

# Backdoor

Lil Durk

(Malik on the beat)

(Ayo Bleu)

No, no, no, no

Yeah, yeah, yeah

(Aura)

No, no, no, no

(Turn Me Up Josh)

Whoa, oh, oh

Them niggas act like they don't need us  
They do everything we do, they wanna be us  
Foenem takin' ecstasy, they tryna T up  
He rather go and blow a bag instead of re-up  
You wasn't on that block when that shit was goin' on  
I wasn't worried about the other side when that shit was goin' on  
And we don't hang with different niggas, don't ask us what we on  
The only time we'll beat the case, you pull out camera phones  
I used to draw Lil' Mo' name on the styrofoam  
I had to teach the grown niggas, right from wrong  
Why the state had told the jury, "They tryna indict us all"  
The lawyers got them affidavits, they better sign them all, hm  
I had a bad bitch off the 'gram, she let her titties hang  
She told Bandz I bought her a Birkin, I told her anything  
I was ridin' 'round with guns in that Bentley thang  
We puttin' stickers on our drums, that's a city thang  
I hate the niggas who be tryna switch the block up  
I be with the killers who would change a nigga roster  
I'm from the part of the city, watch your partner  
You ain't did shit to same nigga who shot ya  
'Fore you leave that door, gotta pick your Glock up  
Can't nut in no more whores, I got that from my momma  
Shuttin' down the stores, you do that with these commas  
You had me at my lowest, I'm ridin' 'round with choppers

(Oh)

Close that backdoor, can't get shaked at by my homie (No, no, no, no, no, ye  
ah, yeah)

Close that backdoor 'cause I know that shit's phony (No, no, no, no, no, who  
a)

Close that backdoor, can't get snaked by my homie (Oh)

Close that backdoor 'cause I know this love phony

That's a bet

I'm The Voice, that mean Dee-Dee, he the threat

Don't get stressed, 'cause foenem tweakin' off the X

I know what happened to your homie, don't be next

He got that get back for his block, I tilt my hat

I feel like I'm drownin', got this water 'round my neck

Cocky nigga throwin' ashes on Pateks

Went to the trench store, threw up the treys on the mat (Yeah)

They be callin' me, you hangin' with dangerous

I'm just slidin' 'til I rest, just for Uncle Raymond

All my sibling's kids know your uncle famous

I know this shit sound dumb and the strangest

In the trenches, I feel the safest

On the radio, shoutout Nephets

Did it off the love, I gave 'em faces

(Oh)

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(Oh)

Close that backdoor, can't get shaked at by my homie (No, no, no, no, no, ye  
ah, yeah)

Close that backdoor 'cause I know that shit's phony (No, no, no, no, no)