

Bone Thugs N Harmony

"Can't Give It Up"

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There's always something you got to give up
(Yeah, I know)
If you want everything you want
(But shit I don't know, I don't know)

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My life is a jungle, I struggle hustle Monday through
Sunday
They tell me the world is mine but shit I don't want it,
who want it?
How could it be mine and I'm still hungry, still hungry
Lost and lonely, so I holler at the voices of the wind as
a friend

But I predicted this endin', back in the day
'Cause I had visions of bad decisions knew niggaz
would go astray
Although we pray and we pray and we pray
We do but still wanna make the loot

No more united, divided we fall, nigga and hard
We all dealt fucked up cards but don't complain
Just play the hand that you was dealt
You play 'em right you prevail, you play 'em wrong then
you fail

It ain't hard to tell, when you been headed for self
destruction

'Cause I, could look at the piece of the puzzle
It ain't no love involved everything we was dissolved
We all hard as one, but together we raw

And there ain't a nigga that can fuck wit that
We split up, we tied up, my nigga wassup wit that
Lettin' the devil get in, to the pen, devils pretendin' to
be friends
We was taken by that snake in the grass

Should of stuck the nigga fast
Yeah, that motherfuckin' snake in the grass
We dropped our guards and he got inside us like a
virus
Now our family reunion done turned into a family crisis

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I was never on some solo shit
Always down to roll and blow a head off
He dead off and don't know me, don't tell me you love
me
When I was lonely and my daddy died all of my niggaz
came to the church

And thanks for comin', I'm still stressed out over the
death
When I take my breath and puff my cigarette
I think the world is just collapsin'
But I'm still rappin' get it all off my chest

So I came back to the action
When the bird was flyin', low, and laughin'
Family bashin' 'til it just happened
Then Wally passed and he asked me, "Wasn't it
tragic?"

Louie askin' me if he'll ever come back so hard
We tell the truth, no use in beatin' around the bush
Baby I'm sorry, it's all in the game, throwin' up blood
Fuck it Layz', let's sign our life away

Now see me? I ain't givin' up a motherfuckin' thang

It's hard to come by and I ain't no bitch nigga
Shit been in some robberies and walkbys
And you don't want that, neither do I
But I will, I will 'cause I'm a hustler, hustler

High 'til I die, I'm gon' get mine
Even if it mean murder, gettin' caught, fuck it let me fry
Know it's hectic, niggaz start shit nowadays
But I'm a hustler just like you, don't bring that shit my
way

Well, if there's somethin' you can't give up
(Would ya give it up)
To get everything you want
(I can feel the love)

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Hell naw I'll be thugged out nigga, turned out nigga
Runnin' wit niggaz thats killas
The realest that be shermed out nigga
Spittin' my prophecy ain't no stoppin' me

I'm comin' through with the motherfuckin' shotty
I really don't wanna hurt nobody, just kill off Illuminati
Fuck the D.E.A. and the F.B.I.
I.R.S. can kiss my ass, U.C.P.D., F.C.C.

Y'all better quit too 'fore a nigga come blast you
Blast you, hit 'em up like 'Pac did
Take 'em hostage, terrorize and torture
Your ghetto resource'll be pay back, pay back

Little Lay dat, young nigga with scrilla
And bitch I thought you knew
You got a beam on me? I got a beam on you
You fuck wit me? I'ma fuck wit you

Bitch, like it always be
Y'all bitches gon' have to kill me, feel me!
You gon' have to pop me, to even try to stop me from
grindin'
I'm leavin' you blinded by the size of Mo Thugs 'til you
find us

All the nigga know what the hood like
In the streets gotta get that good life
Sellin' that, yeah, up under the street light
It's the hood life, don't fight

A nigga want out but just can't get out
So I guess I gots to face it
All them dreams of havin big thangs
I'm still gon' chase it

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Here they come, wait can I bark talk Bone, jumpin' it
feelin'
Better now, better hit 'em with the future shot
But feelin' like Pac, that's what the guy thought
But this shit don't stop, I send much love to the pop

Droppin' this shit today, we kickin' this thug music
Better love us, so when I love smokin' buds on the bus
See we gone sells out that'll make you lust
My nigga don't play too close, my thugs in heaven and
shit

My niggas'll pop with the pistols, and snap out the
holsters

And cover a snitch all wet
Why the fuck could not he write me S E T for the second
sincerely
We baggin' 'em up rollin' niggas and throwin' 'em in
the wasteland

Soldier, told ya nigga we gone have our time
Like daughters in heaven don't tell him, on his knee
He's fell, he better hope he don't fall victim
Niggas pick up another, then they run

But I'm through with the body bitch ah
But when they want it, yea he just in the business
Flesh givin' you pain or pleasure, whatever you want
I'ma bring
Young, but them package you'll be impressed

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