

# Give It Up (feat. Berner & P-Lo)

## Sage the Gemini

Money cars clothes freaks  
Bitch I need all that give it up  
Money cars clothes freaks  
Bitch I need all that give it up  
Give it up, give it up  
Bitch I need all that give it up  
Give it up, give it up  
Bitch I need all that give it up Money, cars, clothes, bars, blow  
Bunch of drug money stuffed in my car  
Go, how when I let baby [?]  
All my girls sleep with many many men  
Give me ends  
I'm dice God, 100 pounds  
How I'm so on and I'm underground  
Why these pretty ass bitches give me money now  
Just to come around lay it down yeah 100 round  
I'm talking about cash yeah you know me  
I was shipping OG, OT in '03  
Rollie on my wrist sit on chrome feet  
I'm FedEx Berner I got my own trees  
We ain't love no bopper  
We just stash gram bags of Parada in our locker  
My shoe game proper, they call me big papa  
If I knock her I'ma take her for every single dollar  
Give it up Money cars clothes freaks  
Bitch I need all that give it up  
Money cars clothes freaks  
Bitch I need all that give it up  
Give it up, give it up  
Bitch I need all that give it up  
Give it up, give it up  
Bitch I need all that give it up HBK Gangster, overdrive Jeep Wrangler  
The beat strangler, oh  
Play the car but don't be a [?]  
Niggas hate but they girl don't wanna meet a stranger  
Should of known real niggas  
I don't digiorno I deliever  
She wanna put my watch on that's that [?]  
She exit the car after he enter

Speaking in third person, I'm straight like perm purchase  
 My name big ghost search it  
 New rims no I curbed them  
 Ball harder than Ervin  
 [?] how I'm spending this Durchi  
 Kill em with the oh, carrier of bad news  
 Toxic rap to get rid of the fumes  
 Yo ho I'm a goon, 707  
 Step in the building women thinking that they in heaven Money cars clothes freaks  
 Bitch I need all that give it up  
 Money cars clothes freaks  
 Bitch I need all that give it up  
 Give it up, give it up  
 Bitch I need all that give it up  
 Give it up, give it up  
 Bitch I need all that give it up Young mack I'm what you heard about  
 Your bitch a freak that's the word around  
 Heart Break Gang yeah it's murder now  
 Every show yeah we burn it down  
 Me and Sage go way back  
 Hit him on the head, homie don't play that  
 Baby talking down, but they don't say that  
 I need them double M's I ain't talking about Maybach  
 Uh, I need all that shit  
 She don't even get a text and you call that bitch  
 You a simp mother fucker I can call that shit  
 See my gold chains and she all on dick  
 Uh, aye boy I don't play boy  
 I been around the world I'm still a Bay boy  
 Got your girl on my head like a GameBoy  
 She ain't fucking me for free bet she pay for it Money cars clothes freaks  
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 Bitch I need all that give it up

Songwriters

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