

# Get the Fuck Back

## Ludacris

What the fuck's up? DTP in this muthafucka!  
And for all y'all that don't like it, do one thang, get the fuck back!  
'Cause all my niggas is ready  
Luda, 20, Fate, Shawna  
Let's show these muthafuckas how we disturb the peace  
Get the fuck back! Fuck That!  
Get the fuck back!  
Luda make your skull crack  
Tuck that  
Bitch, your whole town's on my nutsack  
Cuff that  
Put it in your weed, nigga, puff that  
What's that  
People gon' die tonight Fuck That!  
Get the fuck back!  
D-low make your skull crack  
Tuck that  
Bitch, your whole town's on my nutsack  
Cuff that  
Put it in your weed, nigga, puff that  
What's that  
People gon' die tonight Bronson, muthafucka, give me more than three feet  
DTP in the club, we comin' more than three deep  
Your whole crew is weak and my squad is real cash getters  
Stayin' more to crunk, our shit bump like bad clippers  
How many try to hustle with Dealer then went broke  
Infamous, I'm a value meal, I come with the coke  
I gotta enough guns for beef, if you want it that way  
I'll push your wig back like finger weaves or bad toupee I lick a load of you niggas, leave kids in the hallways  
Catch 'em at they locka (hoo-ahh, blocka blocka)  
See 'em on Broadway and tap they ass  
Catch 'em in the swimming pool and overlap they ass I'm from the southside, College Park  
G Road, niggas gone  
Ride when the beef starts  
Don't hold back, let the heat spark  
Bust through his vest, bust through his chest  
Sleepy hollows laid the nigga to rest, uh Fuck That!  
Get the fuck back!  
Luda make your skull crack

Tuck that  
Bitch, your whole town's on my nutsack

Cuff that  
Put it in your weed, nigga, puff that  
What's that

People gon' die tonight Fuck That!  
Get the fuck back!

Shaw make your skull crack

Tuck that  
Bitch, your whole town better love dat

Cuff that  
Put it in your weed, nigga, puff that  
What's that

People gon' die tonight What you know about projects, hoes, and murda

Whole lotta game, whole lotta keys and burners  
Whole lotta dope fiends, trying to scheme the workers  
Whole lotta feds, got them niggas scared to surface  
Type of bitch that got the brown in my sock  
Find me on tha block tryin' to cop a piece of the crop  
Watch me, pull up on me real sweet in a drop

But if you fuckin' with my paper, feel the heat from the Glock, nigga We pop bottles, bottles, right over you  
head, niggas

Put nozzles, nozzles, right over your leg, niggas  
Our motto, motto, is kill 'em instead, niggas

We make 'em loose weight, when we Jenny Craig, niggas All of ya'll is half nice, half thugs, and half assed

Only time I go half, is half on a half  
But I use a full clip, 'cause I'm a full fledged killa  
Part-time MC, full-time drug dealer Fuck That!

Get the fuck back!

Luda make your skull crack

Tuck that  
Bitch, your whole town's on my nutsack

Cuff that  
Put it in your weed, nigga, puff that  
What's that

People gon' die tonight Fuck That!  
Get the fuck back!

Fate make your skull crack

Tuck that  
Bitch, your whole town's on my nutsacks

Cuff that  
Put it in your weed, nigga, puff that  
What's that

People gon' die tonight We them filthy niggas from the South, A-Town representas  
Strong armin' mafuckas, like a Russian sickle

You got issues with us talkin' shit on mixtapes  
I'll catch you at a show and beat you with a mixtape  
You best pump brakes, 'fore I pump shells and blood oze  
I leave niggas like burps (burp), excuse  
Just keep on pissin' me off, like a weak kidney  
And you will find your family reading your obituary  
These people tryin' to scrub the red off  
Stains they don't get off  
They wanted to bring the pain, so this thang 'bout to set off  
Barretas for getting cheddar, you're better off dead off  
Yes, you can do it, cut his fuckin' head off  
I got a letter from the government, the other day  
They told me that the bitches caught a shipment of my yay  
They on their way, three minutes to get the k  
Two minutes to get the weight, one minute and I'mma spray  
Fuck That!  
Get the fuck back!  
We make your skull crack  
Tuck that  
Bitch, your whole town's on my nutsack  
Cuff that  
Put it in your weed, nigga, puff that  
What's that  
People gon' die tonight  
Fuck That!  
Get the fuck back!  
We make your skull crack  
Tuck that  
Bitch, your whole town better love that  
Cuff that  
Put it in your weed, nigga, puff that  
What's that  
People gon' die tonight  
Bang bang kill a man let his brains hang  
And when I'm in the court, plead guilty insane  
They put me in a ward, I'mma have to maintain  
But when I hit bricks won't a damn thing change  
Bang bang kill a man let his brains hang  
And when I'm in the court, plead guilty insane  
They put me in a ward, I'mma have to maintain  
But when I hit bricks won't a damn thing change

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