

Pete Rock

"Give it to Ya"

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The joy of children laughing
These are the makings

12 it's like this Little Brother, Pete Rock
Another sure shot, another banger
'Soul Survivor, Part II' for me and you, let's get it

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

Yo, 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 ill plans of fucking you
A high price for fame that's 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 snare 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

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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

Y'all 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
Yeah, let's get it going y'all

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King cobra rapper crew
Ill Capitan, never roll a foot solidier
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 wit it
L.B. put the street talk in it
From right now till the day that we forfeit it

Just making sure that y'all get it in time to put my heart
in it

Little Brother crushing all gimmicks, like what

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