

Get Back

Chris Travis

Excuse me
Yes, we are here, uhuh

These niggas better get back, bitch [x4]
These niggas better get back [x8]

These niggas better get back
Know where your from and know where your at
I'm flying through the night like a mothafuckin' bat
The only things I like is hitting bitches from the back
Im rolling backwoods till my lungs pitch black
Catch me in the woods like a fucking lumberjack
If any nigga try me take his head from his hat
I kill a nigga dead, leave him there like a rat
I'm saying fuck the feds cause there's niggas getting tapped
And I don't want the water if the mothafucka tap
And fuck your favorite artist cause the nigga probably wack
I'm a Memphis nigga fuck around and get smacked
Raw paper bitch he down to have a heart attack
Worry about your hearts, send your ass a cardiac
Boy, I'm hard to find like a damn artifact
Catch up nigga you slower than a Pontiac
Pussy

Bitch ass nigga wanna talk
You ain't got that cash, don't call

You don't make no mothafucking calls
Fucked her from the window to the wall
Yeah pussy nigga I'm a dog
Fuck her then I pass her to my dawgs

Down south nigga, I'ma put it on the table
Ran through the pussy like I'm drag car racing
Ho you like a third grade test, so basic
Scribbled on your ass now I need a replacement
"Chris getting money", that's a damn understatement
You ain't getting money then your whole life wasted
Hate on me, I'ma have to beat your ass
Leave in a den, while you bloody in the grass
Waterboyz here, how I drink the whole class
You ain't with the squad with your unknown ass
Kissing niggas ass, you a full-blown drag
Staying by yourself, then you get my respect
Lame ass niggas what I call suspect
Nigga you a rookie I'ma fucking prospect
Watch how your talk, I'll cut your damn neck
Then walk off clean then go cut my damn check
Bitch