Dej Loaf, Back Up (feat. Big Sean)

Back up off me, back up off me Back up off me, back up off me

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

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
I said woah woah, yah yah, bi**h back up off me
I said woah woah, yah yah, bi**h back up off me
Back up off me, back up off me, I said bi**h back up off me
Back up off me, back up off me, I said bi**h back up off me
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

Bananas with the Trojans, pop that pu**y for a legend

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