

Yeah, yeah, yeah (Ron-Ron do that shit)

She hit me up, in need for backstage passes (Beat Boy taught me)
She let me hit it from the back because she nasty
Wanted to fuck since back then when I ain't have shit
If somebody give us up, can't come back, bitch
Lock the door on my dressing room
What we do won't leave from here
Backstage, backstage
Backstage, backstage

Backstage, tapped out, I give her backshots
Fat face, blue hundreds in my G-Star buttondown
Buttondown when I'm cuttin' up
If this hottie talk too much, I hurry up and cut her off
Lights on, clothes off with the door locked
Ride dick, ride the wave, make the boat rock
03 got a ho freaky figure four locked
Put it on her scalp like some motherfuckin' faux locs
Twistin' up, I'm lifted, it's no intermission
I had to wait here until I was livin'
Each time I hit her, you know we ain't kissin'
She a groupie, I'm a nigga, she'll pull through, I'ma hit her
I be booted in the winter
Still goin' up in December, though
I'm designer from my garments to my underclothes
Hurry up and clean up to fuck some other ho

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I'm just tryna freak somethin'
She see another nigga, and then she cheat on
She let me hit it, she gon' need a coupon
Girl, that pussy for everyone like a Groupon
So don't you get caught in my dressing room
Eat the pussy, I'm blessing you
Beat it up, I beat it up, she say I killed it
I ain't kill it, got her stomach like a vegetable
But somehow you still at the show with it
And somehow you still got a ho with it
'Cause you only come to the show when you know it's a go
Have her fuck on the floor with it
And somehow you still at the show with it
And somehow you still got a ho with it
'Cause you only come to the show when you know it's a go
Have her fuck on the floor with it
Ooh, oh

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Pull up with my top down
It's too many people in here
I don't know what I did to them
I didn't know who, but I was looking for you
Come fuck with the reason you here
What happens cannot leave from here
Somebody stepped on my shoe
And that's how I bumped into you
Nice to meet you, we goin' backstage, like wait, hold up
Bitches be tricky, is you of age?
Let me see, okay, you good, turn the lights off
Sensei turn to a Flintstone, bed rock
I'm a dog, give her the Pedigree headlock
You cannot steal my style, bitch, my jacket deadstock
Bitch, I'm a bad man, them bitches call me Tarzan
Dark skin with a smile so charming
Could beat 'em on a bad day with probably one hand

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