

Back Up (feat. Juvenile & Gilly)

Big Tymers

[Baby]
Alright nigga
Fuck it
We did it once we goin' do it again
Hot Boy forever bitch
Lets ride nigga[Gilly]
B-I-G-T-why-M-E-are-S
Birdman wit the homie Mannie Fresh
And Juvenile so you clowns don't arrest
Let's do it[Baby]
Got a Bentley wit the tags with the millionaire cash
Two million on the ice with that gun in my hand
Got the beat on the streets and we movin' the slaya
Porsche truck lift up and a four door Jag
Uptown money spots niggas countin' they cash
No rules in this game niggs doin they thang
See me watchi'n for the people 'cause they ready to slang
Blowin' dro' in Bahamas so that pineapple plate
Couldn't give us six cars for the money we make
I'm the king of the chrome get the fuck out my face
I'm the sun, I'm the moon, I'm the Benz, I'm the whips
I'm the crib, I'm the mouse quiet up in this bitch
Smoother baller 22s in they hip
Smoke dro minks, haze and a spliffs
I'm in the heat of the cloud that's how it's goin down
A D-boy getting cheddar and I'm from uptown[Chorus: Gilly]
Always poppin' never stoppin'
Glocks cockin', body droppin'
Colla poppin, nigga knockin'
Everybody give me space, back up
Everybody give me space, back up
Always poppin' never stoppin'
Glocks cockin', body droppin'
Colla poppin', nigga knockin'
Everybody give me space, back up
Everybody give me space, back up[Mannie Fresh (Gilly)]
(Why you got that gun nigga?) 'cause I can
Woke up in the club with the bitch in my hand
Everybody lay down, stay down

I'm bout to spit this motherfuckin' hay round
There's one nigga I'm lookin' at (you about to get it flat)
Everybody else just back back
Bustin', fussin', yellin', cussin'
Fightin', bitin', niggas got to rustilin'
Throwin big chairs, pushin' down stairs
Disrespectin' hos pullin' out weave hairs
But this one ho nobody know pull out the fo fo
Made niggas lay it down on the floor
That's when the police came
The fire engine truck and the ambulance
Bitch still bustin' shots like Jesse James
Big Money Heavyweight nigga I ain't playin'
The bitch was trill caught two to the grill
One in the head damn lil' one dance
Shake! [Chorus] Everybody give me space, back up (what what what what)
Everybody give me space, back up (look look) [Juvenile]
Gimme the roovie Juvie the shooter
Try to follow my pandemonium point I'm goin' lose ya
Look around there's some niggas not with me
Some of them dead, some of them doin' bout 50
UTP you better stand up it's the general
Bringin' back the era of the criminal
Look I got my own scene, got my own scheme
Got killers so basically I'm doin' my own thing
I drive a 7-6-0 strapped up waitin' at the light for the hero
It's kinda hot outside niggas done shot blue eyes
That's fucked up 'cause my connect dropped me 5
I'ma exercise my right to get this cheese
I don't have to put in work nigga my bitch will squeeze
I ain't positive I'm a black man
So watch your mouth playa 'cause you can catch a back hand [Chorus]

Songwriters

Daniels, Lashawn Ameen / Jerkins, Rodney Roy / Knowles, Beyonce Gisselle / Birchett, Antea / Thomas,
Delisha / Jerkins, Freddie D Iii / Birchett, Aneesha
Published by
Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd.,
Universal Music Publishing Group, THE BICYCLE MUSIC COMPANY, IMAGEM U.S. LLC
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>