

# Chamillionaire, Back Up Plan

(feat. Devin the Dude)

[Chamillionaire]

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

[Hook]

Oooh-ooooh-oooo, 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-oooo, 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 dorns, 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-ge 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 nuttred 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]