

Big Tymers "Back Up"

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(feat. Gilly, Juvenile)

[Baby]

Aight nigga
Fuck it
We did it once we gon do it again
Hot Boy forever bitch
Lets ride nigga

[Gilly]

B-I-G-T-Y-M-E-R-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 watchin for the people cuz 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
Smoothe 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?) Cuz I can
Woke up in the club with the bitch in my hand
Everybody lay down, stay down
I'm bout to spit this mothafuckin 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 - Gilly (Juvenile)]

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 (uh uh)
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 gon 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 killas 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 cuz my connect dropped me 5

I'ma excersize 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 cuz you can catch a back
hand
Heh!

[Chorus - Gilly]

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Glocks cockin, body droppin
Colla poppin, nigga knockin
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