeve up
ADAT's work you got static, turn your Nieve up
You on 4-track, tic-tac, I still wipe buttcrack
Battle me now your cornflake style, chocolate cow
You no test catnip slop runnin down your vest
Master of what, your kitty styles fall butt
Incest, you settle for less
Yo lick my wee-wee, your sister tried to watch me pee-
pee
On New Year's, panties down, drunk drinkin beers
You get asked up, records get faxed up
Your booty get torn your heiny's all waxed up

[Chorus] - 2X

[Kool Keith]

I see MC's waste time and vinyl, your point is final
You trapped in the cage and now pregnant by a green
rhino
Lubriderm is 'pon the cage it's still Octagon
Your girl in tights, panties made of chiffon
Like Ted Bundy and Kemper, I burn your wig this winter
No matter how hard you are, I still paint that back

Then draw some pictures of Space Ghost on yo'
asscrack
With Scooby Doo, Fred and Wilma watchin Dino doo-
doo
Your style is no flake, them beige boots are kinda weak
You suck nuts and lick my balls everytime I speak
You at the Apollo, you wack easy act to follow
You get no props, for skirts suckin Charms pops
You on my penis, still wearin shell-toe Adidas
I'm in your building, like paint chips off your ceiling
Fake face, yo pack up, start watchin Scarface
I strike your tour bus, catch you naked smokin dust
Rip your papers at halftime, your rented rhymes are
rust
You got no wins, for crabs in your used Benz
Extra mic stands for Taco Bell burns yo' friends
Louisiana hot sauce, tops your anus boss
Gorilla Magilla, he's in the window
Your style is for sale, sperm drippin off your pillow

[Chorus] - 2X

{*"back" - scratched before end*}

Visit [Black Rob F/ Jennifer Lopez](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.