

## Whitney Houston F/ Brandy

### "I Got Yo Back"

Visit "[I Got Yo Back](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Chorus]

If you wanna get high, nigga I got a sack  
If you wanna ride, my nigga I got a strap  
Do or die for my true thug niggas, and that's a fact  
You and I got that true love, nigga I got yo back

Don't nobody got your back, when you need 'em most  
I'm yellin' where the love at? But you don't hear me loc  
Sometimes I think I'm goin' down, I need a life  
preserver  
But you throw me bricks, tryna help me drown  
But I survived, what other options do I have?  
Can't blame it on my Mom, can't blame it on my Dad  
I make my own decisions, I chose the path that I walk  
But me and my father never had that "man to man" talk  
But there ain't no need for me to hate him  
He did me a favour when he caught my mama ovulatin'  
He brought me in the world, and the rest is up to me  
So I'm a, do what I gotta and be all that I can be  
Now I wanted to be a doctor, a lawyer, or a judge  
But it wasn't meant to be so now I got a grudge  
I was ...(?) for persistence when I asked for persistence  
You kept me at a distance, so fuck all you bitches  
I don't need none of y'all, I'm a do it on my own  
And when I'm ballin', I'm a floss in front of all y'all non-  
believers  
You thought I couldn't win  
But to my homies, my lovers, and my friends  
I got ya back

[Chorus] x2

When everybody got they noses up in the air  
I'll be there for you, lettin' you know your nigga cares  
I ain't got much to offer but you welcome to what I have  
Down to ride witcha, even when the homies mad  
I be down witcha; winter, spring, summer, fall  
I'm ready to ride every time that my homie calls  
I never stall on ya dawg, through it all, thick or thin  
We went from boys to men in the same hood  
So it's all good, even when you actin' bitchmade

It's still on, I'm a ride when you right or wrong  
Standin' strong, no matter what the situation in  
And if you die, will provide for your wife and kids  
That way you live, forever  
However, a nigga's never gonna let 'cha rest in peace  
till we back together  
Fuck restin' in peace, I'm in an up roar  
What other reason does a nigga have to live for?  
If you ain't ready to ride for what we believe  
Then get the fuck out the game, it's time for you to  
leave  
Cuz only niggas is willin' to put it all on the line  
And ride with us when it's killin' time  
I got yo back loc

[Chorus] x2

X-Raided mad at the world, ready to go to war  
So tell me what y'all mothafuckas waitin' for?  
Put on your boots, and lace 'em up  
Dawg, tell me which tree you wanna chase 'em up  
It's an organized congregation, committee of the  
wicked  
If you ain't ready to ride, then nigga you can't kick it  
So get the fuck up out the set, you high powered  
coward  
Before your bitch ass get devoured  
At any given hour my soldiers is bound to loc up  
The warriors gonna ride, and all you bitches gon' choke  
up  
But that's the only way to separate the real from the  
fake  
Don't ask me why, bitch a bitch ...(?)  
That Northern Cali kill 'em all mentality  
It ain't my fault, blame it on the criminality  
I'm out to make the paper stack  
And when my homie calls, hell yeah it's a conspiracy  
I got his back

[Chorus] x3

Visit [Whitney Houston F/ Brandy](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.