

# Gimme!

## KMD

(Check check run it)

(Uunh, put a little more bass in the bassline)Give it here! (5x)(Subroc)

Here we go here we go

Give me a girl if not I'll still pull it

Gimme a tek 9 millemeter full 'em bullets

Gimme like eight quarters for every buck

Gimme three feet I swing to fast and duck

You suck

I give ya gutter balls if you plan strikes

cause I'm the pin hitter, skinner of my likes

You get it all back and a big bunch of PSYCHES

First gimme props and double check 'em like Nikes

I be an old man if ya judge by my thoughts

Gimme none of those I take no shorts, um

If in case ya stop flippin

Gimme now take it back and let ya Waltz Whitman

Gimme guideline and gimme my toast

You pronounce tomato

I pro the nouns tomahto

Yo black that's my cheese don't touch it it's Nachos

I'm a dog every day I taste el gatos

Gimme good eats and don't think to pork it

I gots a plank and I'll make your mother walk it

Don't talk shit New York I stalk it

Gimme reason to shut your mouth my fist'll caulk it

What ya got?

(Subroc)

(Give it here!)

The whole shebang

(Give it here!)

The whole shebang

(Give it here!)

The whole shebang

(Give it here!)(Subroc)

Well welcome me back like my man Cotter

If not, I'll leave ya flat broke with nada

Cause I gotta keep my style flexin' like aerobic

Gimme elbow room I'm crazily close to phobic

Gimme a doo-rag for my hair

I'll give ya a ten foot pole  
Touch it, it's up your rear  
I hear a sequence, gimme so I can tell a tattle-teller  
Now shut your mouth while I speak it accapella  
I'm the yellow maraca medium brown tone  
I do what I feel cause child I'm grown  
Gimme no canola rock oils  
Gimme alot of loot and I still won't straighten my nappy coils  
You won't gimme alot of loot? (What!?)  
I'll give ya alot of lumps  
My fist'll raise ya and give ya razor bumps  
Never did like chumps  
They brought me mad grumps  
With a grudge, I don't budge like tree trunks  
I been a bad ass since I's a child  
Throws me in jail, I got the nail file  
Gimme a roti for my collibre  
Trade it to me, yes you should worry, alot  
What ya got?  
(Subroc)  
(Give it here!)  
The whole shebang  
(Give it here!)  
The whole shebang  
(Give it here!)  
The whole shebang  
(Give it here!)  
The whole shebang(Subroc)  
I'm like a IRS ready to tax someone  
So when you see me comin come and dreadin'  
Hold up a big tight fist for power to blacks  
Gimme a choo choo train for my bad ass tracks  
Gimme a kite or it might be a head I fly  
Gimme a old record and kiss that shit goodbye  
Double or not I want it back  
Chance it black  
If it nice roll the dice...  
Ya got a six, five and a four  
But the rat-a-tatter in my pocket says  
I don't think so  
Give it up (give it here)  
Whatcha got?  
Reach grab ya get elbowed or speed knot  
Gimme a frame I'll put it around you  
So 5-0s and all my folks can hound you

Disrespect my boys will surround you  
Smack you up, black you up, pound you  
Down the drain like they is pain  
Ya can't stand me if ya can't stand the rain  
Hail earthquakes or thunder  
So if I knock ya off don't wonder  
No wonder what ya got(Subroc)  
(Give it here!)  
The whole shebang  
(Give it here!)  
The whole shebang  
(Give it here!)  
The whole shebang  
(Give it here!)  
The whole shebang(Subroc)  
...Yo if you don't know the time by now... yo  
check the clock, yeah yeah check the clock, yeah yeah  
now get on your knees next to my balls and BOX!  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>