

Samira

"Get Back Remix"

Visit "[Get Back Remix](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Prodigy]

Sometimes you just gotta show niggaz how you do things

That shit hurt

time'll tell like my nigga Illa G always said

Love all my niggaz

I swear

[Noyd] (QB)

[Prodigy] cross my heart hope to die, right

[Noyd] Queens Bridge Hot Boys

[Prodigy] Hear Me Out

Yo... put a bullet in ya mind

[Prodigy]

Yo dun, They caught me from the blind side, me the P the one who spread love, me, I never shit on my peeps

I never left my dawgs out in the cold

I extended my hand wit compassion, you extened yours wit war

cool, fuck it. y'all sneaky muh'fuckers gon learn how this nigga rock

Quiet Storm nigga (shhh) leave you shocked for dead nigga, I rot ya flesh

by myself, ???, and just pop ya head

now if it get night, and snakes gettin past it

ill see you at the crossroad faggot

and in the mean time, and in between time

P'll layed up wit mo shines, mo dollars fo more nines

More boxes of talons to put in your spine

You cross me nigga, you lost your mind

Scratch that, you never knew me from the start, so I forgive you

After you die squirmin, shots burning (fizzling)

[Hook]

(its time to) Get Back

Uh, Its so sweet

the taste of revenge and blood on the streets

(its called) Pay Back
For that shit you'll pulled
I dont respect your gangsta, my guns explod

(its time to) Get Back
Yea, Its so sweet
the taste of revenge and blood on the streets

(its called) Pay Back
For that shit you did
Two wrongs dont make a right, that make it even, bitch

[Noyd]
Ayo when the guns pop, the thugs pop em, everybody
kno
Mo Thug been on henny rocks, slingin Fo-Fours
catch a thug on ya block, onna slingin Ya-Yo
Or pullin out that peice and aimin at ya Kangol
Them thugs, some blood, some crip, some stuntin
you see 'em crip-walkin but they ain't thuggin nuttin
they ain't tough, ain't rough, ain't built for war
they frontin they thuggin, and ain't that at all
me and my dawgs is R, A, W...RAW
and will murder (Murder)..
A, double L... (ALL) yall
Yall heard of, the Queens Bridge fucking Hot Boyz
Prodigy, H, A, V, O, C, and that nigga Noyd
and the Get Back and yes, revenge is so sweet
how we lay wit the heat, and pop up on 'em when they
sleep
leave 'em dead in the bed and his blood in the streets
murder him and his peeps, nigga, I'm whats beef
(Its the Get Back)

[Hook] x1

[Havoc]
Basicly, they done summed it up and ain't no reason to
spit
but fuck it, lemme have my lil 2 cent
the nine'll leave you so bent
have you huggin the ground like a toilet bowl ready to
hurl
you'll be havin outta body visions
and if you lucky to live, no doubt, you'll be find a
religion
gittin shot up can do that, most'll squeal
they so shook, the sound of fire crackers makin 'em
peel

niggaz rhyme how they kill (kill)
rhyme how they feel (feel)
talkin all that like they ??? for the deal
but me, if I ain't have to... prolly wouldnt clap you
but they see you wit that paper and wanna git at you
I dont preach about the shit, I just show 'em what mack
do
you kno these slugs harder than any track you rap to
when cowards talk shit, it just make the finger itch
I got drama for that ass, wanna meet the bitch?

[Hook] x1

Visit [Samira](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.