

# Paris, Back In The Days

On the scene back again with the mothafuckin' grip  
93 was the year P Dog came rippin' shit  
Bouncin' out the belly of the beast  
And still the same nigga  
That was hollerin': "Fuck peace!"  
But check it out it's the same old thing  
Cause now the year's 94  
And aint a damn thing changed  
Niggaz still droppin' dead like flies  
And i'm still lookin' for a way  
To make us raise  
I impose that I still hate the devil  
(That's right!)  
And I'm a mothafucka  
That'll take your ass to the next level  
Straight guerrilla in the mist to the end  
(Yeah, and put it in the mix again!)  
Yeah, now better listen why...  
Yeah! Right back at you once again in 94...  
P-Dog, righterous...  
Back up in you with another mothafuckin' bomb...  
And we kickin' the real...  
So anyway I'ma do it this time  
So you wanna hear  
Specially designed for your mind and soldier's ear  
Cause niggaz nowadays just shoot  
[Gunshot]  
And fuckin' with the crew  
Will get your ass peeled like fruit  
And everybody wanna be a Gee  
The same sick house nigga mentality  
Please, fuckin' with them fake fairytales  
Nigga, i don't trip cause I still kicks the realiest shit  
So please back on up, I'm lettin' off  
Representin' Allah and I'm raw  
Cause I'm god  
So I hope you're listenin'  
What I'm kickin': It's real  
(Yeah, I keep'em comin' with the shit you fear)  
Yeah, you better check it why?  
Yeah, fear no evil, fear no man...  
Shouts goin' out to all those fake-ass wanna-be...gees...  
Just break it on down...  
Paris, I'm hopin' goin' on the hill...the hill...  
Paris, I saw you standin' strong again...again...  
So I'm still comin' on with this  
(Still comin' strong with shit)  
Shit that'll make ya brain come up wake up  
Regonize that it aint nothin' but a thang  
To see a nigga lockdown, underground or in the sweep  
And you aint never gonna take me out cause I...  
(...roll up mothafuckas and i'll break you down to side!)  
Yeah, so keep your eyes on this  
Fuck what you heard  
(And watch the devil get served!)  
Yeah, so now you know...  
Scarface records, Paris...  
Still hittin' you with the righterous shit....  
The funky shit...  
In the name of Allah...  
And it aint gonna never change....  
It don't stop...  
It don't never stop...  
So back your devil-ass sob off me...

And let me get my field...  
Power, yeah!  
Paris, I'm hopin' goin' on the hill...the hill...  
Paris, I saw you standin' strong again...again... (2x)  
Yeah! Right back at you in 1994: P-Dog...  
Guerrillas in the mist with the black fist...  
And it aint never gonna change!