

Back It Up (feat. Lil Twist & Tyga)

Young Money

Where the bad bitches at, gon' smoke?
Where the bad bitches at, gon' drank?
Where the bad bitches at that twerk?
Put them weak bitches out that can't
Look at shawty right there with them quirks
Got me tryin' not to scratch my paint
And when she shake that ass, I throw more cash
Swear she tryna get a piece of my bank
Back it up, back it up, bust it open, wide open, baby girl
Let me see what you're workin' with
Me and [?], some pimp shit, this is the collision
My nigga at the front, I'm at the tail end, where is your girlfriend?
I'm [?], try puttin' a word in
I jump in that pussy and turn that shit to a whirlwind
I'm Twizzy F Baby, [?]
I'ma kill you little niggas but the pussy, I'm murkin' 'em
Let me slow it up
Y'all already know what's up
Been gettin' paid since a young age
Now that's young money, watch me throw it up
I'm in King of Diamonds like what the fuck?
Throwin' stacks at her, throwin' racks at her
And don't worry 'bout it, girl, if I'm old enough
Just gon' do me a favor, girl, back it up
Back it up
Girl back it up
Girl back it up
Gon' do me a favor, girl back it up
I'm throwin' stacks at her, throwin' racks at her
Don't worry 'bout it, girl, if I'm old enough
Just gon' do me a favor, girl, back it up
Let me see you do it, girl work the pole
Gon' get this money, girl twerk it slow
Let me see it though, let me see it though
Yeah I'm talkin' bendin' over, girl touch your toes
Now strike a pose, then drop it low
I'm in the strip club with my big bro
Named Weezy F, and we do it the best
Already 60 racks and leave the floor messy
Young Money, homie, YMCMB
Got a brown tone for the T-Streets
I need 3 more for Chris, B and T
I'm a fool with it, just a young elite
Shit, what the Hell? You can't blame me

This the fast life, get your cash right

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>