

## St. Lunatics "Gimmie What You Got"

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[Ali]

I'm on my way to my show, uh, shirt Polo  
Gortex figaro, jeans Hilfiger though  
Starched up, hit the Amaco  
Bought a Philly, sparked up  
Lunatics'll 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 nah trick, I'm picky now  
I'm spiffy now, smoke sticky now  
Hit the door at the club Yella, Grip and Luv  
Met me with a dub, was it fire playa, what  
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

[Hook-Ali]

Some a y'all been tryin to write rhymes for years  
And we got dibs, irritatin my ears  
Is this the best that you can make?  
But if not, then you got more, I'll wait  
But don't make me wait too long 'cause I'm a move on  
the dance floor  
Where they put somethin smooth on  
Turn up the bass, it's better when it's loud  
'Cause I like to rule the crowd

[Ali]

Like my homie Joe Day, burgandy six-tre  
I'm lookin sporty, you fools know me  
No way, am I goin out like a buster  
Once I'm in last long like a wrestler  
Givin out degrees for that P.H.  
Raised on the N-O-R-T-H side of this biiatch  
?? real soon, uh  
Like soon as you hear it put that blunt out, break and  
leave the room  
Get your own pop, piece to doom (?)  
Bulletproof and pop, my hit gon' balloon

Position is assumed, I'm the Tic, the Tune  
Leavin 'em all like a typhoon, ghetto tycoon  
Cats waste ink, they don't take time to think  
Actin hard like they shit don't stink  
Knowin they stench like the rink  
True color be pink, rinky dink  
Big Lee need a spliff 'cause I'm startin to think, that...

[Hook]

[Nelly]

See I rockin 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 (booyaah!), back on the  
farm  
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-haaay  
I bust a rhyme, and I line all them draws, my sign for all  
a y'all  
Be that F 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 shhh that, ah  
Tryna' compare your click to mine, you need to hide  
and catch up  
?? Duff know I'm a liar, makin you fools transpire  
To sweatshirts like Champion attire, so why you try-ah  
Lunatic for hirrrrrre, haha, I'm startin to think that..

[(Hook) 2x]

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