

## 14 Bis

### "Way Back"

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Intro:

Oh, yeah

If I could go back, way back, way back

Eazy, Eazy (said Eazy), Tupac, Tupac

And Biggie, Biggie and Big Pun

Rest in peace, rest in peace

If I could go back, way back

I'd swoop that nigga E up in my Caddillac

And we could hit a corner, get a fat ass sack

I'm checkin' for the ladies, where ya at?

[Flesh]

Remember that cool ass nigga

true thugs, my nigga, that G that put me on

Thinkin about it, it shouldn't go wrong

Why would a nigga Eazy-E, he gone

Never really had a chance to say

Thank you for givin Mo Thug mo love

And now that you laugh and sing on up above

You gotta be laughin

Niggas we set it off multi platinum

Stackin my chips, I'm droppin these hits down every  
hour

And I been smokin these weed trees with them sticky  
leaves

Blaze to the mighty power

Uh, six deep in the Benz-O

6-double-O thug stroll to the studio

Little Lay, Kray, Biz, Wish

Flesh here to rhyme so cold,

rap flow never heard befo'

Hook:

As we ride, as we roll, roll

Reminisclin' 'â, -Ëœbout the games we played

Those were the days, those were the days

Never let 'â, -Ëœem slip away

If I could go back, way back

I'd swoop that nigga E up in my Caddillac  
And we could hit a corner, get a fat ass sack  
I'm checkin' for ya ladies, where ya at?  
If I could go back, way back  
I'd swoop that nigga E up in my Caddillac  
And we could hit a corner, get a fat ass sack  
Yes, I'm checkin' for the ladies, where ya at?

Eazy, Eazy (said Eazy), Tupac, Tupac (and Tupac)  
And Biggie, Biggie (and Biggie) (and Big Pun  
Rest in peace, rest in peace

[Layzie]

If I can go back, I'd be me and Stack, hittin' 'â, Æ99  
Thuggin' it in drawely  
When all of this rappin' was really a hobby  
Rollin' in a Malibu, mobbin' with Wally  
To this day, feelin' like yesterday  
When it was Bizzy, Flesh, (Wish), lil' Lay, and Kray  
We took a one-way ticket to L.A. Creepin' on a come up  
We had to meet Eazy, better believe me  
(Eazy, Eazy, Tupac, Tupac) Them was the good times  
Droppin' them good rhymes, yes indeed  
And you know we put it down for the love of the cheese  
For the love of the game, and the real O.G.s  
For the love of my C's  
I'ma let it be known; Hip hop thugsta  
Clique tight with the bones  
And a war been on since the first song  
'â, ÆMember them Northcoast thugstas splittin' your  
dome  
Hit 'â, Æem home with "Tha Crossroads"  
Dedicated to the lost souls (we reach ya)  
Bennifit ya, forever we miss ya  
Better believe that we'll never forget ya  
Take a picture and capture the moment  
On a quest for the best, it's victory  
Nevertheless, we stress this history  
Is you feelin' me, is you hearin' me?

Hook

[Flesh]

I'm sendin my chrome upside your dome, hater  
disrespect my home, nigga, let's get it on  
Fifth Dog flipped out, and it's on  
Oh no, y'all testin' the Flesh-N-Bone, you wrong  
Too many true soldiers set up for murder, stuffed,  
unsolved  
And it makes me wonder who's really involved  
in killin our prophets

Crossin em off the list, bitches  
So we still on the rise, it ain't no surprise  
Beat us, so violent, rowdy Mo Thug riders  
Eazy said it, real niggas don't die  
And if I could go back just one more hour  
Swoop a nigga E in my Lex, swerve, hit a couple  
corners  
Get a fat sack, smoke out with some pretty hoes  
Where y'all at?

Hook

This is for my homies...

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