

# The Giver

Mick Jenkins

Girl it's nice to meet ya  
I really like yo' style  
Westside mamacita  
The sunshine in yo' smile  
And I just want you to  
Give it to me, give it to me  
Give it to me, give it to me  
Give it to me, give it to me  
Give it to me, give it to me  
Like it was yo' last  
A nigga's skin 'bout as thick as a cast  
Just in case you don't  
But lemme let you know my case in point  
I'm tryna build, I'm not a mason but  
I'm thinkin' blueprints when I face the joint  
She tastin' truth thats what I laced her blunt with  
I let shorty hit like lace fronts  
We evaluate the conscious of one another  
Talks of sisters and brothers  
Dispositions of our mothers  
Saw the world in different colors  
I believe that this path had been chose  
Got no reason to deceive, matter fact a nigga heart is on his sleeve  
Girl it bleed, Im just lettin' you know  
You don't gotta hit the weed just make sure you bring your smile  
And that seed, I got water  
We connect and it grow  
Im just hopin' that you pleased and if you not Im prayin' that you lettin' me know  
It ain't no sense in ever letting you go  
It ain't no sense in ever letting you go  
Girl its nice to meet ya  
I really like yo' style  
Westside mamacita  
The sunshine in yo' smile  
And I just want you to  
Give it to me, give it to me  
Give it to me, give it to me  
Give it to me, give it to me  
Give it to me, give it to meKnow somewhere that we can go

If you down then let me know  
On my way right now  
On my way Know somewhere that we can go  
If you down then let me know  
On my way right now  
On my way  
On my way right now  
Like it was your yo last  
Like you seem about to die  
It was like I saw the future when I looked into your eyes  
And I just want you to  
Give it to me, give it to me, give it to me  
I just want you to  
Give it to me, give it to me, give it to me  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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