

# Get Back

Lil Rob

"Don't mess with mine"  
"Don't mess with mine"  
Uh  
T-Weaponz  
"Get back"  
"Get back"  
Ark, IzReal, Psalmz  
Lil' Rob, it's a problem  
Twelve Eighteen, Part Two  
Yo, Fingazz, you a monster  
Don't even understand how we chillin'  
"Get back"  
"Get back"  
Yo, Lil' Rob  
Yo, set this shit  
"Don't mess with mine" (Talk to 'em)  
"Get back" (Come on)  
"Get back"

See, I might take my placaso, I might get boracho  
And start pedo, throw chingasos with any vato  
You don't too much with meat on your plato  
Don't bite off, more than you chew, and get done, no gatcho  
Trucha, don't wanna get hit with the fusca  
I'm on some crazy shit that makes me act like I used to  
To start a fire, all it takes is a spark  
Ese Lil' Rob, cabrones, lightin' up your whole park I'm drivin' real slow  
Sittin' real low  
Rollin' in the 5-3  
Yeah  
Bulletholes in the door  
From the week before  
When they were shootin' at me  
Yeah  
Hey, fuck 'em, homie, I just happened to rhyme  
But I still, can put a bullet on your mind with a nine  
I still remember, had to pull them crimes  
You do it quick, and leave nothing, be kind, so  
"Get back"

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(3x)

You must got ya head in a fish bowl, a pistol's  
Light zip codes, like Sig folds the schizo  
Schools like movin' disco, so get dough  
Out the bed, into the wishbone, the list goes

On, live tu vida horrible  
Te dije  
Far from your Lucha Libre  
Me crie  
Raised in the state of maniatricos  
How you wanna fight when your heart is a plastico Blat, blat, blat

Don't mess with mine, you testin' time  
Don't make me flash back, make me press rewind  
Take me back to the time, I would get the nine  
And set the record straight  
Homie, let's debate  
Let our aim be the test of faith, lo que decide  
Let the bullets put you in place, pa' que no olvide (Don't be so jealous)  
No es sea jelosa y envidiosa  
Es siempre la mujeres que se ponle con cosa

Lil' Rob, we got them shookin' up  
When they heard we were hookin' up  
They wanna know what we cookin' up  
Working on our fuego  
Somos bomberos  
No miedo  
Cause them Brooklyn boys soy ghetto  
Won't settle for  
Less than the best, though  
Respect us, don't talk  
Check us to a chess code  
Yo now  
We got Fingazz on the track, good lookin'  
So we bringin' you a plaque  
While my niggas, we gon' bring this on the map

"Don't mess with mine"  
"Don't mess with mine"  
"Don't mess with mine"  
"Get back"  
"Get back"  
(4x)