

Infamous Mobb

"Take it Back"

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[Verse I]

See my paps, the nigga had to be a rolling stone
Whereever he laid his head, had to be his home
Cause by time I was three he was gone
I had to move on stay strong for my moms
We moved to the block 1976
About that time I was three, a little kid
Came from BedStuy but I rep Queensbridge
Riverpark ??? made the kid what I is
Seein' Marley Marl, Hot Day, DJ Twinz
Had a joint jump when the record start to spin
MC Shan, R-Kim, Flash and Biz
Coldless n' Tragedy n' Superkid was my shit
I couldn't count all the drugs I sold in my hand
Know all the times that I could've been dead
Shah stare blocked up and chill doin' biz
My mother never told me there'll be things like this,
why?

[Hook]

Let's take it back to 8-Tracks and Cadillacs
Diamond in the back on the block selling crack
Take it back, way back, when P had a black acc
About '95 when we first started to rap in fact
Take it back, I had hoes on the tracks
See I been there and tapped my favourite joint was the
mac
Click-Clack, take it back, when I was a little kid
All the hard times growing up, bit after bit

[Verse II]

As I go in deep thought about how I came up
My pops was never there on none of my birthdays
On know holidays but I loved him anyway
God bless his soul, I know how shit go
Nobody's perfect you feel me, bro?
It was just me and my brother, my mother was like my
father
She told us right from wrong always stay strong
No matter the situation just have patience
Eventually you will achieve your goal

Whatever you do, be the best at it
I ran with her words and wisdom they ran at it
Topspeed mind, no success and checks
My kids and my clikk, flock the bullshit
It's money to get, rappers nowadays
They frontin like their rich, floassin' and flashin'
That shit don't impress me you feel me, dun?

[Hook]

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[Verse III - Twin Gambino]

Yo, the name in this book is called "shit never
changed"
Guaranteed if you read it, you never feel the same
It was around '79 when we moved to the hood
Young ass girl with 4 kids and one in the oven
I ain't really had no fam, just my aunt and cousins
Thanks to free lunches without that a nigga be buggin'
I remember my mother's voice, fussin' and cussin'
On the welfareline collecting them stamps
And thanks to the hood, they made me who I am
A hustler, know how to get what I need
Make sure I'm good with somewhere to sleep
Since a little kid times been tough
Pumpin' cracks at 12 times been rough
Hoes in my shoes, who gives a fuck?
One thing on my mind is making those bucks
Slit, get clapped up and press your luck, what?

[Hook]

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