

Yeah, yeah, yeah

Verse One:

Saturday morning at the crack of sunrise  
Thank the man upstairs for lettin me open my eyes  
It's a whole new game for me like T-Lee  
It's nine-seven now and I'ma stay sucka free  
Thinkin about all my homeboys behind bars  
as I crease up my khakis and lace up my stars  
And everthang is straight I'm in the full zone  
Gettin paper every day, it's all I'm trippin on  
Cause ain't nothin like a ride in Californ-ia  
with the top back, rollin on a hot sunny day  
It's one-oh, fo'-sho', and I'm clownin all the rookies  
With a pocket full of cookies  
and mashin to the backyard boogie

Get yo' boogie on [repeat 3X]  
And then we comin wit that

Chorus:

Backyard boogie oogie oogie (yeah)  
Backyard boogie oogie oogie (it's all about that)  
Backyard boogie oogie oogie (unh)  
Backyard boogie oogie oogie (it's the backyard boogie) [repeat 3X]  
Backyard boogie oogie oogie [repeat 2X]

Verse Two:

Now just throw yo hands up high in the sky  
Representin where you from cause it's West till I die  
Put it down anywhere, take thangs for what they worth  
been a rider since birth, and the earth is my turf  
So I bails in the party, everythang is cool  
It's niggaz in the hood I ain't seen since high school  
And everybody gots stripes cause we all paid dues  
Crips, Damus, and other clicks and crews  
Just gettin they boogie on, hoochie bitches gettin loose  
It kinda remind me of the truce in nine-deuce  
I'm even kickin back, and I'm usually chicken hawkin  
The bloods shootin dice, and the crips are C walkin  
Now the party is jumpin, and the crowd's gettin bigger  
Looked up and saw four hoes to every nigga  
And it's off the hook, got ya grindin and humpin  
Cause the backyard boogie be bumpin

(Unh, straight from Inglewood, and you know that it's all good  
You can put that on yo' hood, everyday  
And we comin with that)

Chorus

Verse Three

Now it's out of control, and everywhere you look  
ain't nothin but real niggaz, the bustas got shook  
And everybody left with the whole hustla bang  
and Daisy Dukes and khakis do seem to be the thang  
You choose or you lose while you conversatin  
enough cock to go around, so ain't no playa hatin  
I want homegirl over there in red  
cause Baby Got Backs like Mix-a-Lot said  
When I keep my composure, kick back like a pro  
Cause Mack one-oh just refuse to save a hoe  
But it's a done deal, locked up throw away the key  
Cause she gonna lead a backyard boogie with me  
(Get yo' boogie on, yeah  
Get yo' boogie on, Inglewood  
Get yo' boogie on, Inglewood, pause  
Get yo' backyard boogie on)

Chorus

Straight from Inglewood, and you know that it's all good  
You can put that on yo' hood, everyday  
Mackness, mackness, unh!  
Get yo' boogie on, get yo' boogie on  
Get yo' boogie on, nigga get yo' boogie on  
Get yo' boogie on, get yo' boogie on baby, pause  
Get yo' backyard boogie on  
Gangstas don't dance we boogie

Niggaz run out and get yo' cookies  
Gangstas don't dance we boogie  
Mack 10 ain't no motherfucker rookie  
Backyard boogie oogie oofie [repeat 8X]