

# Screwed Up Click, Back Up

(Hook)

If you a hating ass nigga, back up (back up)  
If you a broke ass nigga, back up (back up)  
If you a fake ass nigga, back up (back up)  
If you a do' popping nigga, back up (back up)  
Now all my real ass niggaz, what's up (what's up)  
Now all my real ass bitches, what's up (what's up)  
Now all my money making niggaz, what's up (what's up)  
Now all my money making bitches, what's up (what's up)

(Lil' O)

Know when to move orangatang, gorilla or ape  
Could ever disrespect the Rat, and take food off my plate  
I'm as official as a missile, hitting you in the face  
That's from Texas fuck with O, to find you in a lake  
So back up lil' daddy, you don't want no problems  
Cause swisha sweet boys, don't revolve 'em evolve 'em  
And any gangsta situation, guns'll solve 'em  
So get your mind right, before you lose your noggin  
See I ain't really going, for that ducking and dodging  
That pushing and rassling, that weaving and bobbing  
I just throw on a mask, like I'm Batman and Robin  
And let the thang loose, and watch boys start jogging  
You know how I do, man y'all see me mobbing  
Broad on the right side, slurping and slobbering  
Haters mean mugging, like we gotta rob 'em  
I mean mug 'em right back, like is it a problem

(Hook)

(Bun B)

Now anyway Bun B can bring it, it's bout to be brought  
Any way that you can catch it, fool it's bout to be caught  
There's lessons to be taught, haters to be shot  
Either by .50 Cal Mag, or that 30-30 out  
You bought mo' than you can pay fo', now you got's to lay low  
Kick do' to your mama house, pistol to your bay' bro  
You think we came to play no, absolutely not  
So tell me how to find your brother house, 'fore you get shot  
You gave up all the game, and still got smacked with that pistol  
The streets is screaming, the gangsta is back and official  
They ask him what he love the most, bet he say a hater  
Getting hit up with that heat, till he shake like a vibrator  
And my state'd be the first, to lead the charge  
That'll forward you bullets, off in your house and garage  
Cause we them boys, that put the fire to the flame  
Burn it down like Baghdad say fool, charge it to the game

(Hook)

(Benz)

Here them Queen boys come, and it's one for the record  
It's one life one love, that got you lame's under pressure  
I'll tell you to your face, you ain't gotta ask me no questions  
Talking tough will get you lames, laid out on a stretcher  
I don't fuck with the law, that got my dogs on lock  
So this one for T-Bird, Mano, Baby and Brah  
All that I got talk, I take what ya got  
Since Mississippi Burning, see we play with that fire  
True I stay with that fire, from the club to them streets  
Boy I stay on my grind, from them drugs to them beats  
Nigga stop lying, you ain't no thug boy you weak  
When it come to that money, I'll wake you up out your sleep  
Now all my Mississippi niggaz blaze up, blaze up

Now all my Louisiana niggaz boot up, boot up  
Now all my T.S. niggaz sick up, sick up  
Now all my T.A. niggaz get buck, get buck

(Hook)

Back up, what's up - 8x