

E-40, Back Against The Wall

[Featuring Master P]

[E 40]

Tryin to make it..

It's been a long road

Sic Wid It Records

[Master P]

UNNNNNNNNGGGGGHHHHH! (C'mon ooh)

Y'all feel that? (I feel it playboy I smell you)

It's real out here 40 (It's real Pee!)

[E 40]

I'm out here in the slums where thugs be usin ghetto tactics

like choppin up candy canes

sittin on top of a dried up ? stain mattress

Whatever it takes to survive, see that's what I supply

Like slippin and slidin in the grocery store

and settling out of court

Soft white coke a black turn into hard solidses

Thirty-eight snub nosed pistol grip lay nijjas on they wah-wah

The saga continues, the struggle's just beginnin

And it's hard to look up to snotty folks, cause THEY be sinnin

'Pac gone, Biggie gone, Seagram gone -- and we also lost Eazy-E

one of the first gangster rappers of all time

to the most vicious and deadliest disease in history since cancer

To Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome, tombstone

From the graveyard shift, RBL's Mister C

One love, to Rappin Ron and Plann B

Victims of the trigger (unnngggggggghhhhhh)

Po' out a little liquor

Chorus: repeat 2X

It's not the same, this world is crazy

We out here goin through it all

Everything must change, it's gettin shady

Got our backs against the wall

[Master P]

UNGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHH, I shed tears for pain 40, some for anger

Seen bloodshed by crooked cops, and gangbangers

Feel my pain (unnngggghhh) only time'll change it

and fast money, cars, and bitches got me trapped in this game

And my lil' homies ballin, picture me fallin

and momma in the funeral screamin and crawlin

Is there a heaven or hell?

To ghetto kids in the anky only time will tell

And jealousy, and envy, come with money

While crooked, politicians, run the country

And it's a, damn shame to see my, weeples vanish

Now they teach us ebonics, what about english and spanish

I couldn't, live my life behind bars and gates

While the government play a game called process to eliminate

Chorus

[E-40]

Case #246, shootin in an inhabited area

They was steady complainin about the dope sellin

But they ain't never been evicted, or convicted

They ain't never been subpeonaed to court, or arrested

Shackled like an animal for pushin rocks

Dang near choked to death by motorcycle cops

Pepper sprayed and laughed at like that shit was funny

Pregnant breezy threw down on her tummy

Do you ever think I'll ever be able to get

a chance to repent and ask the lord for forgiveness

before he close the casket, will my son end up growin up

without a father will he end up bein a bastard?

A bastard -- that's a good question (ungggggggggghhhh!)

I don't know, I don't know

Chorus