

Carly Simon F/ Lucy Simon, James Taylor

"Gotta Let You Have It"

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[Buddy Roe]

Now I gotta let you have it
Rappin' fire from my automatic
Now I gotta let you have it
Rappin' fire from my automatic

[Trick Daddy]

I just might have to toss this nine
Across your mind
Across that line
I'm running straight up in your mammy's house by
mine
Puttin' this fire up in this old bitch mouth by mine
And openin' fire
And I ain't swearing no niggas
Give the deed up until four niggas
Ain't sympathizing with you hoe niggas
I'm just realizing what this thug shit for nigga
You in the middle of a war nigga
Now I gotta let you have it
The whole clip
Fucking up the whole trip
Now you fucking with the boogie man
This shit deeper than Nino Brown
And I ain't see no clown
Nigga nigga nigga

[Buddy Roe]

Now I gotta let you have it
Rappin' fire from my automatic
Now I gotta let you have it
Rappin' fire from my automatic

[Trick Daddy]

I got some niggas that'll bump with you
Play with your kids and eat lunch with you
Then fuck around and kill your ass
I close shop
With 2 shots from a far away glock
Then leave you dead to rot
In a empty lot

And this thug shit simply not
To be taken light
Well y'all fake less I'm taken life
Then I'm taking off
To the old hood
To check on a old girl
To make sure it's still all good
Then it's back to the streets
To finish this beef
Looking for them same niggas that's looking for me
And about three blocks
>From where they set up shop
Sell weed and lay some rocks
They got these old cops
Working they're spots
And young niggas on the roof with red dots
When me and my clique scrap and we scared not

[Buddy Roe]
Now I gotta let you have it
Rappin' fire from my automatic

[Buddy Roe]
I'm paranoid cause I'm hearing things
Time served
Only out a few months, associated with birds
They want to pop it, I got bad nerves
Peep
Mini-14 on the front seat
You want to be there for your kids, nigga play with it
His Grams missing, who did it, I'ma deal with it
So fuck I care about the shorty
Cause nigga you been known
Skip town
With my pound
With my dudes 'round
Now nigga how you playin', I done counted that
You wanted work, all you had to do is fucking ask
My cuban friend
Want his ends
Instead of you flipping them divedends
Making millions
Popping then
Silly rabbit
You done started static
Now I gotta let you have it
Rapping fire from my automatic
You left me stuck
And so you outta luck
Cause you done fucked my credit up
ASHES TO ASHES, DUST TO DUST

Nigga what

[Buddy Roe]

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Rappin' fire from my automatic
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