

Get Back

Lil Rob

"Don't mess with mine"
"Don't mess with mine"
Uh
T-Weaponz
"Get back"
"Get back"
Ark, IzReal, Psalmz
Lil' Rob, it's a problem
Twelve Eighteen, Part Two
Yo, Fingazz, you a monster
Don't even understand how we chillin'
"Get back"
"Get back"
Yo, Lil' Rob
Yo, set this shit
"Don't mess with mine" (Talk to 'em)
"Get back" (Come on)
"Get back"

See, I might take my placaso, I might get boracho
And start pedo, throw chingasos with any vato
You don't too much with meat on your plato
Don't bite off, more than you chew, and get done, no gatcho
Trucha, don't wanna get hit with the fusca
I'm on some crazy shit that makes me act like I used to
To start a fire, all it takes is a spark
Ese Lil' Rob, cabrones, lightin' up your whole park I'm drivin' real slow
Sittin' real low
Rollin' in the 5-3
Yeah
Bulletholes in the door
From the week before
When they were shootin' at me
Yeah
Hey, fuck 'em, homie, I just happened to rhyme
But I still, can put a bullet on your mind with a nine
I still remember, had to pull them crimes
You do it quick, and leave nothing, be kind, so
"Get back"

"Don't mess with mine"
"Don't mess with mine"
"Don't mess with mine"
"Get back"
"Get back"

"Don't mess with mine"
"Don't mess with mine"
"Don't mess with mine"
"Get back"
"Get back"
(3x)

You must got ya head in a fish bowl, a pistol's
Light zip codes, like Sig folds the schizo
Schools like movin' disco, so get dough
Out the bed, into the wishbone, the list goes

On, live tu vida horrible
Te dije
Far from your Lucha Libre
Me crie
Raised in the state of maniatricos
How you wanna fight when your heart is a plastico Blat, blat, blat

Don't mess with mine, you testin' time
Don't make me flash back, make me press rewind
Take me back to the time, I would get the nine
And set the record straight
Homie, let's debate
Let our aim be the test of faith, lo que decide
Let the bullets put you in place, pa' que no olvide (Don't be so jealous)
No es sea jelosa y envidiosa
Es siempre la mujeres que se ponle con cosa

Lil' Rob, we got them shookin' up
When they heard we were hookin' up
They wanna know what we cookin' up
Working on our fuego
Somos bomberos
No miedo
Cause them Brooklyn boys soy ghetto
Won't settle for
Less than the best, though
Respect us, don't talk
Check us to a chess code
Yo now
We got Fingazz on the track, good lookin'
So we bringin' you a plaque
While my niggas, we gon' bring this on the map

"Don't mess with mine"
"Don't mess with mine"
"Don't mess with mine"
"Get back"
"Get back"
(4x)