

Finley Quaye

"Return Fire"

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Geah

Brrrr stick 'em hahaha stick 'em...

Half Ounce one time stick 'em

Geah

You know how the fuck we do it, c'mon

Y'all remember that old school shit, geah

Get 'em

C'mon

Your block is mine bitch back up

We run the whole fucking world chips stack up (chin
chin)

We've been

Gettin in where we fit in since the old days

L.T.D.'s rode bopping the O'Jays

Gun place, crime place, one time swoop

Strawberries in the back - at the 70's Coupe

Giving head like a chicken plucked

Four niggas one bitch, everybody fucking

From selling my

Crack on the corner, packing, bailing my straps

Got a

Million reasons so it be's the killin season, moves the
crowd

As the bullets hit with no names

Connects the dots echos through the ghetto hot

Flies like an eagle

Becomes the strap by the motherfuckin Regal

Tinted windows

Tyres spin fast up out yo' set

Next week right back to see who we can get

You want yo' chin checked (ping)

Fools just gimme a car

We got yo' ass when we see you R.I.P. on the wall

The way I'm livin don't give no hail low

One times I stay low

Want pay no Compton, no play no

Hit the round when we start blastin

Out the back door

Before they send the ??? in (get up)

We niggas fo' hire

Bustin (boom)
We bust back (boom), return the fire, get' em

Brrrrrrr stick 'em hahaha stick'em...
Half Ounce one time stick 'em
Geah

Bails around twelve o'clock
Roam my block with the glock
Keeps the world nicely stash
From neighbourhood watch
Walks the rocks
Dope fiends makes my pay
Late nite hype to fiends so they walk this way
24 is the delivery
And if you want that bomb shit come and spend with
me
Killas been with me
Two Top Tree (geah)
Cars deep from the streets a diploma
Endo aroma
In a coma trauma center, slugs hit your body
Mentality's too sick when we leave the party
Makes to clean ghetto way got yo' spot on quire
Shootin a sheriff, we wired so you best not try it
In my life time I find a fuckin need
To be paper down red bones chronic weed
With speed
A nigga commits to - cluck his dope
One Time's trying to stop the paper chase fo' sho'
Oh no ain't no escaping of the ghetto bird
As they fly in fast the 5-0 swerve
Niggas need to listen: pay attention
For the money on a mission
Niggas fo' hire 'turn the fire, geah

(Chorus)

Feds gettin closer
I'm peepin
My girl touched me on my shoulder (wake up)
While I'm sleeping
They creepin
No worry, grabs the stash and ?????
No assistance pick up excepts the cash
Baby keep yo' head down low
Tear gas through the window, hits the floor
Grabs the mask - to the face, you know the S-K clan
You grabs to with two mill, the glock in my hand
Tear gas make a nigga weaker
Feds talkin much shit on the loud speaker

To the Lexus jeep
I heard this: she put to keep up
Told my baby duck down cause I'm about to sweep up
Whole lotta niggas in my damn way
Guarantee to keep spittin
This is payback day
Makes my pay
Fast getaway (geah)
Niggas fo' hire
Bust back we return the fire (get 'em)

Half Ounce one time
Stick 'em
Eihthype one time
Geah
Stick 'em

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