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Reef the Lost Cauze "Give it Up"

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[Chorus]

Give It Up, Give It Up, Give It Up (Uh huh)
Give It Up, Give It Up,
Give It Up, Give It Up (Aight go deep)
Give It Up, Give It Up, Give It Up

[Verse 1]

Aight stop what you're doin, cause I'm about to ruin
The image and the style ya all been pursuin
Who you foolin I see through you like a tunnel entrance
On wax you gangsta, trouble visits and your gun is
missin

You created a rep so now you runnin with it You feel safe cause you surrounded by a hundred niggaz

All your mans fake, they give you pounds and handshakes

Cause they rhyme too, so y'all each other fanbase But your just a bit better, you all stole your flow from Jay-Z, but you was the one who bit better So you spin tales a how you get cheddar Bitches, sixes, benzes, but did you forget Septa Cause that's the only ridin you do Denyin it's true, let your rhymes design you And that's a fuckin shame, cause you one half of one in a million that sound the fuckin same You'll never touch the fame, your flow is Bush Administration ain't nothin changed And that's the truest words ever spoken dog Cause they will see you, when the mirrors, weed and smoke is gone And I hope this song got across, cause you can quote me on the fact you need

[Chorus]

to

Give It Up, Give It Up, Give It Up Give It Up, Give It Up, Give It Up Give It Up, Give It Up, Give It Up Give It Up, Give It Up, Give It Up

[Verse 2]

Now behold the white, nerdy suburban prototype
Had dough his whole life. overnight he hold mic
No respect for the art of rhyme, all he knows is his
CD collection that he copped off the Art of Rhyme
He's off beat, off kilter, off his rocker even
Unfortunately what he does is just not emceein
You say I'm bein critical, no that's not the reason
He wasn't down with hip-hop when it was not in season
You gotta sew your oats, homeboy not just reap em
And it's somethin I gotta share with you
You're terrible, your songs are downright unbearable
You rap about robots and spaceships
But if I call you on it, then I'm labeled as a racist
Naw, I'm showin love to my culture man, you need to
overstand

You shouldn't do this just cause yo a fan (No)
I love you for that, but I don't know who
told you the fuck you could rap
You gotta stop right now, I mean put that mic down and
walk away

Today, Ok, I don't wanna have to tell you no, never, not again

Come back in five years when hip-hop hot again

[Chorus]

Give It Up, Give It Up, Give It Up (Please)
Give It Up, Give It Up,
Give It Up, Give It Up (Just give it up yo)
Give It Up, Give It Up, Give It Up (For real)

[Verse 3]

This the end of a hectic fable, just cause you got a little loot please don't go start a record label Kick Yo Ass Records, Get Money Entertainment No matter, it's all the same shit (Same shit) I get so much promotional junk and most of it sucks So half a them shits, I don't even open 'em up I use the case to line up my weed when I'll rollin a dutch But that's about all, cause it's hard to believe your artist MC Steve is a fuckin outlaw, and all of his mixtape is about

Raw, guns and gats, it's so bad it needs to be outlawed How come this crap floods the map You're to blame Mr. CEO that's enough a that It's the simple truth, you and your little dudes be gone Before the world get a chance to forget your tunes, it's pitiful

Just cause crack is dead, all y'all decided To invest your little dough in rap instead Don't get me started bout these rich little assholes Puttin out bullshit wit your dad's dough, you'll never pass go Bottom line your shit sucks, you need to listen up when, I tell you to

[Chorus]
Give It Up, Give It Up, Give It Up (Give it, Give it, Up)
Give It Up, Give It Up, Give It Up
Give It Up, Give It Up, Give It Up
Give It Up, Give It Up, Give It Up

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