

Big Tymers, Back Up

(feat. Gilly, Juvenile)

[Baby]

Aight nigga

Fuck it

We did it once we gon do it again

Hot Boy forever bitch

Lets ride nigga

[Gilly]

B-I-G-T-Y-M-E-R-S

Birdman wit the homie Mannie Fresh

And Juvenile so you clowns don't arrest

Let's do it

[Baby]

Got a Bentley wit the tags with the millionaire cash

Two million on the ice with that gun in my hand

Got the beat on the streets and we movin the slaya

Porsche truck lift up and a four door Jag

Uptown money spots niggas countin they cash

No rules in this game niggs doin they thang

See me watchin for the people cuz they ready to slang

Blowin dro' in Bahamas so that pineapple plate

Couldn't give us six cars for the money we make

I'm the king of the chrome get the fuck out my face

I'm the sun, I'm the moon, I'm the Benz, I'm the whips

I'm the crib, I'm the mouse quiet up in this bitch

Smoothe baller 22s in they hip

Smoke dro minks, haze and a spliffs

I'm in the heat of the cloud that's how it's goin down

A D-boy getting cheddar and I'm from uptown

[Chorus - Gilly]

Always poppin never stoppin

Glocks cockin, body droppin

Colla poppin, nigga knockin

Everybody give me space, back up

Everybody give me space, back up

Always poppin never stoppin

Glocks cockin, body droppin

Colla poppin, nigga knockin

Everybody give me space, back up

Everybody give me space, back up

[Mannie Fresh (Gilly)]

(Why you got that gun nigga?) Cuz I can

Woke up in the club with the bitch in my hand

Everybody lay down, stay down

I'm bout to spit this mothafuckin hay round

There's one nigga I'm lookin at (you about to get it flat)

Everybody else just back back

Bustin, fussin, yellin, cussin

Fightin, bitin, niggas got to rustilin

Throwin big chairs, pushin down stairs

Disrespectin hos pullin out weave hairs

But this one ho nobody know pull out the fo fo

Made niggas lay it down on the floor

That's when the police came

The fire engine truck and the ambulance

Bitch still bustin shots like Jesse James

Big Money Heavyweight nigga I ain't playin

The bitch was trill caught two to the grill

One in the head damn lil' one dance

Shake!

[Chorus - Gilly (Juvenile)]

Always poppin never stoppin
Glocks cockin, body droppin
Colla poppin, nigga knockin
Everybody give me space, back up
Everybody give me space, back up
Always poppin never stoppin
Glocks cockin, body droppin
Colla poppin, nigga knockin (uh uh)
Everybody give me space, back up (what what what what)
Everybody give me space, back up (look look)

[Juvenile]

Gimme the roovie Juvie the shooter
Try to follow my pandemonium point I'm gon lose ya
Look around there's some niggas not with me
Some of them dead, some of them doin bout 50
UTP you better stand up it's the general
Bringin back the era of the criminal
Look I got my own scene, got my own scheme
Got killas so basically I'm doin my own thing
I drive a 7-6-0 strapped up waitin at the light for the hero
It's kinda hot outside niggas done shot blue eyes
That's fucked up cuz my connect dropped me 5
I'ma excersize my right to get this cheese
I don't have to put in work nigga my bitch will squeeze
I ain't positive I'm a black man
So watch your mouth playa cuz you can catch a back hand
Heh!

[Chorus - Gilly]

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