

Get Back

Prodigy

Know sometimes you just got to show niggaz how you do things
That shit hurt....time will tell like my nigga Iller G always said
I love all my niggaz, I swear cross my heart hope to die (alright)
Hear me out, put a bullet in your mind

Yo thun they caught me from the blind side me the Pee
The one who spread love, me I never shit on my peeps
I never left my dogs out in the cold
I extended my hand with compassion, you extended yours in war
Cool fuck it, y'all snakey mother fuckers
Gonna learn how this nigga rock quiet storm niggaz
Leave you shot for dead, nigga I'll rot your flesh
By myself come for delf and just pop your head
Now have a good night you snake skin bastard
See you at the crossroads faggot
And in the mean time and in between time
Pee will be layed up with more shines, more dollars for more nines
More boxes of talons to put in your spine
You cross me nigga you lost your mind
Scratch that you never knew from the start
So I forgive you, after you die squirmish, shots burneth

Thun the get back, is so sweet
The taste of revenge your blood on the street
It's called payback for that shit you pulled
I don't respect your gangsta my guns explode
Thun the get back (yeah), is so sweet
The taste of revenge your blood on the street
It's called payback for that shit you did
Two wrongs don't make it right, it make it even bitch

Son we chose life fast, and niggaz kept stuntin'
Had to show our ass straight up explode right fast
It sounds cold but we roll like that
Rippin' rats finished off our path, we was close like that
All them nights that we threw back yak
Who would thought he do me like that straight leave me flat
Niggaz ain't never feed me black, wanna see me clap
Blood filling up the cement crack
Straight snakes and I resent that I fall back try to prevent that
Try not to be bent at, foul atmosphere
Stunning what's happening here
Got me 'bout to dumb out dumping out Macs in here
Niggaz catch a hot one, fucking with Am this year
Wet every man in here vengeance lost my senses
Y'all start quarrels I end it
And show up at your wake full of sorrow pretending
To blend in

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Yo I blow holes in moschinos, splash niggaz in they mink stoles
Down to their Kenneth Coles, fuck model bitches center fold
Never love a hoe, you got guns let it go my nigga let it blow
And what had killed you is what you don't know
It's two-five goodfellas gettin' dough
Yo my mom chose dope made love to the needle
I caught 'em fuckin numerous times and turned evil
Back in '89 you can say I'm trapped in tme
Still thirsty like a little nigga dying to sihne
Baby moms said I got issues, too many problems
I rock timbs 'til my socks turn orange
Do a nigga dirty, relate to the unworthy
A young G with Q-T and black shirty
I've been nice since lee pin stripes and british knights
Fore' building razor tag and sword fights
Niggaz see the light when they start losing pints
You can die by the gun or the knife
And I'm nice with both, coming at me with the wrong approach
Don't make me Arab neck tie your throat, you bitch nigga!

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