

Styles

"Easy Back It Up"

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[Takbir]

It was 11:33, just wakin up to write
Got plans to meet my man at the jam tonight
Got a call from Tiger Chan, he said, "Whassup Tak'?"
Yo my car broke down, meet me at the bus stop
"What time?" About five, I'll be ready when I'm done
4:22, turn twenty-one, so you know
Threw on my shades to block the rays from the sun
I stepped out the door and now my day's begun
So I'm walkin down the block, think about that girl
Britney
Knowin that I'm goin to the club to get tipsy
If I step out of line, would she soon forget me
I don't know - I'm Dazed and Confused like a hippie
Waitin on the corner for the four-door Honda
Picked me up, with the switch seat recliner
Yo I hear the horn blowin from these girls behind us
I turned around to look and they got all obnoxious
They recognize the face, "Can we get your autograph?"
Yo I turned back to Ryu and we started to laugh
"We got a show to do tonight," that's what I yelled out
the window
They pulled up on the side, with a pen and pad for info
One had pretty eyes, with the buttermilk complexion
So I ran it down the line with the directions, yo..

Everytime we got a jam to make
we make sure the beat knocks, we dig up in the crate
Once the vibe is straight, we packin the place
It's the S.O.B., put the needle on the plate
(What what what what?)
Put the needle on the plate
(uhh.. uhh..)
Put the needle on the plate
(yeah UH)

"Wait back it up, hup, easy back it up" -> Q-Tip (repeat
3X)

[Ryu]

Steppin out in style, three dimensional light beams

Knight Queens and Club Kings swingin hype cling
Trippin over bottles of Moet on my way to the
dancefloor
Pan-thers, freakin my folklore
My bloody roar buddy deplore cunning game to
transform
and trap a dame flat in nine seconds we take aim
Change to battle beast, that'll cease, any attempt
in petty offensive diss to my click
We move quick, you might not even recognize my
presence
Thirty second assassination sedation weapon
Step into the club, all these thugs wanna shoot me
Because I'm well known at the spot, they call me
roofies
Hittin hard rocks when I travel through veins
and wake up in three days not remeberin thangs
The reign of the poetry prince of darkness the martian
Stompin, from California to Boston, Lost in Space
so take caution, face the facts, harken
Eagle talon attack, pack it up often
Audio abortion, distortion offense
Corporate, decapitated three-headed horsemen
Shredded portions of serial murder endorsement
Course across clubs and fold my armed forces

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