

## **St. Lunatics**

### **"Gimme What You Got"**

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I'm on my way to my show, uh, shirt Polo  
Gortex figaro, jeans Hillfiger though  
Starched up, hit the Amaco bought a Philly sparked up  
Lunatics will blow the park up

Ooh, this herb, got me geekin' like a nerd  
F what you heard, federal roll like a bird  
You were, actin' funny when you first saw me  
Now, I'm makin' jams have you bein' like go Lee

Hell na trick, I'm picky now  
I'm spiffy now, smoke sticky now  
Hit the door at the club yellin', "Grip and love"  
Met me with a dub, what  
(Was it fire playa?)

Straight to the bar, got a Henny and Coke  
Ain't been in five minutes, rats sendin' me notes  
Could it be the way I get down, the way I throw down?  
I don't know but it's one thing I know for sure

With the scenery of St. Louie, we can't be touched  
MIS, show your rifle, we just too much  
We crossed the bridge, you tripped, uh oh, it's the  
alarm  
Once hear sounds, get down, hope you lucky like  
Charms

Lunatics will explode, okay, call me the Rigga  
Representer, St. Louis figures, chronic hitters  
So what's up? Let me introduce my click and I  
Lunatics, I'm little T rollin' ninety miles an hour

And you say St. Louis City, c'mon, uh  
(Gimme what you got, gimme what you got)  
And you say St. Louis City  
(Gimme what you got, gimme what you got)

You wild boy, you need to change your whole style boy  
Your team will never be the same like Jimmy Johnson's  
Cowboys  
What you gonna try for? You guilty of bein' wack

If Carl Louis was your cousin I wouldn't put you on my track

Get some lyrical jack, get down, Neal like Shaq  
Now where we at, so when you try that, Lunatics got my back  
It's a fact, you see a blunt you supposed to match  
It's a fact, Lunatics gonna put St. Lou on the map

I put St. Lou on my cap and it's obvious see  
Keyuan's true when he rap, is you mad at that?  
A handsome man 'cause all the rats that I flash  
Be havin' some matches, spark it, put yourself in trap  
Got 'cha

Want some, get some  
'Cause everybody on my team could give some  
You know my squad, rip ya girl if ya thorough son  
From the clit, what with the gun, son

Work it down, freak it anyway you want son, uh  
Is he really real with the skill son, uh?  
Did he make a mill with the skill son, uh?  
Gotta make 'em dance in this here son, yeah

And you say St. Louis City, c'mon, uh  
(Gimme what you got, gimme what you got)  
And you say St. Louis City  
(Gimme what you got, gimme what you got)

In my spare time unwind and grind fools like coffee  
Softly is how I speak to them punks who come actin'  
salty  
Then Ali, I let this thing go, back on up off me  
(Boy yeah)

I heard you was on my tail now you yellin', "Nelly, you  
lost 'em"  
Fool, my click is off the hook like O.J.  
Fool, there ain't no way, that we could ever be deep in  
four-play  
Run and ask your lady, smokin', hay, hay, hay

I bust a rhyme and I line all them draws, my sign for all  
a y'all  
Be that L on the top of skyscrapers, my lyrics rape ya  
Tape your mouth like a hostage, you be talkin' garbage  
Makin' my stomach nauseous with that shh that, ah

Tryna' compare your click to mine, you need to hide  
and catch up

You be like Duff know I'm a liar, makin' you fools  
transpire  
To sweatshirts like Champion attire, so why you try-ah  
Lunatic for hire  
(Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha)

And you say St. Louis City, c'mon, uh  
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