

# Ludacris, Get The Fuck Back

(feat. Fate Wilson, I-20, Shawna)

[intro I-20]

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 iz ready

Luda, 20, Fate, Shawna

Let's show these mutha fuckers how we disturb the peace

Get the fuck back, bitch

[shooting and screaming in the background]

[Chorus]

[Ludacris]

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

[I-20]

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

[Ludacris]

I lick a load of you niggaz, leave kids in the hallways

Catch 'em at they locka (hoo-ahh, blocka blocka)(gun shots)

See 'em on Broadway and tap they ass

Catch 'em in the swimming pool and overlap they ass

[Fate]

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 put the niggas to rest, uh

[Chorus]

[Ludacris]

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

[Shawna]  
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 murda  
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 up on me real sweet in a drop  
But if you fuckin' with my paper, feel the heat from the glock, nigga

[Ludacris]  
We pop bottles, bottles,  
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

[I-20]  
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

[Chorus]  
[Ludacris]  
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

[Fate]  
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 mixed tapes  
Ill catch you at a show and beat you with a mix tape  
You best pump brakes, 'fore I pump shells and blood oze  
I leave niggas like burps (burp), excuse  
Just keep on pissin me off, like a week kidney  
And you will find your family reading your obituary

[Ludacris]

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 getting cheddar, you're better off dead off  
Yes, you can do it, cut his fuckin head off

[Shawna]

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 imma spray

[Chorus]

[Ludacris]

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  
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[Shawna]

Fuck That!  
Get the fuck back!  
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Bitch, your whole town better love that  
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[Repeat 2x - 1st time Ludacris, 2nd time Fate]

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, imma have to maintain  
But when I hit bricks won't a damn thing change