

Take It Back

Propain

Oh, yeah-yeah
You can't take it back, oh
Ayy (Propain)
You can't take it back (Jack Freeman)
You can't take it back, oh (Sound M.O.B.)

Black shades, black sweater on
Pourin' out Ciroc for the dead and gone
For my niggas who never headed home
I'm wrappin' this kite, I swear that I wanna mail this home
For the hustlers who wanna give it up
Hoop dreamers who strugglin', but never givin' up
I feel your pain, that's why I live it up
From broke to no better, but paid enough to not give a fuck
And I'm strugglin' what I'ma start this with
'Cause my first two lines always the hardest shit
Maybe I should discuss all of my charter trips
From here to ATL just tryna show 'em the boy could spit
Or how my whole life changed once a departure hit
New friends are made, and the old ones I departed with
Now you mad 'cause you ain't a part of this
But goin' against your partner, my nigga, that's some retarded shit
And these women who gave my heart a split
'Cause they just love Pro', never wanted a part of Chris
So I had to fuel up on all that shit
And came back spittin' out flames like an arsonist
In memory of all of the soldiers we lost
I pay attention to this game 'cause I'm knowin' the cost
My whole team paid now so you know I'm a boss
I'm out here eatin' on 'em, you know I'ma floss, get it?

After all this struggle in my life (Yeah)
Me and team finally doin' this thing right (Do this thing right)
And homie, you can't take it back (You can't take it back)
Lil' homie, you can't take it back (You can't take it back)
And everywhere that I go (Everywhere I go)
The fans yellin', screamin' my name at my shows
And homie, you can't take it back (You can't take it back)
Lil' homie, you can't take it back, oh yeah (You can't take it back) (Look)

I know some niggas who hurtin' that's tryna chase they dreams
Hoopers headed overseas tryna make a team
A blind grind we ain't guaranteed to benefit
But you ain't really strivin' to win if you ain't riskin' shit
This for that woman who they just denied
Financial aid 'cause they sayin' she ain't qualify
But that nigga there who did qualify
Is 'bout to blow that bread on some rims and Yokohama tires
That's life, but never hate on another's success
'Cause worry 'bout the next man that just doubled your stress
A lil' faith and hard work and soon you'll be poppin'
But some ain't ready when they hear opportunity knockin'
Bs and Cs, I salute to my niggas who flaggin'
Weeds and kis, I salute to the niggas who trappin'
Man, I used to punch a clock for this studio
Fees and beats, I salute to producers and rappers
They said he doin' everything to prude it here

Young mic killer, mane, who spittin' out eulogies
Shout out Bun for the opportunity
I'm just a young nigga who out here tryna pursue a dream
And all this fame shit is still new to me
Rockin' shows with the same niggas who influenced me
All the while I'm still doin' me
It's Pro', shout out my brothers too

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