

Group Sanane

"Back Up Remix"

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(Screaming Back Up! in the background in the whole song)

Hook:

If we be ackin up, you best be backin up! 6x

Verse 1: Lil Pete

It's Little Peter, the ity-bity, short ass color,
but it ain't nothing, I got some shit to bust up ya
sweater
Head busa from Augusta,
went to talking about Run up on a muthafucka,
then I'm gone pour em out
I hang wit Loko, Dollar Bill, and Baby D
I'm screaming ready muthafucka don't fuck wit me
A young gangsta, I group up with them G's from tha
South
And if its anger, I'm ready to shove a gat in ya mouth,
bitch its whatever Better not test me funny
Oomp Camp in dis bitch Where tha fuck is tha money?
My pastor told me Forever I represent for my team
Make them niggaz come clean or bust em in the head
wit tha beam.
BACK THA FUCK UP!!!

Repeat Hook 4x

Verse 2: Baby D

OK OK, Well I act up, ya'll pussy muthafuckaz better
back up
See we2-D-double-E-P, deep that's how C-R-double-E-P
creep Baby D 2 g bitch
No mercy for no punk, bitches or snitches,
no coward Water and flower nigga,
No flaw niggaz, bust em in tha jaw nigga
This for my thug niggaz gone off the wall get off me
Smoke em like a baker, deck em out like Decatur
Fire the pump like a cheetah
Ask yo girl did I beat her when I skeet her.

Repeat Hook 4x

Verse 3: Dollar Bill

All dem muthafuckaz, fuck ya mother sucker bitch
Oomp Camp bring da drama so nigga I'm comin bitch
Wit them thang thangs so nigga I'm bussin bitch
To your brain brain so when I see you dead bitch
We don't play inGA, so nigga fuck what you stay
I got that Russian A.K., when I'm bussin ok.
If you all 50 niggaz, cuz I'm 20/50 Central Road
til I die Lincoln Cememtry, Well UH HUH!

Repeat Hook 4x

Verse 4: Quebo Gold

They don't want it so don't ya started
Get ready to get that asshole tore off
Probably make a nigga wanna front they gold
Turn the tide when they see a nigga gone.
40 Street and oooh peep cat break da gold out yo azz
Said I don't play no games, my nigga I still don't play
no games
I keep my gun loaded ???
Baby D & them boyz deeper than the ocean
Fuck around get tha slow thug motion
If there no doubts about it ain't no since of talkin about
it
??? fill up loan some money. Get a dime smoke
somethin get POed New millenium Y2K, ready!
My nigga, my ak , ready!
My nigga, five bucks of gold,
Yo fellaz I be right there, ready Back Up,
Back Up, Hold Up...BACK UP!! (My nigga Back up!)

Verse 5: Pastor Troy

If I start ackin up, you better cut off the game
And I ain't go to say nothing, but ask the devil my name
I'm the flame and I got mo flame than a lighter
I ain't tryin to be lame, but nobody inviter Southern
writer,
the preacher that keep up the fire Oomp Camp
and Pastor Troy be layin it ride
Don't get ??? I ain't been the one for that
So now I travel everywhere wit that mack mack
I crack heads til I bled and I thought I tricked
I cut the game off quick back in '96.
I'm gettin sick of the game

Go handle yo business, mayne
I catch ya slippin I'm gonna lick yo azz for everythang
We Ready!

Repeat Hook 8x til end

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