

David Bowie

"Gimme Dat"

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Lock that fuckin door, yo
Lock all that shit

[VERSE 1: Armageaddon]
Y'all muthafuckas can't hold me back
Holdin gats drunk off of cognac
Laughin at life and how my goal be makin the hoes
react
Ridin in cars, out to get me eight full of shinin stars
Overwhelmin, any average rapper will find it hard
To deal with the way my Squad puts metal to flesh
We rebels to death, leakin body heat, decimals less
My shotie completes the measure of death
I'm hittin your chest
I'm only 1100 double threat, beware of the rest
Terror Squad's everywhere like weed smoke
If my pump shotie was sweet chokes
I'd twist the whole place with three strokes
Dump this ??? sawed-off barrel
I send your soul to follow the blast
And see how far the noise will travel
Big Eaddie's name never lost his value
I told you before on Joe's album
We been illin since the holy pharaohs
Run out of heat, I still burst you with bangers
Believe, me and violence connect and we have our own
personal language

[CHORUS]
Money - gimme dat
Power - g-gimme dat
Guns - gimme dat
Freedom - g-gimme dat
Pussy - gimme dat
Drugs - g-gimme dat
(*shot*) gimme dat
Respect, better gimme dat (2x)

[VERSE 2: Armageaddon]
Hey yo, your era's over
And your peoples lack the charm or persona

The sound of my chrome be bangin from home to
Arizona
My gun be clickin like your chain on my neck, claim my
respect
Give me a pound or feel the pain in your chest
I only bang with T.S.
That's some Squad that God returned to the surface
Bustin scary-ass burners that burst through your
epidermes
Niggas respect the verses, my shit is heat, so I'ma set
the furnace
To burn whoever's yearnin to hurt this
Nigga, tell me I ain't bringin the pain
If I ain't leave in a train
I'm probably fleein from puttin 3 in your brain
See what I'm sayin, it's all about this
Guns, murder and chips
And I gathered all in the palm of my fist
This is who Armageaddon is
Raw to the brain, I'm sort of insane
But yet in never fall in the game
It's not enough, I need to fatten my stacks
More guns - g-g-gimme dat
More power and respect - gimme dat

[CHORUS] (4x)

Yo
See what I'm sayin?
Ain't no stoppin me
This was God's plan
This is what I am
This is who Armageaddon is
In every sense of the word
Yo
Year 2000's around
And I'm still breathin life through my nostrils, bitch
I ain't goin nowhere
I'ma remain in your faces
Until my demise is televised
I told y'all niggas
Where my Terrorists at?
Where all my Terrorists at?
Throw your guns up in the air
More money!
More power!
More respect!
Take this muthafucka over
Fight for your muthafuckin freedom!
Bitch-ass niggas
Yeah, nigga

That's my life

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