

Can I Get It Back

B2K

Hold up, new release
From the barrel of Brooklyn
Three ladies call XSO, cafe, let's go

Hold up, freeze
I just wanna get between your knees
That's too much to ask I'm in the breeze
Roof top gone
Gucci top on got hot like pop corn shit

Kinda lucky you got me
Look, ma you'd be nothing without me
Them debit cards easily revoke
Plus I'm from the hood I'm easily provoked

You won't get fresh on my account, no
Your name comes off of my account, oh
And don't think I won't make that red dot give you pink eye
Get outta here, pop

Now, that we split up
You want me to give up
All that you gave
But what about my love in time?
Can it be replaced?
You never thought about me, babe
I see you haven't changed a bit
'Cause you're still acting childish

Guess, you've forgotten
I never was a silly chick, chick
And you can never get back this
So you can stop all the callin', complainin'
Stressin' or somthin', or not gettin'

All my love
(Can I get it back?)
No, I can't, all my time
(Can I get it back?)
No, I can't so all your rings
(Can I get it back?)
No, you can't, all you gave
(Can I get it back?)
No, you can't

How can you blame me?
You took my love and ran away
Expecting me to feel guilty
But what about my pain and tears?
Can't be replaced it's all been erased
Want what you want back I see you think I'm crazy

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Now, all I need in this life of sin
Is a down ass chick and you ain't it, uh
Thought you was real but you ain't shit, no
You can ride in the truck but you can't sit, ha
See you must got me micro-screwed

But if I spend, I'm a really spend
I'll put you on an island next to Gilligan, uh
And it's way too late for the boo hoos
Sorry game over you lose
Tell your new man I keeps me rascal
And I got a new thorough chick to fed me tacos,
ha, ha