

Boss Hogg Outlawz

"Get Back"

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[Hook]

Get the fuck back, (move) - 14x
It's something wrong, they can't stay still

[Kyleon]

Back-back, give me fifty feet
We in the club, and we bout fifty deep
Club packed, from the front to the back
I'm in this bitch, on a blunt and some Yak
I see the chicks, finna get to bopping
And the trunks, finna get to popping
The big riders, finna get to watching
And all the haters, finna get to plotting
It's finna be a fight, get out the way
Go to the trunk nigga, get out the K
We just trying to chill, and mack on hoes
And try to get 'em to the wide body, Lac on 4's
Me, Slim, Daily, Whodie
I'm Killa, if you ain't know me
So stand still, and try to act tough black
Your ass better (move), and get the fuck back

[Hook]

[Chris Ward]

All you fake pussy niggaz, need to do me a favor
Before I fuck around, and do you pussy niggaz a favor
Introduce you to my ignorant, most rudest behavior
Pull out my glock, not just aiming at you but then blaze
ya
So if ya tough get your nuts up, and try to come clown
me
Homeboy I'm deep, got at least fifty mob niggaz
around me
That's ready to ball, if I just give 'em the call
Tear this whole shit down, from wall to wall bitch

[Sir Daily]

I'm higher than a cloud, so I'm trying to chill
In the club sipping Yak, with a pound of kill
Ice glistening off my neck, and all around my ear

So I stay getting chicks, all around the year
The fo' pound is near, I can't sleep without it
Two words describe me, baby deep and bout it
He's the hottest, no need to think
Cause I'ma hustle till I can't baby, and bleed the bank

[Hook]

[Slim Thug]

I'm a Boss Hogg soldier, I thought I told ya
You either gon roll with us, or get rolled the fuck over
Bitch get the fuck back, 'fore the Mack click-clack
And rat-a-ta-tat-tat, and put a hole in your hat
I feel like I'm being attacked, give me some space
Nigga, 'fore I give you seventeen in your face
Nigga, I got another seventeen on my waist
Pull seventeen out the safe, and get rid of the case
Ain't no high speed chase, with the laws and the
Outlawz
I just chill like it's nothing, and give my lawyer a call
And tell him how I act, sure to give me some room
But you didn't listen, so the glock went boom
Hide your hoes, Slim Thug just stepped through the
do's
Uh-oooh, and he leaving with any bitch he chose
Try to stop him or cock block him, the left jab gon rock
'em
The right hook gon drop em, and the glock nine gon
pop 'em

[Hook]

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