

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