

St. Lunatics

"Gimmie What You Got (remix)"

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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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