

Get Back

Sha EK

OGz the fuck up
Grrah, everything dead, gotta stand on that shit
Grrah

Ayy yo, PJ, pass me the chop
I'm 'bout to hop out and let this shit flock (Grrah)
Die Gz, y'all niggas is broke
Y'all be talkin' on Charlie, but Lotti got poked
Fuck Boomer, y'all gotta get back
I don't know why these niggas tryna act
In the O, we posted with the strap
Y'all never spin through the front or back (At all)
That's fact, y'all niggas runnin'
Big 48 when we yellin', "What's gunnin'?"
On my block, we don't care about reactions
We tryna hop out the V and start clappin' (Word)
And I heard that your father a fiend, he on the Winter, I'ma make him lean
And I heard that your father a fiend, he on the Winter, I'ma make him lean (Grrah)

Tryna spin through Munna, tryna catch a 80
Tryna rock him to sleep (Grrah), like a baby (Grrah, grrah)
Smokin' on Lotti, got me feelin' lazy (Baow, baow)
Smokin' Bobby, got me feelin' wavy (Baow, baow)
I'ma keep clickin' 'til them niggas drop ('Til they drop)
Faced a blunt, and I still made it hot (Hot, baow, baow)
How you be smokin' on EK pops, when we had you runnin', duckin' shots (Shots, grrah)
All alone in my car, movin' dusty (Dusty)
He can get shot if he yellin' out, "Muddy"
Catch a shot to the chest, tryna rush me (Grrah, grrah)
I can't wait till I bump into Lucky, grrah (Gang-gang-gang)
I'ma keep spinnin' through these niggas block
Smokin' Benji, that nigga was popped

When you see me, better up the knocks
Smokin' JayRip, we don't fuck with the Flocks
Like, word to my mother you shot
Like, word to my mother you shot
Face of the what? I'm the face of The Bronx
Bitch, I'm sanctioned on and off the block

Like, most of my opps really know my bop (Grrah, grrah)
Try to Drilly Bop, he gettin' shot
If he jackin' Drilly, make it hot
Hollows they hit 'em, knock him off his top (Grrah)

Fuck the Fifth, 'cause them niggas is broke
This nigga blood, and his brother a Loc (Like, what?)
This shit new, I never seen 'em throw
He better duck and he better get low

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Fuck Boomer, y'all gotta get back

I don't know why these niggas tryna act
In the O, we posted with the strap
Y'all never spin through the front or back
That's fact, y'all niggas runnin'
Big 48 when we yellin', "What's gunnin?" (Gunnin')
On my block, we don't care about reactions
We tryna hop out the V and start clappin' (Grrah)

Gang-gang-gang
Suck my dick
OGz the fuck up nigga, OGE
Grrah, grrah, grrah
AJ died, crashed the whip, suck my dick