

# Backbone, Sho Ya Right

Hey, hey, stay sharp as fuck  
Tell 'em, get that right and straighten that up  
Fat Face, the man of hundred grand  
Work the mic with precise precision, knahmsayin'?  
At 36, on the bean, come clean  
I'll bring you the whole thing for 18  
They look to Back for the word on the street  
You see him smilin', count eight gold teeth  
You see it, he keep the brim broke slightly  
Killin' 'em with the one that roll tightly  
Floppin' in the M-6 deuce  
The A-T go and then he do too  
Baby, I tell it like it T I S  
I'll stand right here and sho' stop ya career  
Call him, H2O, ice-cold water  
Just like that there, in that particular order  
Uhh, school these young Gs on the concrete  
Fall off and be back on in one week  
He keep his clothes crease crisp out the cleaners  
Did court subpoenas on some simple misdemeanors  
They ain't got nothin' on me  
'Cuz he threw my light right not to be  
Wham, uhh, wham, see 'em hittin' me  
Y'all hold it down, I'll be back through here in a minute  
(Sho ya right)  
We serve it raw or ready to chop  
(Sho ya right)  
You get every damn gram straight dropped  
(Sho ya right)  
Cook chickens, no sizzle, no pop  
(Sho ya right)  
Or better, when you ready to shop  
(Sho ya right)  
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(Sho ya right)  
Or better, when you ready to shop  
(Sho ya right)  
We old school, walk the dog out the yard  
We play the curse, serve it hard on the 'vard  
You know the number 'fore ya even went seen shorty  
The automatic beast, keep him off me  
Shit, holla at me, y'all know ya know me  
Ya drunk with them 1600 DSOPs  
(Be dat)  
We bake bread by the loaf  
Smoke ya dro down to a roach  
Let 'em know, this here, fisher from the do'  
Ya already know, exactly how it goes  
SWAT's in trees, DF one G, da pure emcee  
What's happenin'? What's happenin'? What's happenin'?  
Organ No-I-Z, keep ya motherf\*\*\* trunk valid  
Tell 'em, it's goin' down this evening  
Keep it jumpin' like Sunday, go to meeting  
Uh, uh, it don't stop, it don't quit  
It get down to the nitty-grit  
That brand new out the box  
I ain't in them, swear to make 'em call the cops  
I walk a path, play the cut, lil' girl shake her butt  
Ay, ay, ay, now party people, if ya wit me, say  
(Sho ya right)

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