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 wayKnow 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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