

# Get Back

## Boss Hogg Outlawz

[Hook:]

Get the fuck back, (move) [x14]  
It's something wrong, they can't stay still

[Kyleon:]

Back-back, give me fifty feet  
We in the club, and we bout fifty deep  
Club packed, from the front to the back  
I'm in this bitch, on a blunt and some Yak  
I see the chicks, finna get to bopping  
And the trunks, finna get to popping  
The big riders, finna get to watching  
And all the haters, finna get to plotting  
It's finna be a fight, get out the way  
Go to the trunk nigga, get out the K  
We just trying to chill, and mack on hoes  
And try to get 'em to the wide body, Lac on 4's  
Me, Slim, Daily, Whodie  
I'm Killa, if you ain't know me  
So stand still, and try to act tough black  
Your ass better (move), and get the fuck back

[Hook]

[Chris Ward:]

All you fake pussy niggaz, need to do me a favor  
Before I fuck around, and do you pussy niggaz a favor  
Introduce you to my ignorant, most rudest behavior  
Pull out my glock, not just aiming at you but then blaze ya  
So if ya tough get your nuts up, and try to come clown me  
Homeboy I'm deep, got at least fifty mob niggaz around me  
That's ready to ball, if I just give 'em the call  
Tear this whole shit down, from wall to wall bitch

[Sir Daily:]

I'm higher than a cloud, so I'm trying to chill  
In the club sipping Yak, with a pound of kill  
Ice glistening off my neck, and all around my ear  
So I stay getting chicks, all around the year  
The fo' pound is near, I can't sleep without it  
Two words describe me, baby deep and bout it  
He's the hottest, no need to think  
Cause I'ma hustle till I can't baby, and bleed the bank

[Hook]

[Slim Thug:]

I'm a Boss Hogg soldier, I thought I told ya  
You either gon roll with us, or get rolled the fuck over  
Bitch get the fuck back, 'fore the Mack click-clack  
And rat-a-ta-tat-tat, and put a hole in your hat  
I feel like I'm being attacked, give me some space  
Nigga, 'fore I give you seventeen in your face  
Nigga, I got another seventeen on my waist  
Pull seventeen out the safe, and get rid of the case  
Ain't no high speed chase, with the laws and the Outlawz  
I just chill like it's nothing, and give my lawyer a call

And tell him how I act, sure to give me some room  
But you didn't listen, so the glock went boom  
Hide your hoes, Slim Thug just stepped through the do's  
Uh-oooh, and he leaving with any bitch he chose  
Try to stop him or cock block him, the left jab gon rock 'em  
The right hook gon drop em, and the glock nine gon pop 'em

[Hook]