

Backdoor - Lil Durk Lyrics

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"Backdoor"

Malik on the beat

Ayo Bleu

No, no, no, no

Yeah, yeah, yeah

No, no, no, no

(Turn Me Up Josh)

Whoa, oh, oh

Them niggas act like they don't need us

They do everything we do, they wanna be us

Foenem takin' ecstasy, they tryna T up

He rather go and blow her back instead of re-up

You weren't on that block when that shit was goin' on

I wasn't worryin' 'bout the other side when that shit was goin' on

And we don't hang with different niggas, don't ask us what we on

The only time we'll beat the case, you pull out camera phones

I used to draw Lil' Mo name on the styrofoam

I had to teach the grown niggas, right from wrong
Why the state had told the jury, "They tryna indict us all"
The lawyers got them affidavits, they better sign them all, hm
I had a bad bitch off the 'Gram, she let her titties hang
She told Bandz I bought her a Birkin, I told her anything
I always ride around with guns in that Bentley thang
We puttin' stickers on our drums, that's a city thang
I hate the niggas who be tryna switch the block up
I be with the killers who would change a nigga roster
I'm from the part of the city, watch your partner
You ain't did shit to same nigga who shot ya
'Fore you hit that door, gotta pick your Glock up
Can't nut in no more whores, I got that from my momma
Shuttin' down the stores, you do that with these commas
You had me at my lowest, I'm ridin' 'round with choppers
Close that backdoor
Can't get shaken at by my homie (no, no, no, no, no, yeah, yeah)
Close that backdoor 'cause I know
'Cause I know that this phony (no, no, no, no, no, whoa)
Close that backdoor, can't get snaked by my homie (oh)
Close that backdoor 'cause I know this lil' phony
That's a bet
I'm the voice, that mean Dee-Dee, he the threat

Don't get stressed, 'cause foenem tweakin' off the X
I know what happened to your homie, don't be next
He got that get back, for his block, I tilt my hat
I feel like I'm drownin', got this water 'round my neck
Cocky nigga throwin' ashes on Pateks
Went to the trench store, the treys on the mat (yeah)
They be callin' me, you hangin' with dangerous
I'm just slidin' 'til I rest, just for Uncle Raymond
All my sibling's kids know your uncle famous
I know this shit sound dumb and the strangest
In the trenches, I feel the safest
On the radio, shoutout Nephets
Did it off the love, but I gave 'em faces
Close that backdoor, can't get shaken at by my homie
Close that backdoor 'cause I know that this phony
Close that backdoor, can't get snaked by my homie
Close that backdoor 'cause I know this love phony
Close that backdoor, can't get shaken at by my homie
Close that backdoor 'cause I know that it's phony

For any correction please mail us at showthelyrics1@gmail.com
