

Get It Back

Struggle Jennings

People in the trenches hear this song, they feeling that
I been on the top and lost it all, I'll get it back
Every word in this song, I'm living that
Somewhere along the way I got lost, I'll bring it back
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I breathe life into these deadly situations
Hello from the bottom, look mama, we almost made it
Haters pay attention to the henchmen, they're relentless
Almost lost my life by inches in an instance, it's so senseless
Tension has been endless, I've never sat the benches
Jumped the hurdles, climbed the fences, dug myself out of the ditches
Face first into trenches, wiped the mud off of my lenses
Now, I'm back with a vengeance, hear the lickin'-ass repentence
My intentions never been get rich at someone elses expenses
Did my sentence standing tall, cut 'em short I hear they snitchin'
I won't mention all the bitches that was wishin' I was finished
Speakin' to the real, so all my people ridin' with me

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Lord, give it back, I'm screamin' inside and I know you been hearin' that
Over ten years I sat inside a prison of fear, and it's steeled my feelings t
here
No cryin' and moanin', Chevy diesel, Georgia tag on it
Same road, different path on it, and I stayed ready for any pussy that want
it
Now, love up, hate down, Bubba may clown but rest assured
You boy never laid down, what you say now, should I translate the message, s
ir
I was made in that red clay dirt, it sculpted me and it runs through me
I can't explain, it does something to me
I can transition in 1-2-3 from country cool into unruly
Like every other person in my lineage
I wonder why it's so fun to me, you never heard me say we were the prettiest
Just the grittiest, and then a little bourbon be the shittiest idiots
How silly can we really get?
Lord, I know this isn't it, whatever it really is, please get that we're fee
ling it

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