

Kam

"Givin' It Up"

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Awww shit, and you don't quit
Brother KAM with another damn gangster hit
Givin' it up, cause everybody ain't knowin'
So try not to choke on this smoke I'm blowin'
Goin' back to the grass, roots for the real

With the black superman

Yeah, the man of steel I chill

Awww shit, sometimes I feel like a nut

So here we go, clownin' like I don't know what
I'm pro black and crackin' out of contral
And we make dough, they wanna slow your role
But you know, Dulo niggaz, when you spot them
Cause I'm from that Eastside bottom
The Compton and Watts life, I got pride
It's a black thing, so ain't no other side
I low-ride and I sag and cuss
I cover my face with a raggin' bust
I kick up dust, then I shake the spot
Move the crowd and try to make a nut
I got a motivatin' Dolo skatin' out on Deez

Damn, here come One Time

Nigga please, I'm givin' it up

I thank God that I'm still alive
And back on deck for the nine five
And y'all can't say, I ain't got a sense of humor
For every new day there's another new rumor
So Numero uno, here's the first segment
I ain't the one who got Yo Yo pregnant
And then I heard Craig went with a white girl
Never doubt a brother like me might hurl
But what's the word comin' through
Real men don't gossip that's what the women do
But some of you get it twisted
You must be broke, wasted, so I dismissed it

Kept mobbin' and didn't react
Then now the word in the street is:

That KAM got jacked

Uha, is that a fact? - but who got the goods?
Cause last lie I heard I was from four different hoods
You know, I don't look like gangbangin'
I got words for all y'all birds be singin'
Oftenly, softly you are killin' me
That's why truce just chill and be givin' it up

So last but not least, let me kick the real
Cause Watts Up niggaz be quick to peel
Hittin' three wheel motion, devotion is true
F-O-Y 'til I die, so what y'all wanna do?
Comin' through just like a new birth
While niggaz goin' to Hollywood tryin' to claim a turf
For what it's worth, I just wish them will
Cause bitch made niggaz like the kissin' tale
So I call niggaz servin' females and madam
And all you or whatever he meets said: he Ain't Mad At
him
Glad I'm livin' like a truth
Cause it ain't about what you're sayin' on the record
It's what you're doin, niggaz be in violation
Y'all flurtin' with death with you diss the nation
Ain't no love lost if you cross the line
You're falsed, now that ass is mine
I'm givin' it up, ugh

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