

## Little Boots

### "Give It To Ya"

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The joy of children laughing, these are the makings...

1... 2... it's like this... Little Brother, Pete Rock, another  
sure shot, another banger  
Soul survivor, Part 2... for me and you, let's get it.

[Chorus:]

I wanna rock with you  
So get on the floor with me  
I wanna give it to ya baby  
I wanna rock with you  
So get on the floor with me  
I wanna give it to ya baby

[Verse 1:]

Master of ceremony  
Controlled territory  
It's tay, the mad journalist always trying to write a  
better story  
And laying tracks cause it's better for me  
Calm but predatory, sun niggaz even when the  
weathers stormy  
My crew is down to do whatever for me  
Got my back like scoliosis when I'm handling mine  
Find it hard though to manage my time  
Between the gaming and rhymes, without severing my  
family ties  
But yo! That's what happens when the world is loving  
you  
Groupies skipping pills with I'll plans of fucking you  
A high price for fame that is non-refundable  
All in the hopes of one day coming out with a double-u  
I know it sound crazy right?  
Even though it's hard sometimes I still got to stay in the  
mix  
It's Pete Rock on the snair drums and laying the kicks  
And on the real I wouldn't trade it for shit  
Let's get it up right now, come on...

[Chorus:]

I wanna rock with you

So get on the floor with me  
I wanna give it to ya baby  
I wanna rock with you  
So get on the floor with me  
I wanna give it to ya baby  
Little brother you controlling it now

[Verse 2:]

I got the magna rocks Still heating up the spot  
P.R. and L.B. got that shit for blocks  
HIP-HOP when we walk  
HIP-HOP when we talk  
You can hear it our slang, and see the New York  
We bought back 94 when the music was pure  
Everybody made jams 93' and before  
Hearing "Illmatic" first on the trip to the store  
Lost my mind but I knew it was that we had to work  
toward  
Forward... On we move now, my life is the roof  
Putting the pen to the pad when it's time to spread  
news  
Daily digesting some more wack shit  
Mother-fuckers better stick to the script  
We need you back Jay  
Ya'll dudes know now we not for play  
You want it funky come around my way  
(For Real) You can choose to rock or choose to roll  
I chose Pete cause he got the soul... yea let's get it  
going ya'll

[Chorus:]

I wanna rock with you  
So get on the floor with me  
I wanna give it to ya baby  
I wanna rock with you  
So get on the floor with me  
I wanna give it to ya baby

[Verse 3:]

King cobra rapper crew  
I'll Cap-I-tan, never roll a foot soilder  
We push over you pushovers  
Lil pussies need to douche over

Mass and Gills, scott hare will make em' gush over  
Pussy and poetry two things that's good for ya  
We rock hard just like the hood told us  
That fake shit I never could show you  
We ought to keep it true and authentic

In they videos trying to walk with it

L.B. put the street talk in it  
From right now till the day that we forfeit it

Just making sure that ya'll get it in time to put my heart  
in it  
Little Brother crushing all gimmicks, like what...

[Chorus:]  
I wanna rock with you  
So get on the floor with me  
I wanna give it to ya baby  
I wanna rock with you  
So get on the floor with me  
I wanna give it to ya baby  
[Repeat till end]

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