

Back Up

clipping.

Ate breakfast with my ex, dead bitch
Now she text me in the afterlife while I take a shit
Brush my teeth with a brick, shower in a bunker
Afterparty at the crib, we only huffin' duster
Yellin' in a telephone under the covers
Slipped in the shower now the light'll take me under
Dapped in the head, shirt turns red
In the garden with the snakes, now I'm living and dead
In a world with no Ant who the fuck needs friends
I got a million brain problems and my bitch is probably all of them

Tryin' to be down, well he probably could
But that bitch just a little too Hollywood
Took about a pound of the charlie 'fore the party good
He ain't never seen a brick they shot him where he stood
(Step off!) Back up, back up, back up, back up, back up
(Step!) back up, back up, back up, back up, back up
(Shh) Back up, back up, back up, back up, back up
Back up, back up, back up, back up, back up

Drugs, (Drugs!) drugs, (Drugs!) drugs, (Drugs!) drugs, (Drugs!)
She take another shot and then she give another hug
She feelin' really snug like a rug who under a bug
Or maybe she meant the opposite, Molly did and she coppin' it
Selfie photo she croppin' it, since they askin' she poppin' it
Self-control, yeah she lockin' it, all away, thong, she rockin' it
Showin' she lonely only to end up alone and clockin' it
(Party, party, party, party, party) and she ain't stoppin' it
Next morning, time for work, she still asleep
'Bout to lose her job and it's the third time this week
She tryin' to make that paper on the web showin' her feet
To them creeps, ain't she sweet, now he askin' her to meet
At a club, 42nd and Whitelock, now he got her cornered
Tryin' to show her white cock (Come here, baby!)
She wear a smile, and then she touch it for a while
While he pullin' out that pipe and he fillin' it with that white rock
He tryin' to fill her ass while he feelin' it all cracked out
Stab, she pulls a katana that's Dolce Gabbana
And blood's everywhere, nigga back up, ah

Tryin' to be down, well he probably could
But that bitch just a little too Hollywood
Took about a pound of the charlie 'fore the party good
He ain't never seen a brick they shot him where he stood
(Step off!) Back up, back up, back up, back up, back up
(Step!) back up, back up, back up, back up, back up
(Shh!) Back up, back up, back up, back up, back up
Back up, back up, back up, back up, back up

Fake red shit on them hot cheese sticks
From the corner store, pocket full of loosies and a cherry Coke
Red nose like a pit, wipes that on the sleeve
Back to the counter, pop clip, empty the drawer, leave
House packed from the front door to the back door, can't breathe
Loud pack lit out back in the backyard, that weed
Smellin' the clothes under the skin, fuck up the flow, bitch goin' in
She twerkin' alone, you don't wanna touch her

She probably could bite your face off in a minute
She hittin' them bath salts, like it was exfoliating
It's no more glasses cause the shits keep breaking
Get your rake up, step up, pour up, burn up
Hold up, shit, you already know
Turn up, turn up, turn up, so when the eyes look marble that's the code
And the rain is comin' down again
Under the porchlight it glows, it burns when it hits the skin
Cleans the soul they say, but why would you listen to them?
Just get a new one, like a white tee, at the corner store they got 'em two f
or ten

Tryin' to be down, well he probably could
But that bitch just a little too Hollywood
Took about a pound of the charlie 'fore the party good
He ain't never seen a brick they shot him where he stood
(Step off!) Back up, back up, back up, back up, back up
(Step!) back up, back up, back up, back up, back up
(Shh) Back up, back up, back up, back up, back up
Back up, back up, back up, back up, back up

Back up, back up, back up, back up, back up
Back up, back up, back up, back up, back up
Back up, back up, back up, back up, back up
Back up, back up, back up, back up, back up