

Musiq Soulchild F/ Ayana

"Who Got My Back"

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Uh, Daz Dilli, Figgaro
Tell em' that bitch in a row
Let em' know, (Check it) let em' know, let em' know

[Verse 1]

I keep my mean mug, tight guards up and eyes open
Knowin' that these niggas is scandalous stay scopin'
So we sittin' on dubs, DVDs we stay flossin'
And Cali boys bringin' the noise nothin' but bosses
Heavy hitters, go-getters, and major figures
Cause we young execs, cashin' checks we young
niggas
Balled out, cash advance we not playin'
Platinum cards pushed to the max, we not payin'
Overdrafts, over budget and over spendin'
Live life of a villain, tonight when we chillin'
Too right when we willin'
It's all the same, game recognize game
Tryin' to maintain
My position is mob status, through my third eye I watch
cash
Cause niggas ain't cool I get further
You ain't knowin' motivations, my only hustle niggas
talk shit
But can't come forth so I watch em' crumble
More tide, just watch us blow by so quickly
And simply West Coast finest, time like century
Cashed out like Rico, watchin' out for my people
Never sell-out, double my profits and keep it equal
It's articial, when niggas come around the club
It's only cause you got dubs
Watch how niggas will mean mug
Watch how niggas won't come through
When you really need em'
When though you used to feed em'
Them niggas scandalous

[Hook x2]

Hey!
Damn it, who got my back
Smile in my face, stab me in my back

In front of them get mad at that
Ooh, ah

[Verse 2]

Man a nigga make a move to touch the riches
But the business confidential
The Gamb laz, we international and continental
With game, bringin' the pain, puttin' pressure on the
brain
Turn the shit that'll reconstruct ya brain
We goin' against the grain man but ain't nothin'
changed
But the fuckin' time zones and my fuckin' name
Chose to blaze the stages like killers that blaze the
gauges
My lyrics all outrageous, I'm gone to flippin' pages
I'm through the vibe, followed a picture of my tribe
Young niggas on the up and comin' on the rise
You surprised we the Gamb laz, I'm Telly Mac the
general
Playin' for keeps, goin' beyond deep but gettin' critical
Makin' mobsters look pitiful, bitches didn't know
I got the mic and man I fit the flow
What they hittin' for, I spit a flow
That'll leave the crowd guessin'
Hey who them niggas out the city that be wild wessin'
They get low-key, 4-5-7 the fuckin' click code
Millenium edition, yo we comin' out on flip mode
I'll probably flip a drop Bent, stack me some loot
Then try to count checks, gunshots from stocked techs

[Hook x2]

[Verse 3]

Born ghetto, my fellow comrads scorched their
neighborhood
You did us a favor so nigga hate ya good
Shot ya cousin for payback
Ya sprayed back, we came back on the attack for that
Spray the wall, rest in peace for all my dogs
I called shot, twenty-one miniature hurts
Somebody got shot, nigga shot at my hoogie
And the nigga tried to do me
And they missed and now it's time to get in they shit
Like boo-yow boo-yow when the knees sped off
Wet off, bulllys and foolys gettin' hard get off
Niggas around here, we shed tears and no fear
Niggas around here cause real killers around here

[Hook x2]

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