

Lil Rob, Back Up

Times are getting crazy holmes
Things are a lot different than they used to be homie
A lotta these foo's need to back the fuck up
You know? Orale

Sittin' at the bar just tippin' the glass
Tryin' to slow down my life 'cause it's getting' too fast
But I don't mind see it's like quick in a flash
See that chick she's imaginin' my dick in her ass
(Whoa!) Did I say that? That's crazy ain't it?
Just crazy lookin' don't know how to explain it
Don't get me wrong homeboy I'm not complainin'
Don't get all mad I'm not braggin' I'm just sayin'
Just playin' talk to me bout my music
I'm just a vato that'll do it just to do it
I want nothing to do with' phony people
Don't care what you like and don't care who you're cool with
You're stupid actin' like if I'm the new kid
I know you back in school you wanted to be the cool kid
While I sat back and didn't give a fuck
Now rap is all I have so homeboy that's what's up

Chorus

Homie please back up
Ten paces from the truck
Don't wanna press your luck
My bomb'll self destruct
Homie please back up
Ten paces from the truck
Don't wanna press your luck
My bomb'll self destruct

I don't forget about the past now I'm kickin' your ass
I'll do it again and laugh 'cause you're kissin' my ass
Got a rented 45 and I'm able to shoot
Itchy finger hare trigger and it's pointed at you
I'm not here to claim that I'm all insane in the brain
I'm just here to let you know I'm not the same as you lames
Your evil's comin' to you; yell for help no one's runnin' to you
You burnt them bridges, remember? So no one's fuckin' with you
Ain't got no friends, ain't got no ends 'cause you keep burnin' your people
Tell me when does it end? When will you realize that shit ain't cool?
I feel sorry for them kids that wanna be like you
But they're just kids they really don't know what to do
Don't worry mijo, it'll come to you
And you'll say fuck this fool
What was I thinkin' about this vato's bein' about a buncha dumb shit
Can't believe I used to bump this, fuck this

Chorus

Jump in the carrucha put my foot on the gas
Hit the second switch from the left to lift up the ass
The shakin' just to break up the glass
But I'ma catch you sleepin' and pop a cap in your ass
Put the holes in my own car if that's where you are
Handle my shit then probably go back to the bar
Have me a drink, sit down and think about all the fuckin' bullshit
That happened to me within this week
But I'm three feet from gold and I was told I got a flow that's cold
I guess that explains so many units sold
I make jams you'll bump hopefully when you get old
I'm a good guy but sometimes I just explode
Sometimes I wish that I would rather be home

Put down the microphone and leave it alone
Turn off my phone
Because it's bullshit the way it goes down
But my people really need me around, Chicano sound

Chorus