Get The Fuck Back

Ludacris

What the fuck's up?
DTP in this mother fucker
And for all ya'll that don't like it
Do one thing, get the fuck back
'Cause all my niggas is ready
Luda, 20, Fate, Shawna
Let's show these mutha fuckers how we disturb the peace
Get the fuck back, bitch!
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, mutha fucker, 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 waves or bad toupee
I lick a load of you niggaz, leave kids in the hallways
Catch 'em at they locka
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
One's through his vest, one's through his chest
Sleepy hollows lay the niggas 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 that
Cuff that
Put it in your weed, nigga, puff that
What's that?
People gon' die tonight
What you know about projects, hoes, and murder
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 upon me real sweet in a drop
But if you fuckin' with my paper, feel the heat from the glock, nigga

We pop bottles, bottle, 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
The only time I'm goin' half, is half on a half
But I use a full clip, 'cuz 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 the filthy niggas from the south, A town represent us
Strong armin' motherfuckers, like a Russian sickle
You got issues with us talkin' shit on Niks tapes
I'll catch you at a show and beat you with a mix tape
You best pump brakes, 'fore I pump shells and blood ooze
I leave niggas like burps, excuse
Just keep on pissin' me off, like a weak kidney
And you will find your family readin' 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 gettin' 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'm a 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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