

# Back Up (ft. 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]

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