

Samira**"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 for ever 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! (What up cuzin'?) I can't cope
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 4 4 and bust ya.

Yo babe no time for fakin' jacks
Cuz 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 cross-fire 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 [Samira](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.