

Ludacris

"Get The Fuck Back"

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(feat. Fate Wilson, I-20, Shawna)

[intro I-20]

What the fuck's up!

DTP in this mother fucker

And for all ya'll that don't like it

Do one thing, get the fuck back

'Cause all my niggas iz ready

Luda, 20, Fate, Shawna

Let's show these mutha fuckers how we disturb the
peace

Get the fuck back, bitch

[shooting and screaming in the background]

[Chorus]

[Ludacris]

Fuck That!

Get the fuck back!

Luda make your skull crack

Tuck that

Bitch, your whole town's on my nutsack

Cuff that

Put it in your weed, nigga, puff that

What's that

People gon' die tonight

[I-20]

Fuck That!

Get the fuck back!

D-low make your skull crack

Tuck that

Bitch, your whole town's on my nutsack

Cuff that

Put it in your weed, nigga, puff that

What's that

People gon' die tonight

Bronson, mutha fucker, give me more than three feet

DTP in the club, we comin' more than three deep

Your whole crew is weak and my squad is real cash
getters

Stayin' more to crunk, our shit bump like bad clippers

How many try to hustle with Dealer then went broke
Infamous, I'm a value meal, I come with the coke
I gotta enough guns for beef, if you want it that way
I'll push your wig back like finger waves or bad toupee

[Ludacris]

I lick a load of you niggaz, leave kids in the hallways
Catch 'em at they locka (hoo-ahh, blocka blocka)(gun
shots)
See 'em on Broadway and tap they ass
Catch 'em in the swimming pool and overlap they ass

[Fate]

I'm from the southside, College Park
G Road, niggas gone
Ride when the beef starts
Don't hold back, let the heat spark
One's through his vest, one's through his chest
Sleepy hollows put the niggas to rest, uh

[Chorus]

[Ludacris]

Fuck That!
Get the fuck back!
Luda make your skull crack
Tuck that
Bitch, your whole town's on my nutsack
Cuff that
Put it in your weed, nigga, puff that
What's that
People gon' die tonight

[Shawna]

Fuck That!
Get the fuck back!
Shaw make your skull crack
Tuck that
Bitch, your whole town better love that
Cuff that
Put it in your weed, nigga, puff that
What's that
People gon' die tonight

What you know about projects, hoes, and murda
whole lotta game, whole lotta keys and burners
Whole lotta dope fiends, trying to scheme the workers
Whole lotta feds, got them niggas scared to surface
Type of bitch that got the brown in my sock
Find me on tha block tryin' to cop a piece of the crop
Watch me, pull up on me real sweet in a drop
But if you fuckin' with my paper, feel the heat from the

glock, nigga

[Ludacris]

We pop bottles, bottles,

right over you head, niggas

Put nozzles, nozzles

Right over your leg, niggas

Our motto, motto

Is kill 'em instead, niggas

We make 'em loose weight, when we Jenny Craig,

niggas

[I-20]

All of ya'll is half nice, half thugs, and half assed

The only time Im goin' half, is half on a half

But I use a full clip, cuz I'm a full fledged killa

Part-time MC, full-time drug dealer

[Chorus]

[Ludacris]

Fuck That!

Get the fuck back!

Luda make your skull crack

Tuck that

Bitch, your whole town's on my nutsack

Cuff that

Put it in your weed, nigga, puff that

What's that

People gon' die tonight

[Fate]

Fuck That!

Get the fuck back!

Fate make your skull crack

Tuck that

Bitch, your whole town's on my nutsacks

Cuff that

Put it in your weed, nigga, puff that

What's that

People gon' die tonight

We the filthy niggas from the South, A-Town represent
us

Strong armin' motherfuckers, like a Russian sickle

You got issues with us talkin' shit on mixed tapes

Ill catch you at a show and beat you with a mix tape

You best pump brakes, 'fore I pump shells and blood

oze

I leave niggas like burps (burp), excuse

Just keep on pissin me off, like a week kidney

And you will find your family reading your obituary

[Ludacris]

These people tryin' to scrub the red off
Stains they don't get off
They wanted to bring the pain, so this thang 'bout to set
off
Barretas for getting cheddar, you're better off dead
off
Yes, you can do it, cut his fuckin head off

[Shawna]

I got a letter from the government, the other day
They told me that the bitches caught a shipment of my
yay
They on their way, three minutes to get the k
Two minutes to get the weight, one minute and imma
spray

[Chorus]

[Ludacris]

Fuck That!
Get the fuck back!
We make your skull crack
Tuck that
Bitch, your whole town's on my nutsack
Cuff that
Put it in your weed, nigga, puff that
What's that
People gon' die tonight

[Shawna]

Fuck That!
Get the fuck back!
We make your skull crack
Tuck that
Bitch, your whole town better love that
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Put it in your weed, nigga, puff that
What's that
People gon' die tonight

[Repeat 2x - 1st time Ludacris, 2nd time Fate]

Bang bang kill a man let his brains hang
And when I'm in the court, plead guilty insane
They put me in a ward, imma have to maintain
But when I hit bricks won't a damn thing change

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