

Mr. 3-2 f/ Lil' Keke, Cro\$\$

"Get Back"

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[Hook - 2x]

I ain't the one nigga, you better run nigga
Or get your gun nigga, 'fore you get done nigga
So get back (get back), so get back (get back)
I'm a gangsta for real, I don't play like that

[Lil' Keke]

I'm bout two seconds off that ass, and kicking it fast
I'm really not the one bitch, don't make me blast
You better run homie, and get your gun homie
I'm like T.I. my nigga, cause really they don't know me
Shoot for nothing, and shed blood for less
Put a hole in your back, through the front of your chest
This a war zone, the beef never gone
I got niggaz taking flight, like a fresh pair of J's on
Get it twisted, shots won't miss it
Fall in the mix, if it's broke I'll fix it
Gangsta for real, don't play like that
That's why the seat way back, on a new Maybach
This is Southside S.U.C., to the finish
Underground kings, we'll never diminish
Better run fool, this is old school
And I'll never leave home, without my own tool

[Hook - 2x]

[Mr. 3-2]

Quick to touch ya, bum rush ya then cut ya
Fuck off your whole structure, hollow tips bust ya
Get your gun nigga, I ain't the one nigga
You get done nigga, mob boss won nigga
Gangsta for real, no story telling the lies
I got some'ing in the chamber, to get rid of these guys
Exercise my right to fight, and sweat it off
Cause these niggaz ain't got no nuts, and way too soft
Big Boss, that call the shots in front of the table
These marks ain't got no stripes, and really ain't stable
I'm able, to hold position lead my troops
Send out a hit, and make my trigger man shoot
My roots, all trace back to Don G's
Killers for scrilla, bet erase enemies

Keke and G-O-V, ain't the ones
To be playing with, when our hands on a gun

[Hook - 2x]

[Cro\$\$]
I step out the house, black on black gat in my nut sack
Toe tags, ready to put bodies in trash bags
A mad man, niggaz out here telling
I'm gut swelling boys up, with slugs to the belly
And melon three time felon, close bailing
Boys yelling my name, now the glock's to the brain
Insane, a hungry motherfucker ain't ashamed
To spit out names, like crabs that be snitching in the
game
And to mention crab man, your daughter's off the
chain
Yeah I'm shooting slugs at you, but my nuts hang
Down to the flo', I step up in the club and don't pay shit
at the do'
Yeah nigga, you's a hoe
And the rest of them niggaz, that was snitching like
some bitches
Y'all some cake ass niggaz, Cro\$\$ said that nigga
Fuck it, ain't nobody else gon tell it like it is black
And by the way I got my own back, it's right here in my
lap

[Hook - 2x]

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