

Give It Up (Dirty Drums In Memphis Mixx)

Public Enemy

Chuck D, Flavor Flav Aight { aight), aight, aight { aight), aight { aight)
I'm aight if you aight {I'm aight)
I be better, get some of that bass
{ word, give it up) aight, yeah(Rinkin' twinkin' body shakin'
Nuff attackin' brain's a rackin'
Clock tockin' Chuck shockin'
Flavor Flav ain't never shavin')(one, two, three four)It's another record, check it, mad methods
To put my brothers and sisters on a deathbed
You know he cheated, took what he wanted but now you blunted
Suckin' up to the devil steppin' down a level
It's who they fear is you
Who protects us from us and you from you
Yes and it counts [fuck the forty ounce]
I sued them bastards, yeah they got bounce
I did em like a demo {threw em out the window)
I took a 98 'cause I never liked a limo
But pump pump pump pu-pump pump it up
A mad rhyme, for mad times, that's what's up
Some ain't gonna change, I got em in a range
I gotta rearrange, so I'm buildin' back your brain
Wreckin' records with funky stuff
Am I loud enough? {yeah) You got ta give it up Give it up, give it up, give it up yo
Give it up, give it up, give it up yo
Give it up, give it up, gotta give it up
Give it up, give it up, gotta give it up
Give it up, give it up, gotta give it up
Give it up, give it up, gotta give it up Yeah
You got ta give it up now Come again with the same old bounce
I'm calling a foul and once again it counts
Mad tense mad tense brothers know
The blunts in the back got the black behind and that's wack
(And once again it's on!)

Hey Jimmy cracked corn cracker singin' "I don't care", it's on
I'm comin' with a rhyme (what?) I'm lettin' go a rhyme (yeah!)

I gotta get a rhyme through the rough and crazy times
Call me a Hannibal lecture, yes I checked her
They don't hear me though, so here I go
I'm sick and tired so Sly'll take ya higher
When I'm takin' his sound to bring you down

Rappers rippin' a lyrical kickin' finger-lickin'
 But to the rhythm I'm givin' but never cotton pickin'
 Like James Brown I'm sayin' it loud
 Am I loud enough? Huh, you got ta give it up(Some ain't gonna change, some ain't gonna change
 Some ain't gonna never ever change
 Some ain't gonna change, some ain't gonna change
 Some ain't gonna never ever change!)Give it up, give it up, give it up yo
 Give it up, give it up, give it up yoAnd when I'm coming, some young dumb and fulla cum
 Some second guessing my lessons about saving young
 Some don't know like Run said so here we go
 Where it is inside, whoop there it is
 {ah) There it is
 [There it is, damn right
 My man X is a bad mother {shut your mouth)
 I'm talking about Terminator, he's the man]
 There it is, can you hit me off with another oneGive it up, give it up, give it up yo
 Give it up, give it up, give it up yo
 Give it up, give it up, gotta give it up
 Give it up, give it up, gotta give it up
 Give it up, give it up, gotta give it up
 Give it up, give it up, gotta give it upI never did represent doing dumb shit
 Some gangsta lying, I'd rather dis Presidents
 Dead or alive, bring em and I'll swing em
 I vocalize, I just rap, I don't sing em
 Flick em, and I fling em, you can go with em
 Hall of Fame for the game for the points I Dave Bing em
 Go Grandmama, close but no cigar
 I got mine, for I'm using my rhyme
 The flow go wherever I want, and that's clever
 Give a piece of my time, to prevent some crime
 And who behind puttin" the guns to the young ones
 The ones that make em is the ones that take em
 Rugged for no reason, down in duck season
 I don't want my mama, on the street wearing armor
 So check ya'self before ya wreck ya'self
 Respect ya'self, hah, you got ta give it upGive it up, give it up, give it up yo
 Give it up, give it up, give it up yo
 Give it up, give it up, gotta give it up
 Give it up, give it up, gotta give it up
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Give it up, give it up, gotta give it up

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Give it up, give it up, give it up yo

Give it up, give it up, gotta give it up

Give it up, give it up, gotta give it up

Give it up, give it up, gotta give it up

Give it up, give it up, gotta give it up

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