

# Back Against the Wall

Master P

Tryin to make it..  
It's been a long road  
Sic-Wid-It Records

UNNNNNNNNNNGGGGGHHHHH! (C'mon, ooh)  
Y'all feel that? (I feel it playboy, I smell you)  
It's real out here 40 (It's real Pee!)

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 JCPenney day 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 (unnnnggggggghhhhhh)  
Po' out a little liquor

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

UNGGGGGGGGHHHHHHH, I shed tears for pain 40, some for anger  
Seen bloodshed by crooked cops, and gangbangers  
Feel my pain (unnnnggghhh) 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

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 (unggggggggghhh!)  
I don't know, I don't know

[Chorus]