

DeJ Loaf, Back Up (feat. Big Sean)

Back up off me, back up off me
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Yah yah bi**h, back up off me
You don't know me, I'm too clean, I'm too holy, bi**h I'm godly
I only go for real ni**as who don't brag bout what they bought me
Cause they know I got a bag, gotta f**k me up some commas
If I f**k and make you cum, you got to promise not to stress me
Don't be blowing up my phone and don't be leaving voice messages
And I can do you right, do you better than your exes
I told that ni**a to stop it, he was talking out his necklace
See the difference with me, I never needed ni**as, ever
I'll leave em where I met em, I ain't tripping off no, ever
Goons in the cut try to talk you out your necklace
If you ever disrespect me, pu**y, don't be disrespectful
I said woo, I said I know, I know, I know
He heard about me, he was waiting on me at the door
I said woo, yeah that mink all on the floor
Used to bust the skating, 6 to 9, come in at 4
We got glow sticks for you ho chicks, bi**h don't act like you don't know this
I'm very antisocial, social network ain't my motion I don't move like that
I sure know emotions, ni**as, bi**hes is disgusting
Bananas with the Trojans, pop that pu**y for a legend

I said woo, I said I know, I know, I know
I said bi**h back up off me
I said woo, I said bi**h back up off me
I said woo... get this ni**a
I said woah, yah yah, bitch back up off me
I said woah woah, yah yah, bi**h back up off me
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Back up off me, back up off me, I said bi**h back up off me
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Back up off me, back up off me, I said bi**h back up off me
I said... back up off me, I said bi**h back up off me

Back up off me, they want my backs in coffins
Gets so cold in the D and they still wanna take my jacket off me
Back when I couldn't afford to get it mixed and mastered, homie
My mama fronted me that money so it's no backup, homie
Bi**h so back up off me
Bank account look like a ballot, homie, yeah it's checked up
My ni**as packing, you get to tripping, they unpacking, homie
Yeah I overdo it, yeah that's tailored, homie
Yeah I'm overdressed and ain't no salad on me
Me and DeJ together, holy matrimony
Ohhh, it's hard to smile and s**t
When they ain't free Juan, I got real ones on trial and s**t
F**k all my peers unless we talking bout Belle Isle and s**t
The check is seven figures, I might try and dial the shit
And if I f**k and make you cum, don't be blowing up my phone
Lately I've been messing with girls who tend to own s**t on their own
I turn dusk into dawn, turn my chair to a throne
F**k her off in the whip, make her take Uber home
Cold to the chromosome, I grew up without a hammock
I did everything except panic, feel me? Finally Famous the family
And we expanding on the top floor like we tanning
She throwing tantrums
She gon hold this d**k like a Grammy
I give her bomb D and do damage

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Yeah that's right mane
I said woah, yah yah
For the city
Woah, yah yah, bi**h back up off m
You got Queen DeJ, Sean Don, straight up
It's time to boss up on everything, I'm getting everything