

Monica F/ OutKast

"Get Bacc Time"

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[Damn nigga what you been doin'?]
I'm still walkin' this walk nigga
[Uh, heard that shit]
So watch out

[Verse 1]
See you know us nigga, we run up in ya house
Run up in ya room and put the gun up in ya mouth
Next thing you know, you just one up in a pouch
That's what you fuckin' wid when you come up in the
South
I spit slugs, I be off them drugs kick it wid thug niggas
Plug niggas, with blood on the rug
Nigga we got gut splitters and shovels we
gravediggers
Wid troublesome ways and we bubble some days and
some days
We shovel ya grave and we wrinkle ya page
We got shooters on the team like the Lakers we post up
And then bake 'em wid the toaster
From long distance or close up
We send 'em heat rocks, put 'em up under the
sheetrock
Cheap talk, makin' all the streets hot
With the heat from the glock
and I pop holes in ya Chevy block
And I pop those if ya ready or not get set go
Burn you with the petrol, wet those niggas wid cold
showers
Crept on them niggas and they laid out wid gun powder
That's one route I'm full of them scams
Pull and advance through your livin' room window
Then I'm leavin' wid blood on my hands
I'm a nympho, murder ya kinfolks two to the temple
Lay 'em on the ground from the five pound it's that
simple
You know me nigga, I stay up in the cut
Every chance I get I get way up in a slut
Every once in a while I gotta touch a nigga up
So I hit the bomb and split ya palm wid paper cuts
I'm a oven when it comes to this thuggin' I spit fire

Chop ya lil rhymes to bits, 'til I'm tired
of the ecstasy and 'yac and kool-aid nigga I'm wired
I'm a sicc nigga I rip out ya bottom teeth wid the pliers
And I'm tired, of the rumors I disconnect, the tuner
I hit ya neck wid the ruger and get respect this a
shooter
And ya knew the, shit like this, fool you better back up
Tuck niggas up like buttercups somebody better get yo
stuff

[Hook]

Cause it's get bacc time
Eye for an eye tooth for tooth
This ain't just no rhyme
Somebody gotta die and that's the truth
Ya shouldn'ta spit that line
Now look at ya hidin' in ya coupe
Cause it's get bacc time
It ain't gonna be us so it's gotta be you
It's like four plus four nigga
This shit easy as addition
To get back niggas and have 'em missin'
Wha-what what to strip wack niggas and have 'em
drippin'
Plugged for crossin' love when my thug bring y'all the
endin'
(x2)

[Verse 2]

Please believe it, it happens daily
Make bitch niggas have my babies (then what?)
Fuck 'em in the ass give 'em rabies
Tuck 'em in the grass I'm off the shady O-eighty
Wid the salt shaker tryna eat niggas up like
Stanley Dean bacon killer slash make me shellin' out
She loves me loves me not, slugs be hot
Run up in yo million dollar spot
And get the, drugs and glocks and I leave the
Bloody rug spots and I get the
Money powder and the ice and I'm from the
Nuttie Blocc hit the lights and I'm 'bout to
Get the kids and the wife and I'm 'bout to
Hold 'em hostage if I don't get what I want
Cut 'em up in little sausages, wreckless how Lynch is
You want no vengeance, my shit spit fine lines in yo
extensions
It grips like a tiger so it ain't no sensin'
Tryna get away I been dyin' to get a day to touch you
up
I mean hire motherfuckers that'll fuck you up
Wire motherfuckers all for the wet

I be shootin' that twelve guage offa the steps
Nigga off wid ya neck, ever since then, plottin' ya
death
Get caught in your Lex take a quick wind get shot in the
chest
Get ya cops and the tec, cause ever since then
Nothin'll rest 'til they gettin' locked in the pen
Cockin' a tec, poppin' the gin, quick to hide 'til ya set
See I'm at it again not 'til ya sweatin'
It's not under ya neck it's over ya head
It's over ya dead stood over ya bed pointin' a tec
Four to ya head jumped in the Nova and fled
I'm like a motherfuckin' gangsta
Bitch ass nigga I cut off ya middle finger

Hook (x1)

[Verse 3]

Like D-M-X I'm a ruff ryder, leave ya tied up
Wid ya nuts fried up
I'm the nigga that creep when it's dark in the sky
Parkin' the ride and then dartin' inside
Ya spot wid automatic toys nigga this sparkin' a riot
Good shit better hide behind ya boys
nigga add gas to the flames then
blast at ya main land, switch ya whole game plan
Leavin' bloody stains and wid enough nigga nuts and
guts and
(Where?) Bodies in the Hudson I keep it bustin' and
bustin'
I'm the medicine man like Robitussin
Hold ya huffin' and puffin' before I
Split ya tongue wid the jack knife better act right
and attack right now if you wanna get the Hung I split
ya lung
If you lookin' for some of that sicc shit this the one
If you lookin' for some of that shoot 'em up kill 'em up
better get ya gun, young ass rappers
I'm like R.Kelly I fuck the young in this rap game
Cum on ya belly cum on ya tongue
Shit I'm one of the ones blowin' you up eatin' you up
and then
Throwin' you up knowin' you sucked big fat nut nigga

Hook (x1)

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