

# Can I Get It Back

B2K

Hold up, new release  
From the barrel of Brooklyn  
Three ladies call XSO, cafe, let's go

Hold up, freeze  
I just wanna get between your knees  
That's too much to ask I'm in the breeze  
Roof top gone  
Gucci top on got hot like pop corn shit

Kinda lucky you got me  
Look, ma you'd be nothing without me  
Them debit cards easily revoke  
Plus I'm from the hood I'm easily provoked

You won't get fresh on my account, no  
Your name comes off of my account, oh  
And don't think I won't make that red dot give you pink eye  
Get outta here, pop

Now, that we split up  
You want me to give up  
All that you gave  
But what about my love in time?  
Can it be replaced?  
You never thought about me, babe  
I see you haven't changed a bit  
'Cause you're still acting childish

Guess, you've forgotten  
I never was a silly chick, chick  
And you can never get back this  
So you can stop all the callin', complainin'  
Stressin' or somthin', or not gettin'

All my love  
(Can I get it back?)  
No, I can't, all my time  
(Can I get it back?)  
No, I can't so all your rings  
(Can I get it back?)  
No, you can't, all you gave  
(Can I get it back?)  
No, you can't

How can you blame me?  
You took my love and ran away  
Expecting me to feel guilty  
But what about my pain and tears?  
Can't be replaced it's all been erased  
Want what you want back I see you think I'm crazy

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Now, all I need in this life of sin  
Is a down ass chick and you ain't it, uh  
Thought you was real but you ain't shit, no  
You can ride in the truck but you can't sit, ha  
See you must got me micro-screwed

But if I spend, I'm a really spend  
I'll put you on an island next to Gilligan, uh  
And it's way too late for the boo hoos  
Sorry game over you lose  
Tell your new man I keeps me rascal  
And I got a new thorough chick to fed me tacos,  
ha, ha