

Lewis Gary**"Give it Up"**

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[Threat]

I told you every nigga on my block, won't stop
One time rather send RoboCop
Cause comin down my block is like comin out the
pockets
Damn it's hard to see behind a stocking (mask)
Niggaz get sniped in broad daylight
So imagine what the fuck go on at night well let me tell
you
The holy's, the two-lows and, who knows
The nigga had some sales but now they gone, where
they at?
In the back of my El Camino, my homie Deano
sold 'em to me half price cause he knew me
Then I went straight to the paint and a throw cost a
bank
So who the fuck can I date?
Eeney-meenie-meenie-miney-moe, whatchu' got?
Very next stop - hydraulic shop
I used to have a 211 case but they dropped it
So turn around punk so I can check yo' back pockets

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

{*scratch*} "Tie 'em up" - give it up
"Somebody gots ta.." - give it up

[Threat]

Roll through the hood and say whassup to the homies
Put two hundred on the forties
And hit the switch and let the ass on the six just drag
Showin off my rim no gold knockoff ("oh no!")
Clownin this like side to side, front to back
So you can get with this or get with that
It's ninety-two but if you do bring a crew cause the L.A.
Zoo
is straight puttin niggaz on Q..
They just mad cause they can't get with the
niggaz who be talkin that ol' fly pimp shit
Cause they don't wanna slang, they'd rather smoke
Comin up short, accidentally coppin soap (damn!)
Only the strongest survive the longest

All my G homies put me up on it
So watch cause if you watch it's too big
Hers and his you know what time it is, come out the
pockets

[Chorus]

[Threat]

Gank the rich and give to the poor
And that's for makin momma do the floors
It ain't no way in a fuck y'all can make a butler
out a Westside, hard time hustler (like me)
I'd rather see a grave, than be a slave
On front page on the stage with a twenty gauge
Cause ropes and whips and belts don't help
So you can bail that motherfuckin hay yo'self
For five-twenty-five they must be high
Smokin up three and fo' chickens at once
Servin them thangs like Burger King
So let me show you love on a fat dub
But I didn't know he was a NARC with the police
department
Then again I wouldn't know I never seen the seargeant
sucker, now I'm stuck up like a (?)
And tell my bitch to come get me up out this
motherfucker
Jammed, cause, Uncle Sam
is givin ten years for every damn gram ("Bam!")
You wanna throw away me and throw away the key
And stick me in the dungeon with the criminals, him
and those
deputies, kickin those refugees
I made bail punk so you can have my bunk

"Tie 'em up" (give it up) "and then feed the bitch pork!"
-> Ice Cube

(That's how them motherfuckers did me.
Gave me handcuffs and a ham sandwich.)

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