

Lloyd Banks

"The Get Back"

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(feat. Fabolous, Brandy)

Fall Back, I'm tryna breathe and you killing me
Fall Back, I understand that you feeling me
I ain't gotta attitude but I'ma flip if you don't give me
room to move

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[Fabolous:]

I gotta stay on the move so this cat got more spots than
a leopard-skin

Safe's in the ceiling, I stash drugs and weapons in
Nigga I'm just steppin in, already got boxes
Full of money like that movie that Johny Deep was in
I'd rather pull a gat than run, cause what comes around
goes around faster then a gatling gun

These broke niggas say goin to Manhattan's fun

I'm on punta cana shore wit a Latin one

That can suck a beach ball through a straw, act like
A chipmunk and put nuts in each wall of her jaw, homie
I'm just tryin' to teach ya'll how to score

It's easy for me to pull up each fall in azures

And my dope send buyers from O.T. they heard

I got the same shit that caused Len Bias to O.D.

It's the young nigga that inspired the O.G.'s

In that H-2 wit thin tires and O.Z.'s

And ya'll got jewels but I doubt it's the same shine

Mine look like the sun and moon's out at the same time

Don't worry about the rumours that a broad dish

When I ride around with the same guns Travolta had in
Swordfish

So fall back like you lost ya balance

I don't wanna have to toss with talons

But you cheap stylin' and I'ma have to let the six-teen
squirt

And make ya white tee look like a miskene shirt, nigga

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[Brandy:]

What the fuck proper truck 7 jeans white truck range
rover sitting on 23's
from the 745 on the 105 won't be nobody in the club
but m,e you can say anything you want about my
business better hold your tongue unless you witness my
life first hand, my joy, my pain not just my music and
my name.

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[Lloyd Banks:]

You can bet'cha bottom dollar, if there's ever a room
that I'm tied up in

The armor throw bullets like Boomer Esiason
Give him a wound where his eye has been, then lift him
off the ground like a hot air balloon when it' firin
My game smoothe as Mariah's skin, but I'm popular
So I travel with the goons when I slide up in
I'm blamed for the heat 'round my way, I made it
without a Making of the Band or a Freestyle Friday
Why you wit him if his troops don't buck? I'll have the
coroner

wrap you up in plastic like a fruit roll up
I get brain like every female in my past intellegent
And take in more nuts then your average elephant
They actin like they own slugs and amory, but if we
bump heads

They be talkin faster than Bone Thugs-N-Harmony
The names you can call me but broke aint one
I'm in the game for the O.J. run, my goal not done
Go in ya'house and get cha'old gray gun
We got some big enough to be a court case son
And i've learned to overcome the new faces, I'm startin
to

Heat up, so my dick get more toungue than shoe laces
You can catch me in the hood, a couple G's and im
bangin things

High 'cause I go through more trees than orangatangs
You're gonna make me put the clip in and pop ya
You're horrible nigga, I'd rather sit through an' opera
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