

# Back Up Off Me

Master P

Are you ready for this?  
The Ice Cream Man  
Are you ready for this?  
It's bad like my high  
Are you ready for this?

My No Limit Soldiers, trademark  
Get em' up ugh, show ya domes, TRU  
We TRU, ugh, ugh  
Time to go to war, ugh

I'm posted up on the block, got these killers runnin', you sick of this  
And chicken nuts, niggas slangin' with cuts  
Ready to bust on you cluckers  
On you niggas that sick 'cause we sicker

Niggas slangin' flickers  
I'm in the projects ballin' with my niggas  
I'm hustlin' quarters and thirty sacks  
Niggas ain't fuckin' with dirty sacks

I'm hustlin' I got those ball sacks  
But y'all niggas don't know that  
I'm the mad killer, murder, lunatic  
You fuckin' with a nigga, that don't give a fuck about you

Or your bitch 'cause I'll go like psycho  
Like Michael, load this fuckin' rifle  
Start blastin' at bitches motherfucker, yeah 'cause I'm a psycho  
Out that 3rd ward, Calliope killin' murder

Lunatic, out to fuck you  
You heard of a nigga not playin' with a full deck  
Break ya neck, hustle on ya check  
Get cho' spine, get cho' neck broke

Fuckin' field cats and chat  
No Limit nigga, real nigga, who  
Don't give a fuck when you dead and gone  
Motherfucker you feel my bucks from my chrome

Back up off me  
(Feel me)  
Feel it  
Back up off me  
(My trademark)  
Feel it back up off me

Gon' pack me with a nigga with no bread  
Nappy head, put chu' in a grave  
Give a fuck about chu' niggas, piss on ya forehead  
I'm from that Southside, we kill with that cut rock

But niggas they slangin' that hoo rock  
But niggas they wanna boo dock that Buddha  
Nigga a quarter, of water  
But y'all niggas late 'cause I done took over New Orleans

In the Southside to the Westside to the Eastside to the Northside  
Motherfuckers never realize 'cause the young gon' die on the streets  
I'm killin' murder, the lunatic  
Never givin' a fuck, I'm tryin' to make bucks

Before I leave this truck  
Got these killers watchin' me  
Niggas not pockin' me  
V got that tech nine and man got that uzi

Big Boz come with rah rah, niggas with sah sah  
KR hooked up the track, so what the fuck y'all didn't realize  
We back to takin' the battle, scattle not rattle  
Get my tic tac and make ya motherfuckin' head rattle

Like an ostrich, nigga you want some sausage  
Meet me in the French Quarters  
I'm kickin' it with them 3rd ward hustlers  
And they 'bout it, niggas we rowdy

Never givin' a fuck, we started this 'bout it, 'bout it  
Now why y'all sayin' y'all 'bout it, 'bout it  
Y'all scared of me, niggas, yeah, y'all scared of me  
Bitch talkin' shit, you and ya bitch, I ain't afraid of ya

I'm hustlin' got them ballers  
Niggas we smokin' them quarters  
Fiends be dippin' that water  
But we hustlin' like it ain't no tomorrow

Nigga, feel it  
Back up off me  
Nigga, feel it  
Back up off me  
Nigga, feel it  
Bitch get up

Niggas comin' wicked, fools, I'm gon' kick it  
Be whippin' niggas ass like I'm cookin' greasy chicken  
I'll pop off batter but niggas they wanna scatter  
Niggas they talkin' shit, I be runnin' with them 17 round automatics

Up the trees, watch them niggas freeze  
Don't give a fuck, take off my shirt nigga  
No Limit on my back, back  
But niggas they pullin' that sack, sack

TRU against my stomach, motherfucker how y'all gonna fade that  
The real fuckin' click, ain't no love for y'all dubs  
Niggas think we slangin' dubs  
Nigga we slangin' tapes to you niggas across the world

Niggas that squirrel, I got that girl  
My lil' partner got that boy, man, got the whirl  
But I don't give a fuck 'cause I be sick like Suzy  
Take these 32 round clips from my automatic Uzi

Run and duck and hide nigga, you fried  
Ain't no love where I'm from, from the outside to the inside  
The projects from uptown to downtown  
To across the river

Niggas they slingin' that dope motherfucker, get cho' head twisted  
In the river, you gone, ain't no love meet the chrome  
I be in the project ballin' like the black Al Capone  
And if you come sick you stupid

'Cause my click don't give a fuck but they ready to shoot shit  
Up but nigga, you better duck nigga  
'Fore you find your body floatin' up the Mississippi River

Back up off me  
Back up off me  
(Feel that motherfucker nigga, feel that)  
Back up off me, nigga  
Back up off me  
My trademark

Bitch get off me  
Bitch get off me  
Word's up motherfucker

Work this  
Look me in the eyes if you real  
(You'll need to feel this)  
Bitch, get off me  
Look me in the eyes if you real  
(Bitch get off me)

Nigga feel this, feel it  
Look me in the eyes, niggas if you real  
Soldier, No Limit, Soldiers  
(Look a real nigga in the eyes)  
Ready for the battlefield  
Buckle up and  
Are you ready for this?