

Chamillionaire, Back Up Plan

(feat. Devin the Dude)

[Chamillionaire]

Oooh-ooooh-oooh-oo-oooh
Just believe, something real freaky's going down
Oooh-ooooh-oooh-oo-oooh
Take a sip of this, and just let it relax your mind
Oooh-ooooh-oooh-oo-oooh
Please do not disturb, on the door you see that sign

[Hook]

Oooh-ooooh-oooh, I'm really feeling you
If you can keep a secret, then I'll keep a secret too
And this is what we'll do I'll, be your number two
I can let you feel on me, if you just let me feel on you
Oooh-ooooh-oooh, I know you got a man
Your undercover lover, I can be your back up plan
And we can just pretend we're, nothing more than friends
The sex will never end, that way everybody wins

[Chamillionaire]

Their dorms, their college, their brains share knowledge
I tip toe through the back do', and no one gon' hear about it
And if your boo try to search you, and any clue get spotted
I hope the lipstick, that is smeared on your top lip is not it
Naw we don't sip Hpnotiq, we sipping Henny and some Crimevicts
So take a sip of this, and just let it relax your mind
Your body's calling me informing me, that you're freakier than normally
Birthday suit has been worn for me, latex condom put on for me
Protection in the briefcaser, plenty of lead with no eraser
Trojan Man gotta be safer, ladies that plot for my treat paper
Watching a man while he chase her, trying to figure out whether she faithful
But the minute that he takes her, break them C-H-I-C taker
He running round like he gangsta, don't think your girl can't get lead
To the edge of the bedspread, hungry for sex she can get fed
Spread her legs or get fed head, she's wearing that yellow pink thong
She's got her wedding ring on, but it still never seems wrong, Koopa

[Hook]

[Chamillionaire]

See getting money's like sex, and I'm having a manage G
Gold diggers can't F' with me, like I'm having a manage me
A hoe see the ice and she start trippin', like your broad can't skeet
Koopa get a hot steamy ain't creamy, but uh-naw it ain't T
If it's her first time with me, she'll do her thang like she knew me
Can't stand a bourgie hoe, a bourgie hoe can't enthuse me or amuse me
Can't stand a groupie, cause a groupie's purpose is usually to use me
They usually hop on the next dick, when they see 50 Cent or Juve
Who he that's Koopa, but he look like 50 Cent oh yeah
Well G-G-G-G-ge-ge-ge-get the hell out of here yeah
If this ain't just about the sex, don't waste your time
Money jewelry and fame, should be the last thing on your mind
You steady trying to be like them, Chamillion trying to be like Ben Franklin
Cause a girl that I think is feeling me, say she like him aaah
Don't worry naw, Koopa not disappointed
I look to' as the do', stick my finger out like this and point it
Leave, with me it's a ghetto version of Girls Gone Wild
Niggas probably heard our sound, gotta use a very large towel
To stick under the do' she's moaning, trying to wake up any sleep takers
Screamin' obscenities at me, she got a foul mouth like she T. Draper
Sheet shaker heat maker, wanna be down then I replace her
Cameras'll get your cart I'm smart, you will not ever see the taper
What we did let me lace ya, up in some game while she take a

Sip of the Henny or a skeet taste of, some of this Rum minus the chaser yeah

[Hook]

[Chamillionaire]

I got some Henn, got some Crime, got some Remmy and it's time
To take a sip of this, and just let it relax your mind
Your body is so fine, girl I'm peeping your design
Somehow it feels right, tell me how can I decline
Please do not disturb on that door, you see that sign
There'll be no interrupting, something freaky on my mind
Sipping going doo-own, stripping going doo-own
She know what's on my mii-ind, I'm ready to bump and grii-ind
Oooh-ooooh-ooo-oooh, oooh-ooooh-oooh-ooooh
Oooh-ooooh-ooo-oooh, oooh-ooooh-oooh-ooooh

[Devin the Dude]

Your man used to fuck you down, but now he's slacked up
She's runnin' all over town, I think he's gonna need back up
I'll be your relief pitcher, dick up in your mitt
There's no cork off in my bat, so it's somewhat illegal hit
Boom over the fence, rinse off my balls when I'm finished
Yes he's probably a good sport, but he's got you playing tennis
Running after balls, dodging all your calls
You're horny wanna grind him, but you just can't find him
So here's what you do, call 832-567
You remember the rest, just ask for Devin
Yes I'll come quick, but not too soon
Leaving nutted rubbers, all over the room
Don't forget to bring the pill, the dress I like and high heels
Some extra panties if you will, we can chill
I'll never wanna come between you and him, understand
But if you ever need a back up plan, I'm your man

[Hook]