

Big Noyd

"Give Up The Goods"

Visit "[Give Up The Goods](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Hey yo, Queen's get the money long time no cash
I'm caught up in the hustle when the guns go blast
The fool retaliated so I had to think fast
Pull out my heat first, he pull out his heat last

Now who the fuck you think is livin' to this day?
I'm tryin' to tell these young niggas crime don't pay
They looked at me and said, "Queen's niggas don't
play
Do your thing, I'll do mine, kid stay outta my way"

It's type hard tryna survive in New York state
Can't stop till I'm eatin' off a platinum plate
Po po comes around and tries to relocate me
Lock me up forever but they can't deflate me

'Cause havin' cash is highly addictive
Especially when you're used to havin' money to live
with
I thought step back look at my life as a whole
Ain't no love it seems the devil done stole my soul

I'm out for delfia, selfia, P's not helpin' ya
I'm tryna get this Lexus up, and plus a cellular
Yo Big Noyd! I can't cope
(What up cuzin'?)
With all these crab niggas tryna shorten my rope

Yo, it's the R, a double P, E, R, N, O, Y, D
Niggas can't fuck with me, comin' straight outta QB
Pushin' an Infiniti, you ask, can I rip it constantly?
Mentally?
Definitely, to the death of me, come and test me

Trust me, nigga couldn't touch me if he snuff me
So bust me, you're gonna have to, 'cause I'ma blast
you
My lyrical like a miracle, ill spiritual
I'm born wit' it, I'm gettin' on wit' it

An' I'ma have it 'til I'm fuckin' dead and gone wit' it
'Cause I'm a what? Composer of hardcore, a lyrical

destructor

Don't make me buck ya, 'cause I'm a wild muthafucka
You know my flow, you know my stilo

Even pack my gat when I go to see my PO
Jump out my hooptie, pass my gat and my lucci to my
shorty

In case my PO try to troop me to the island
And if I start wildin', flippin' on niggas walkin' around
Wit' da nice gold medallions

But she didn't violate me, so I escaped, see
Back to Queen's pumpin' the fiends makin' more cream
Know what I mean? I'm a natural born hustler
Won't try to cut ya, pull out my 44 and bust ya

Yo babe, no time for fakin' jacks
'Cause niggas who fake jacks get laid on their backs
The streets is real can't roll without steel
I feel how I feel 'cause I was born to kill

Do what I gotta, to eat a decent meal
Brothers is starvin', don't try to find a job son
It's all about robbin', so don't be alarmed
When we come through 'cause we supposed to

If you opposed to get your face blown dude off the
map

'Cause I react, attack a brother wasn't blessed with
wealth

So I act like that drug dealin'
I'm frontin' on the world once I start 4-wheelin'

'Cause back on the 41st side we do a ride
Sippin' E&J, gettin' bent all night
Yo, who dat? I never seen him in my whole life
Step to his business 'cause it's only right

Po po ain't around so I grab my pound
Money retaliated so I hit the ground
My life is on the line gotta hold my projects down
Can't see myself gettin' bodied by a clown-ass nigga
That ain't even from my town

Hit him up in the chest
And now he's layin' me down dead
And up from under the benches, I started hearin' sirens
I stop firin', he cut ass like a diamond

Jetted to the cribpiece, what a relief
Stashed the heat then proceeded to peep out the

window

Call my son, "Yo son, we got beef but no question
Money had a problem so I solved him"

I got my mind on the stick-up, now it's time to get paid
Thinkin' of ways to take loot already made
There's crime in the air, ain't no time to be afraid
Gimme yours and get laid, give up the goods and get
sprayed

I got lots of love for my crew, that is
No love for them other crews and rival kids
All them out-a-town niggas know what time it is
And if they don't they need to buy a watch

Word up, caught up in the crossfire get theyself hurt
While I be sippin' gin straight in a plastic cup
On a park bench on 12th St., my whole crew's famous
You tried to bust your gat and keep it real but you
nameless

First of all, slow down, you on the wrong route
Let me put you on your feet and show you what's it all
about
The street life ain't nuttin' to play with, no jokes, no
games kid
For years I been doin' the same shit
Just drinkin' liquor, doin' bids, extortin' crack heads
And stickin' up the stick-up kids

Visit [Big Noyd](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.