Takem Back

Boosie Badazz

Take 'em back Hatch
Take 'em back, take 'em back
In tha rental Jag
I remember nigga
Gettin' plenty ass
Garfield StreetWe grew up youngstas on tha corner tryna make a livin'
Tryna make it back home, so we take a pistol
15, mug mean, we was big boys
Clutching on tha big toys, gamble wit' tha big boys
I ain't cry like a bitch when it got hard
On tha block all day, Me and Big Boy (Big Chris)
Hope I live to see tomorrow, got a big rod
Got a lil rap name, got a lil head start
Chrome tucked, all chromed up
Remember fuckin' all tha juveniles, who remember that?
Kangol was tha winter hat
Me and my nigga in tha rental Jag gettin' plenty ass
Henny bottle in tha backseat
Dirty choppa in tha backseat
If it's a problem, let my nigga out tha backseat
He ASAP, make ya ass leak and it's that deepTake 'em back Hatch
Take 'em back Hatch, take 'em back
Take 'em back Hatch, take 'em back Hatch
Wasn't no killin' then
Take 'em back Hatch, take 'em back Hatch
Take 'em back Hatch, take 'em back Hatch, take 'em back Hatch
Them niggas loved me then
They used to love me thenRemember I ain't have a gold chain
Wood fingers with tha four hand
This was way before tha cocaine
Gambled so much at night, my fingers stiffin' in tha cold man
I lost my old man
'97 was a cold year, '98 was a slow year (Talk to 'em nigga)
'99 was a grind you ain't seen in a long time
Now tha hoes straight walk to me nigga
Quit school, fuck that I'mma big shot
2 kids back to back, now my dick hot
20 G's a verse, tryna quit, now why sell tha work when I do a verse for a brick now
Niggas switching in tha click now

My money steady gettin' thick now
These niggas comin' for my shit huh
Had to buss a nigga shit huh
And he knew that I was sick huhTake 'em back Hatch, take 'em back Hatch, take 'em back Hatch
Take 'em back Hatch, take 'em back Hatch, take 'em back
They wasn't jealous then, they wasn't jealous then
Take 'em back Hatch, take 'em back Hatch, take 'em back Hatch
Them niggas loved me then
So many niggas man they loved me then
Take 'em back HatchShit '03 when it first started
100 b's of tha Bob Marley on 55 (Jacktown)
Go hit my nigga Slow on Les Street
My block, G Street no bitch street
Coke, weed, x pills couldn't miss me
On my homie street, they call me Big Chief
Turned up to tha roof all night
This when Ruger, Reb, and Lil Neek they was ridin' bikes
Slangin' tommy's every night by tha club scene
Green and yellow cd had tha club mean
Rollin' wit' a nigga then, in tha end
Same nigga, came right and tried to touch me
'06 it was ugly, remember dat
'07 they started hatin', we got plenty gats
'08 they started rappin, we wasn't rappin back
'09 no questions asked, that's yo assTake 'em back Hatch
Take 'em back Hatch
Out tha window, and I'm waving that
Take 'em back Hatch
Take 'em back Hatch
Ankie Paul in tha blue truck, I'm in tha back
Comin' out wit' a bigger bag
Take 'em back Hatch
Out tha window man, and I'm waving that
Shootin' at tha mall
When they tried to hit my dawg up
When they tried to hit us all up

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/