

## Escape Club

### "Right Back at You"

Visit "[Right Back at You](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

{\*opening gunshot courtesy DJ Whoo Kid\*}

Yea (yo P it's on in this motherfucker) that 2003 shit  
Yo check it out

[Havoc]

Fuck where you at kid, fuck where you from  
Pistol-whip a nigga dumb slugs {\*DAMN\*} hittin up  
lungs (uh-huh)  
My nigga just got sent to the sprungs(?), shit is real  
He went for razors spittin them shits from under his  
tongue  
And from birth I was a hustler, no talk I'm buckin ya  
No matter if a dime bitch, my nigga bitch ain't fuckin  
her  
Loyalty to the click, forever Mobb 'til I die BITCH  
(BEOTCH) Open my casket wide  
So you can see how fly, nigga from N.Y. do it  
Nigga front on me, and die, so why do it  
I swear, feel like I've been here before, my first  
dealings went raw  
And tried to convert it to cash that's pure {\*WHOO..  
KID\*}  
We gettin money niggaz fingers behind triggers, that  
go without sayin  
Block ain't affiliated we sprayin  
And anybody that you see, gettin past us payin  
On some "Quiet Storm" shit, motherfucker it's still  
rainin

[Chorus: Prodigy]

Aiyyo - what we got the drop on you kid, now we got  
you  
You got the heart to get biz without your crew?  
Let's get it on nigga do what we gotta do  
You buck at me I'm buckin right back at you  
We got the drop on you kid, now we got you  
You got the heart to get biz without your crew?  
Let's get it on Dunn do what we gotta do  
You buck at me I'm buckin right back at you

[Prodigy]

Let me start things off

In the room just drinkin my drink, check out my thoughts

I'll be buried too soon, but at the same time

I see a very good future, what it's gon' be Dunn

You never know will ya, got guns by the pi-dound

to destroy beef, better tell your dawg sit down

I hits off the (? ?) like a little green army man

Pullin grenade pins on the floor shootin

Murder a human, invadin my space

And do the slip like Thomas Crown, vacate the place

Take your bitch like, Tony Montana or Goldie

Swift with my talk like the serpent did Eve

When my niggaz emerge, we intensify things

You can smell it in the air that's the shit, hittin the fan

Niggaz gon' feel me when my thing bang

And we continue to party like eternal Sunday

[Outro]

Shout out.. Infamous Records.. ha ha

Can't forget, LandSpeed {\*blam} yea yea

Visit [Escape Club](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.