

## Immature F/ Da Boy Wonder, Mr. Mike Nitty "Gimme 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 yellin "grip and love"  
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

(Murphy Lee)

With the scenery of St. Louie, we can't be touched  
M-I-S, show your rifle, we just too much  
We crossed the bridge, you tripped, uh oh, this ain't  
alarm  
Once hear sounds, get down, hope you Lucky like  
Charms  
Lunatics will explode, OK, 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

(Hook)

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)

(Keyuan)

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 ??? Louis was your cousin I wouldn't put you on my  
track  
Get some lyrical jack, you know, 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 gon' 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

(City Spud)

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 any way you want son, uh  
Is he really real with the skill son, uh  
Did he make a mil with the skill son, uh  
Gotta make 'em dance in this here son, yeah

(Hook)

(Nelly)

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 (hahahahaha)

(Hook) 2x

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