

## Eddie Money

### "Back Up Off Me"

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[Verse 1: N.O.T.S]

Don't cross that line keep it in ya boundaries  
You frucker I'm like Bounty the quick to pick her up her  
A bottle full of liquor that shit I can't get enough of  
Don't let it happen again I understand much love  
Next time Mark Ferman won't even find my gloves  
Now you know better don't even wanna hold the  
grudge  
Was it worth it? You found out too late I was the wrong  
person  
Who ate while everybody was snatchin purses  
You bait, cause every time I see you you nervous  
You defeated your purpose now you seeing is  
worthless  
I gotta aks myself what the fruck I was doin  
And I gotta aks myself who the fruck you was screwin  
I'm ready for anything, off the top of the head  
I say anything, and I'ma get mines any means  
I'm in the cream I'm in the weed  
I'm in the position to take over  
I know y'all cowards will leave  
And if I get cut I know y'all cowards will bleed  
Every second every minute every hour it's cheese  
A bloody mess that's what I'ma leave what you expect?  
The hungriest has gotta eat, and that's N-O-T-S  
Complimentary ain't nothin for free a lot of men worry  
Baggy jeans NOTS search tensery  
My nigga L told me that a lot of men bury  
And when we go to court we not on trial we jury

[Hook: N.O.T.S. Click](2X)

Back up off me baby let me see where it is  
A one way ticket to nowhere with nothing to blow here  
I want it all nigga from the chain to the money  
If it's something here that you want  
Then it's something here to die for

[Verse 2: Big L]

Put the mic down and fight now  
That's up to you, I got no love for you or that counterfeit  
clown you with

I might let this this four pound spit and leave your  
crown split  
Fuck you and fuck who you down with  
Yo, I clap at you then clap at you game with accurate  
aim  
Blow off more than half of your brain for actin insane  
You whack in this game I can see me now macking ya  
dame  
Snappin ya pockets and snatchin ya chains  
Shit I roll with cats that will attack in the rain  
Be in the Benz or in the back of the train  
Or the city bus, crones be hideous no-one I really trust  
They call me Willie Hudge the way I mack these silly  
sluts  
And right now I'm on top of the world  
So when you see me comin through put a lock on ya girl  
What.

[Hook](2X)

[Verse 3: ?Leg?]

Everything is clear, I can see now, no longer seem now  
Together we explode is lethal, we get stronger than re-  
clouds  
And it's allergic I think I send niggaz to turgis  
We round up when it's urgin four pound up and lurkin'  
Big your whole town up in hearses  
And it'll stay with you for like a thousand curses  
All I want is more cream all I want is more weed  
All I want is your cheese so we can throw the hands  
Or we can show the cans but you still no man  
I fear no man there's no chance  
Just be ready for that last slow dance  
Many come many run many gun  
But there's no warrant to city run  
Under the city son I pity none  
And I still knock down these hoes until I'm 51  
Mom said: Leg you don't care about anyone  
And on the scale of 1 to 10 she gave prrrt cause I'm a  
shitty son

[Hook](2X)

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