

# Front Back (feat. UGK)

## T.I.

Ladies and gentlemen  
T.I.P., aye  
Fre-fre-fresh I know a lot of y'all niggaz out there  
Man who ain't up on this down South shit  
Probably wonderin' what the fuck you listenin to right now, ah ah?  
But it's an absolute honor and a pleasure y'know I'm sayin'?  
To bring you some gangsta shit of catastrophic proportions  
All the UGK alumni like myself know what this is man, hey Bun I gotta '66 Impala so fresh  
White top, burnt drop wit' the choppers on deck  
Fuel exhaust, and a motor out a ninety-four 'Vette  
Fish bowl, televisions pimpin' I ain't done yet  
I got the checker red leather and I'm sittin' on chrome  
On 26 inches just to get my roll on  
One of Jeezy's songs on, make them bitches get low  
I get that ass raised up, like Dr. Dre six four Hey, come up in my hood, bet them bitches know  
Tip  
If you tell 'em you wit' him, all them bitches gon' strip  
If I show up in yo' hood, I bet you niggaz won't trip  
Once I empty out this clip, I bet you niggaz gon' dip  
Or get hit up in yo' Back, front back, fr-front back, fr-front back, side to side  
Back, front back, fr-front back, fr-front back, side to side Back, front back, fr-front back, fr-  
front back, side to side  
Back, front back, fr-front back, fr-front back, side to side It's the Gulf Way Boulevard gangsta  
Swangin' on T.I., S's and Fo's  
Pirellis and Blades and 'em crews of hoes  
I'm a playa, you can tell by how I choose my pose  
When it gets to swangin' on the curb, you might lose ya toes  
Dedicated to the slab, the dunks, the drops  
The candy painted cars wit' the chopped off tops  
Now put ya diamonds up against the wood wheel Lean back up on ya leather, chunk a deuce,  
and show your grill  
Keep it trill, this the South baby, Texas and GA  
T.I. reppin' for Bankhead, I'm reppin' for P.A.  
Now pop ya trunk, get it crunk, it's time to ride  
Show them boys you got that front back and side to side baby Back, front back, fr-front back, fr-  
front back, side to side  
Back, front back, fr-front back, fr-front back, side to side Back, front back, fr-front back, fr-  
front back, side to side  
Back, front back, fr-front back, fr-front back, side to side I'm switchin' lane to lane, leanin' on  
the switch  
Sippin' on the barre, smokin' green and hittin' licks  
Bumpin' Too \$hort baby, in a candy red Biarritz

Drop the top and pimp the lot and watch the trunk do tricks  
Pimp C, I keep my money on my  
mind

Keep a hooker on the track and keep a swisher full of pine

If y'know like I know, you wouldn't try it

Wanna jack me for my candy car, you must wanna die  
But I don't really wanna hit ya with this  
hot thang

I just wanna get some brain in the turnin' lane

Comin' down creepin' slow, sippin' on a Colt fo'

Bangin' on the Screw, and keep the pistol right here in the do'  
Back, front back, fr-front back, fr-  
front back, side to side

Back, front back, fr-front back, fr-front back, side to side  
Back, front back, fr-front back, fr-  
front back, side to side

Back, front back, fr-front back, fr-front back, side to side  
Back, front back, fr-front back, fr-  
front back, side to side

Back, front back, fr-front back, fr-front back, side to side

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>