

A.L.T.**"Take You Back"**Visit "[Take You Back](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Hook: Tony G. "Take it back" ("Yeah...") "Take it back"
("Yeah...") "Take it back" ("Yeah...") "Take it back"
("Yeah...") --> Frank Stallone [A.L.T.] (Verse 1) I take
you back in my past I used to live life fast And yo, it
wasn't shit to let the .38 blast I had it goin' on With the
bitches and hoes, too Yo, come to think about it, so did
my whole crew We bumped the old school jams from
the east coast We was the baddest Mexicans out of
East Los Back in the days, many crews got hushed It
seems Every night, me and my homies got Rushed But
We never back down, even if we got beat down We
came back next week to the same town And we was
ready for 'em But they still figure That they could do us
So Tiny pulled a steel trigger I had a .38 special, not a
A.K. As we sped away, Tony G. was on KDAY Mama told
me, "Yo, Al, you better change your ways" And I'm a
take you way back in the days And I'm a Repeat Hook
(Verse 2) Back in '83, we hit the party like fifteen deep I
kept the chrome in my jacket so nobody'll creep Rappin'
on the instrumental side While Julio G. made the
crossfade glide Yo I always had to carry me a half pint
Sippin' it and stirrin' on the mic All night My homie Tiny
O. has had my back And a trained pitbull that was
trained to attack And then I Crack the 40 and it's on Yo
Tilt the 40 and it's gone Then I might trip on a ex-freak
And I always had a flyer for the party on the next week I
seen my girl and I surprise her Holdin' up the wall with
some loc's and a tall can of Budweiser Puffin' on a joint
cause nobody smoke Crack And I'm a take ya to the
days of Way back Repeat Hook Twice (Verse 3) Me and
my primo, we was rollin' drop And we was dodgin' the
cops, cause we was lookin' for the crew Spot Rollin' in a
six-deuce I'm a target cause Mexicans never had a
gang Truce Hit the spot, and it's dark My primo said,
"Park!" Then we bailed out a '62 Skylog Yeah This vato
rolled up "Where you from, holmes?" I dropped my 40
But Blanco said, "Stop, holmes" I took two steps back I
could tell he was packed Plus the skinny
motherfucker's on crack I turned And dashed nine
blocks I heard nine shots Now my primo's in a pine box
And if I go back and get him I know I can get him,

squeeze the trigger on the nine I hit 'em And as I
reminisce about my life It's no wonder I still got my life
And I'm a take you back Repeat Hook Til Fade

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