

Get It Back

Gucci Mane

Get it back, get it back
Bitch, I know I get it back
Give a fuck bout that little paper
Cause I know I get it back

I got cash, cash on fire
Cash on hand, cash on deck
Give me everything 3 X
And all 12's up off that rack
Wash my stash with Ajax
Me and Tit, back to back
And we ridin' around, smoking Kush by the pound
Like how it ride but we love how it sound
Drop-top Lam so low to the ground
Just like a snail, I'm close to the earth
Waves on my temp, so a ho gotta surf
Hollering rock - when you're scared, go to church
Me and Slim Dunk in the club throwing racks
Go into the trap and I get it right back
Want 10 bricks? You can get it right now
Pull to the trap house, come to the back
Riding domestic with the trunk in the back
Riding in a foreign, so the trunk in the front
Sixty thousand cash just for me to roll blunts
Standing in front, blowing kush through her dress
Five grand just to see her dance
Ten grand just to see her tats
Jump in the corner and he smoking on her clit
Waiting on you, so he get it right back

In the club, throwin' money
I done run through me some racks
Give a fuck bout that little paper
I know I get it back
Get it back, get it back
Bitch, I know I get it back
Give a fuck bout that little paper
Cause I know I get it back

Get it back, get it back
Yeah, you know I get it back
Shorty say she want my name
So I bought that bitch a tat
I walk in this bitch with racks
Tell them, come and get this paper
Yeah, my bitch is made in Asia
And I'm icy like a glacier
Get your baby momma
Take her then make her
You date her, then fuck her
I fuck her, then date her
Everything is on the up
Like a elevator
Gucci Mane and Tity Boi
College Park and Decatur
Now I do it for the haters
Started with a Buick LeSabre

Ended with that Ferrari
Tell me, meet me up out in Vegas
Got so many acres
I don't ever see my neighbors
Niggas say they want a mil
I put money on the table

[Hook 2]