

# Get Back

Pop Smoke

Traphouse Mob  
Yoz, what you tellin' me? (Yeah)  
What you tellin' me? Yeah  
I got Stacks to the right of me  
I got Mikey to the left of me, huh, wait  
Woo  
Look, look  
Ayy, what up?  
Hold on, what they talkin' 'bout? Hey, what them folks talkin' 'bout?  
Huh, look, huh

Buddy gon' grrt that, grrt that, brrt that, brrt that  
Send shots, make 'em get back  
All that chit-chat, chit-chat, riff-raff, riff-raff  
My niggas ain't into that  
Nigga be talkin' hot, but he ain't on shit (Woo)  
I got like fifty rounds up in this clip  
If I go to jail, nigga, I'll plead the Fifth (Uh?)  
'Cause mommy still gon' love her kid  
Niggas tryna lock me up and give me a bid, huh?  
I'm like nigga, fuck the pigs  
The judge like, "Why you actin' like a dick?"  
I said, "I'm movin' like I'm Steven Vic"  
My lawyer like, "Poppy, why you brazen?"  
I said, "I pop a Perc' and feel amazin'"  
I shoot for the stars, I'm a foundation, huh  
Look at the money I'm raisin'  
She wanna fuck, hold on  
She snuck in the book, have her wait for arraignment  
She get dick and edible arrangements  
That's the only form of payment  
Shawty a snack  
And after I snack, I'ma blow out her back  
She like, "Poppy, you so crazy," huh  
I told her, "Wine on me, baby" (Woah)  
She want a star  
She wanna fuck 'cause she know who we are  
These hoes be dirty, ain't hittin' 'em raw  
When it come to hoes, I got bitches galore (Grrt)  
She wanna grip that, lick that, ask where the stick at  
Freak bitch put my dick where her lips at (Woo)  
She goin' all gas, no chit-chat (Ayy)  
She goin' all gas, no chit-chat  
Ayy, bah-bah-ba-bum (Bum)  
Here come that boy with the drum (Woo)  
If I pull it out, then that boy gonna run (Brrt, brrt)  
If he want the smoke, knock the beef out his bun, ayy  
I go dumb, dumb, dumb (Go dumb)  
Air it out, leave him slump-slump-slumped (Baow)  
Fuck what they say, they know that I'm gucci  
Pull up with a pump-pump-pump (Pop, pop, pop)