

Backseat

Juicy J

[Logic]

What Juicy J?

He's like "Shut da fuck up!"

[Intro: Juicy J]

Mr. [?]

I think it's 'bout time, mane, how you start your day, mane

[Verse 1: Wiz Khalifa]

I just brought that motherfuckin' packets so you know it's him

I done been broke, I promise that I'll never go again

Say it if I want to, I could never hold it in

Right there in your face, time I never waste

Break it down and roll it up, I made it out of nothing

Will I ride for my niggas when it's time? That is the question

Gotta make sure that my baby boy is good

Throwing up that Taylor Gang and after that his neighborhood

I know what I'm up against and I ain't on the fence

Y'all know what I represent, I'm in my element

Rolling up a paper and get high to the sky

All my homies repping Taylor Gang or Die-Da-Da-Da

[Chorus: Wiz Khalifa]

Backseat killin' it, got my feet up

Bad shorty and she feelin' it

I'm the realest nigga that she been with it

I'm the realest nigga that she been with it

Niggas just talk but I'm livin' it

Ridin' in the backseat killin' it, got my feet up

Bad shorty and she feelin' it

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I'm the realest nigga that she been with it

Niggas just talk but I'm livin' it

(Project Pat)

[Verse 2: Project Pat]

I was shooting K's with the [?], kick doors for the stash

Now I [?]

Broke niggas still moving slow like molasses

NASCAR hustle in this ho, I like fast cash

Haters like a bad rash, fuck with me we gon' [?]

Get shot in your [?], we ain't givin' passes

Diamonds on my teeth, these bitches ain't [?]

But they'll suck you dry just like they mosquitoes

I'm the shitter, my dick stroke [?] getter

From crumbs to the bricks, got suckers sicker

Louis on my feet, Louis thirteenth of liquor

Robbers gettin' weak, don't fuck with this nigga

Money flipper, hundred K on me now

You funny niggas, Jim Carrey cable guys

You stay cappin' [?]

A man beggin' like a bitch should be a fuckin' crime

[Chorus: Wiz Khalifa]

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[Verse 3: Juicy J]

Riding in the backseat, bitch, I'm a boss
You can hit the cup but try not to nod off
Told her "Slob on my knob til my knob fall off"
Yeah, I got a job for you, you gon' have to call of
Backseat, feet up, weed up
Dick bitch, red bone, double D cup
Backseat, no this ain't no taxi
Chopper on the seat, that bitch right beside me
Rich nigga shit, you know how the vibe be
Fuckin' on a rich bitch, I'ma let her ride me
Yeah, I'm gettin' money but my niggas grimy
Cup full of mud, this shit gets slimy, in the...

[Chorus: Wiz Khalifa]

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