Gimme What You Got

Black Daniel

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
(Gimme what you got, gimme what you got)
And you say St. Louis City
(Gimme what you got, gimme what you got)
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