

Give It to Me (feat. Raheem DeVaughn)

Saigon

Haha, let me in mayne
I'm back for the first time fucker
Cancer, that's the sign sucker
So pucker up and kiss the fist of this lyricist
This, this shit is ridiculous
I'll be the first one to say it
DJ's, damn right they gon' play it
If not then fuck it I'll take it
To the internet, do it myself, they can't say shit
But the club gon' love it
But be careful, the thugs gon' thug it
They'll hit you upside your head
With a whole half-full Hennessy bottle and think nothin of it
Bitch won't fuck me then she's celibate
Brad Pitt couldn't fuck that chick (uh-uh)
Unless she really just a ho and I don't know
If so I'll call up the Bishop Magic (hello?)
He gon' give me couple lines to fuck up her mind
Minutes later I'll be grindin on her from behind
Tell her, "Turn around, quit kiddin with me
Grown ass woman, girl give it to me!"
You ain't gotta be my girl
I don't even know yo' sign, ohhh
I just wanna fiend and we
Will let you rub up on mine, ohhh
There's no need to stop now (give it to me!)
Girl I want you on top now (give it to me!)
So as soon as the beat drop now (give it to me!)
Girl you gotta break me off, uh-huh
What up? What it is my nucca?
I'm back up in this muh'fucker
So knuckle up and kiss the fist of this lyricist
This, this shit is ridiculous!
I'm trill like the homie Bun B
For real, there's only one me
They know that I'll paralyze a phony MC
Am I on some thug shit? Go on and come see
Cause I ain't even gotta say it
His jaw keep jackin I'm gon' break it

I'll stomp him in the head with the Timberlands
Lucky you could trust me, this muh'fucker won't make it
But we ain't come here to start a fight
We came to find dames that'll rock the mic
And I ain't talkin 'bout rhyme but the kind
That'll do it in the whip before I turn out the parkin light
Click totally she was comin just to kick it with me
Soon as she jumped in, I said "Lick it for me"
She said "Only if, only if you will stick it to me"
I said "C'mon, quit playin girl, give it to me!"
You ain't got to act stingy
You should give a nigga them drawers (give me them drawers)
And if you can't be that friendly
Can you at least lick these balls? (Can you lick these balls?)
I brought yo' black ass to Wendy's
You ain't even break me off (chick break me)
Now I hate bein on your top slate
Lil' hooker you can take me off (ha ha!)
Yes, y'all'in, to the light beat and
Hookers on my (Bat-man) like I'm Mike Keaton
It's only right that I spend the night skeetin
In the morn' I'm gone, it was nice meetin (nice meeting you)
You and your coochie hole too
And all I had to say was "You're beautiful boo"
I ain't buy diamonds, no Gucci, no shoe (uh-uh)
Like these other muh'fuckin foolio do (nope)
Look I ain't even a pimp, but pimpin I'm pimpin
Me and the nine inches, divine intervention
So listen, 'less you wanna get fucked up literally
Put your weight down on me girl, give it to me!
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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