

Diamonique f/ Dirty Bird, Sly Boogy

"Da Get Back"

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(Verse 1)

[Dirty Bird] Smoking on a stick

Thinkin' 'bout the obvious

Choking off the hit of the bombest shit of this continent

Two-way going off, and I'm

Laid up with a big titty Asian, I get my jollies whipped

Message on it said Diamonique want you to call her

So I put my drawers

Gave the Asian bitch twenty dollars

And I hollered at Diamo', exchangin' serious convo,
said

[Diamonique] (???) stole my money from my mom's
fuckin' condo

[Dirty Bird] And she know who did it, gave the
description and his digits

So I called him like the girl on The Ring, and told him,
"How many minutes

Til his existance would diminish," totally finished

Told me 'bout a good surgeon, a highly recommended
dentist

Plus a biblical sentence

Then he could say what he start trippin'

When he finished, stop driven, then I pushed over,
while he listen

Called Sly Boogy up, and me and Sly discussed how we
gon' kill 'em

Lived his month up in here, a sick description of his
live, ended

Chorus:

[Sly Boogy] Fuck that

It's time for some get back

[Diamonique] Forget that

I gotta get my chips back

Fuck the chit chat, man, where my clique at

We can click-clack

[Sly Boogy] Your ass is gettin' bitch slapped

Fuck that

It's time for some get back

[Diamonique] Forget that

I gotta get my chips back

Fuck the chit chat, man, where my clique at
We can click-clack
[Both] It's a rap

[Sly Boogy]
When my shit clap

(Verse 2)
I'll be there in a sec
Dirt, and don't trip
I'm the wet shirt expert
I fin to give you
A sample of some of my best work
It's licensed dope
Watch the blood from his neck, squirt
You gon' be left hurt
Fuckin' with the homey Diamo', I'm fin to gather up
The ammo, well blow me some hydro
When I go
From Colorado to Casa Blanca, Morocco
I'm John Doe, the 5-0, bitch, you gon' die slow
I sneeze ass, with the doozy and the D's ashe
With grease ass, with the hoodie and the ski mask
You could think fast
And need to move ya feet fast
But it ain't gon' matter when this heat blast (BLOW!
BLOW!)
When the
Pistols spit, it's useless, bitch
I'm wicked as a triple 6, with a crucifix
When I'm bangin' with the Bird, Big Slick right behind
me
Dumpin' on your punk ass, throwin' up the I.E.

Repeat Chorus

[Verse 3: Diamonique]
You stupid motherfucker
Look what you made me do
Call up my dogs
I had to sick 'em on you
Shouldn't have fucked with me or touched my money
Now there's war on the streets, and that shit ain't funny
Should've thought twice before playing Ms. Nice
Cause Ms. Nice turns real quick to Ms. Ice
So cold
It's your roll, like throwin' the dice
Gamblin' with your life
You're 'bout to lose tonight
I know it seems like a high price to pay
Cause crimes like these happen everyday

But
This went down in such a scandalous way
You were like family
How could you think to betray
You're a snake
A trick
A whore
You do almost
Anything, just so you can smoke a little more
You're defective
Probably HIV infected
Disconnected from the rest of the world, you're like the
dead
Resurrected
I got my targets selected
And you ain't got a motherfuckin' prayer
You say you're sorry
But I don't fuckin' care
We about to turn your smoked out dreams
To your worst nightmare, bitch

Repeat Chorus

[Sly Boogy]
When my shit clap
{*gunshot*}

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