

French Affair

"Summin Gotz to Give"

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[Chorus x3: Timbo King]

Summin gotz to give in this biz
I don't give a fuck who you are, who you is

[Timbo King]

Give it up, we takin all your royalties
Yo' producer's gettin stuck for the points, we want all
his g's
All yo' shit, cuz yo' flow's funny
You gotta pay, pump duels, so give up all yo' show
money
Burnin yo' disc in yo' reels
Sellin yo' DAT tapes at crack rates, liable and no frills
I'm hittin hard like a brother from diggstown
I mean Timbs town, laughin at your mix down
Cause I'ma smash that, bash that shit
Fuck ass cap, you catch a cap in yo' ass, black
You not a artist, mics, you can't damage shit
Give up yo' publishin, mother fuck yo' management
You not rugged, we housin yo' recordin budget
Jack yo' tour, we takin all yo' fuckin luggage
No more interviews, cancel all yo' photoshoots
This is a message for artistes, solos and groups

[Chorus x4]

[Timbo King]

Fuck yo' A&R, yo' whole entire promotion staff
Don't even think about givin out autographs
No spotlight, takin you off stage
Beepers disconnected, you won't get a single page
You'se a biter, you and yo' co-writer
Forget the limos, stick to makin demos
We got a freeze on yo' bank account
Yo' release date expired, forget about comin out
All yo' videos are cancelled, studio times taken
Throw away them god damn samples
Tell that bullshit lawyer to go hang
Mechanical statue, go to erase, all that shit is dead
Yo' career is a total waste
I'm dissin yo' distibution, don't even have a showcase

Drowin yo' ass in a record pool
Summin gotz to give in this biz, Royal Fam rules

[Chorus x2]

[Timbo King]

Call it a crime when you sign on the dotted line
Put it in writin, black and white, no dollar signs
Deduction, yo' production is jingles
No more reorders on yo' twelve inch singles
I dedicate this to braggers and boosters
Niggaz rippin down stickers and yo' posters
It ain't final 'til it's vinyl, so check it
You wanna go platinum, but you can't make a hit record
We still lookin for yo' bookin agent
Soundscan reported, yo' LP's under rated
You want yo' name on a flyer, retire
Here's a plaque piece for yo' work for hire
No cream, where's yo' president at, I wanna see him
There's no publicity, run yo' podium
Exclusive rights, creative control
Here's yo' release, no records was sold

[Chorus x4]

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