

Back Up Plan (feat. Devin The Dude)

Chamillionaire & Paul Wall

(feat. Devin the Dude)[Chamillionaire]

Oooh-ooooh-oooo-oo-oo

Just believe, something real freaky's going down

Oooh-ooooh-oooo-oo-oo

Take a sip of this, and just let it relax your mind

Oooh-ooooh-oooo-oo-oo

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 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]

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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