

# The Get Back

Fabulous

Who want to bet us that they can't fuck with us  
Stack cheddar forever, live treacherous, all the etceteras  
Until the death of us me and my confidantes, we shine  
We make the ambiance you niggas just rhyme  
You little niggas need guidance you barking up the wrong trees  
Pissing on the wrong hydrants, on my hyphens  
I grew up around violence, you grew up playing violins  
In your hood silence, where I'm from sirens  
They just killed this vibe, they just killed this vibe  
There's something about killing shit that makes us feel alive  
We feed off your energy, we see you on that Kenny G  
Just tooting your own horn, do your thing my N I G  
Whenever you (ven aqui) to that mighty NYC  
We gon' check that name you claim, bring your YACK! and I.D  
We take it the wrong way, all gold everything  
One gold watch, two gold chains, give me all those - everything  
Y'all don't want to bump heads, (Ocho), Everlane  
Them boys will leave you butt naked, the mall closed and everything  
The (Streets Is Watching) asking if you gon' reply to them  
Seems like I woke up sleeping giants - Eli and them

A major comeback up from my minor setback  
They still don't know we living just thinking about the get back  
The get back (8x)  
I crack a smile knowing God has a day for me  
Until that day comes I slay these niggas faithfully  
The get back (8x)

I'm like Nino with the uzi back of the motorcycle heading  
To get back at them Italians who killed Keisha at the wedding  
I'm like dough boy looking for Ricky's killer - one last soldier  
Niggas who turn they backs on me turn your punk ass over  
Y'all smoked my cousin Harold, now I'm in the Camaro  
Loving and Happiness playing, me and my dog with this double barrel  
38, 40 belows, live or die motherfucker  
I'm Pac, you Rademez, "Riverside Motherfucker!"  
The get back everybody better get back, tell my niggas in the jet black  
Until the seats let back on your jet back, if you're a gambling man you could bet that  
It's a sure thing not just a New York thing or a rich or a poor thing  
It's a lace your boots pull your drawstring who want to go to war thing  
It's a who gon' protect your thing who really want it more thing  
Putting legends in coffins and some bullet holes in the door thing  
It's a nobody saw things, street cold not a law thing  
It's kids that wasn't taught things, old ladies like poor thing  
Poor thing and the get back is important  
Poor thing for the dead homies we poor 'paign  
Like what you say while it's cocked back to him  
Guess what goes around comes around got back to him

Now these motherfuckers smoked your God damn cousin in front of you nigga!  
Blew his head off in front of your face and you ain't gon' do shit?  
You acting like a little bitch right now nigga!  
Man fuck that I ain't letting that shit ride!  
We gon' go in there and smoke all these motherfuckers I don't care who the fuck out there!

Goddamnit! Is you down nigga?