

# Back Up

Lil Rob

(Talking)

Times are getting crazy holmes  
Things are a lot different than they used to be homie  
A lotta these foo's need to back the fuck up  
You know? OdaleSittin' at the bar just tippin' the glass  
Tryin' to slow down my life 'cause it's getting' too fast  
But I don't mind see it's like quick in a flash  
See that chick she's imaginin' my dick in her ass  
(Whoa!) Did I say that? That's crazy ain't it?  
Just crazy lookin' don't know how to explain it  
Don't get me wrong homeboy I'm not complainin'  
Don't get all mad I'm not braggin' I'm just sayin'  
Just playin' talk to me bout my music  
I'm just a vato that'll do it just to do it  
I want nothing to do with phony people  
Don't care what you like and don't care who you're cool with  
You're stupid actin' like if I'm the new kid  
I know you back in school you wanted to be the cool kid  
While I sat back and didn't give a fuck  
Now rap is all I have so homeboy that's what's upHomie please back up  
Ten paces from the truck  
Don't wanna press your luck  
My bomb'll self destruct  
Homie please back up  
Ten paces from the truck  
Don't wanna press your luck  
My bomb'll self destructI don't forget about the past now I'm kickin' your ass  
I'll do it again and laugh 'cause you're kissin' my ass  
Got a rented 45 and I'm able to shoot  
Itchy finger hare trigger and it's pointed at you  
I'm not here to claim that I'm all insane in the brain  
I'm just here to let you know I'm not the same as you lames  
Your evil's comin' to you; yell for help no one's runnin' to you  
You burnt them bridges, remember? So no one's fuckin' with you  
Ain't got no friends, ain't got no ends 'cause you keep burnin' your people  
Tell me when does it end? When will you realize that shit ain't cool?  
I feel sorry for them kids that wanna be like you  
But they're just kids they really don't know what to do  
Don't worry mijo, it'll come to you

And you'll say fuck this fool  
What was I thinkin' about this vato's bein' about a buncha dumb shit  
Can't believe I used to bump this, fuck this Homie please back up  
Ten paces from the truck  
Don't wanna press your luck  
My bomb'll self destruct  
Homie please back up  
Ten paces from the truck  
Don't wanna press your luck  
My bomb'll self destruct Jump in the carrucha put my foot on the gas  
Hit the second switch from the left to lift up the ass  
The \_\_\_\_'s shakin' just to break up the glass  
But I'ma catch you sleepin' and pop a cap in your ass  
Put the holes in my own car if that's where you are  
Handle my shit then probably go back to the bar  
Have me a drink, sit down and think about all the fuckin' bullshit  
That happened to me within this week  
But I'm three feet from gold and I was told I got a flow that's cold  
I guess that explains so many units sold  
I make jams you'll bump hopefully when you get old  
I'm a good guy but sometimes I just explode  
Sometimes I wish that I would rather be home  
Put down the microphone and leave it alone  
Turn off my phone  
Because it's bullshit the way it goes down  
But my people really need me around, Chicano sound

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

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