

## **Ayumi Hamasaki**

### **"Gimme Yours"**

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Featuring Nas]

Intro: Nas

Gimme, just gimme, for the NYC

Gimme what you can't get back

Gimme, why don't you gimme the world

Gimme what you can't get back, for the five burroughs

Verse 1: AZ

Yo, it's hard to show resistance when money-gettin  
niggas

need my assistance to stock figures, beyond non-  
existence

Fuck keepin my distance, cos bein poor produced  
persistence

Plus plea's, a hundred G's, I had me blockin out of jail  
centres

I'm recognised by the illest of individuals

Killers and criminals, even willies that's really into  
jewels

But still sceptic on who I cling to

Cos every single nigga that swing thru, ain't my man  
just cos we

mingle

To mistake shit, even females be feedin off that fake  
shit

Filled with envy and hatred but my high hopes help me  
escape it

Temporarily the window world, don't read the wise

Verbally nourish me, properly with that inner city, urban  
GC

I fucked with those beyond my age bracket

cos they analyse and mack to get the papers and stack  
it

Leavin no trace to track it, keep on thinkin tappers is  
accurate

That mack shit, livin the lifestyle, we filled with black wit

Chorus: Nas, (AZ)

Just gimme (Pimp lines and dollar signs)

Just gimme (Rollin trees, stackin G's)

Gimme what you can't get back (True dat, I thought you  
knew that)

Just gimme (Money getters, the high bidders)

Why don't you gimme the world (rollin wit us)  
Gimme what you can't get back, for the five burroughs  
Verse 2: AZ  
So in God I trust, I lust for a 850-deluxe  
And in too, I touch a million-plus, ain't much to discuss  
Diamonds and double-digits, Gianni Versace down with  
lizards  
It's realism so I visualisin to live it  
Movin cleverly wit intentions of longevity  
Strong pedigree got me touchin papers, others would  
never see, G  
So do the crest in my claw, flourescents  
symbolises the essence, you're sailin in a  
sweppervescence  
Drug investments, a street thug's plug, the insurance,  
but informers  
they had you wanted for warrants 'fore you get  
enourmous  
Life's a performance so players play wit endurance  
cos from war sense, any villain's willing to get more  
intense  
They tried to break us but all it did was just make us  
travel across acres for papers, bonafide money takers  
Cos though we know somehow we all gotta go  
As long as we're leavin thievin, we'll be leavin wit some  
kind of doe,  
so...  
Chorus: Nas, (AZ)  
Just gimme (Pimp lines and dollar signs)  
Just gimme (Rollin trees, stackin G's)  
Gimme what you can't get back (True dat, I thought you  
knew that)  
Just gimme (Money getters, the high bidders)  
Why don't you gimme the world (rollin wit us)  
Gimme what you can't get back (It's real, NYC)  
Just gimme (QB)  
Just gimme (B-K, VT)  
Gimme what you can't get back (See me, AZ y'all,  
representin)  
Just gimme (Yeah, the street life is trife life)  
Why don't you gimme the world (Representin)  
Gimme what you can't get back (Life's a bitch...

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