

Police voice:

Attention all units, attention all units  
We have an All Point Bulletin out on a man with green hair  
I repeat, we have an APB on a man with green hair  
He's armed with a knife, I repeat, he's armed with a knife  
Proceed with caution, watch your back fella's  
He could be coming at your girlfriend next

Verse 1:

There's a joker on the loose from the psychiatric ward  
His face is up on the bulletin board with a reward  
He'll stab you with a sword don't be fooled by his charm  
He's probably armed with intent to do bodily harm  
Ring the alarm, look for a man with green hair  
Check at your girl's house, he was last seen there  
He's has a mean stare but usually crack's jokes  
Good luck on your mission and guard your backs folks

Chorus:

Come here you fuckin backstabber  
Why I oughtta  
Hit a bitch nigga from the hood, Come here you fuckin backstabber  
Why I oughtta  
Stay away from him he ain't no good!

Verse 2:

We got the walkie-talkies to keep us all informed  
Suited up head to toe in detective uniforms  
Our unit storms in, we split the ghetto in sectors  
Locking down every block and put up metal detectors  
Protectors and be sure that you stand close  
Watch each others backs and guard your command post  
And most of all be advised that he's wise  
He could be disguised as one of your very own guys

Chorus:

Come here you fuckin backstabber  
Why I oughtta  
Hit a bitch nigga from the hood, Come here you fuckin backstabber  
Why I oughtta  
Stay away from him he ain't no good!

Verse 3:

I'm on a solo mission to find him personally  
To settle the score and beat him mercifully  
For what he first did to me  
It's sure to be the last  
Following footprints with a magnifying glass  
To drag his lying ass back to his padded cell  
I'm mad as hell, on the trail of the tattle tail  
I heard a yell the voice sounded familiar  
"Give me your girlfriend or I'm gonna kill ya"

Chorus:

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Why I oughtta  
Hit a bitch nigga from hood, Come here you fuckin backstabber  
why I oughtta  
Stay away from him he ain't no good!

Verse 4:

I followed the voice that led down a flight of steps  
Sneezing at dust, and swinging at the spider-webs  
Inside the depths of his basement  
I taste lint in my mouth, then the lights in the place went!  
I saw my life flash in front of my eyes  
I felt a butcher knife slash at one of my thighs  
None of my guys knew where I'm at I was doomed  
Then I remembered the flashlight in my costume

Chorus:

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Why I oughtta  
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Why I oughtta  
Stay away from him he ain't no good!

Verse 5:

Dealing with backstabber's there was one thing I learned  
They're only powerful when you got your back turned  
I yearned for the day that we finally met again  
So I can give him a taste of his own medicine  
He shed his skin, then he promised to come clean

I took his butcher knife and jabbed it into his spleen  
Cuffed him at the scene then dragged the fella home  
Beating him over the head with the telephone

Police voice:

Attention all cars, attention all cars  
Unit 313 has apprehended the suspect  
He's going back to the crib, yo, I repeat  
He's going back to the crib, yo, how about that?

Chorus:

Come here you fuckin backstabber  
Why I oughtta  
Hit a bitch nigga from the hood, Come here you fuckin backstabber  
Why I oughtta  
Stay away from him he ain't no good!  
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Hit a bitch nigga from the hood, Come here you fuckin backstabber  
Why I oughtta  
Stay away from him he ain't no good!