

# Give me

## Olav Basoski

I'm a slow typer, a so-so writer  
Been the shit ever since I was an infant in diapers  
And Imma be dope all the way to the end  
From the cradle to the grave, the pampers to the depends  
Get enough love, got enough friends  
But on a regular basis, it's safe to say I got the bends  
And I didn't mean to ignore that vibe you sent  
I guess my mind was probably on my rent  
I got my mind on my tummy and my tummy on my mind  
Some assembly required, let me run it down the line  
The factory is open, time card punched  
Until lunchtime, it's crunch time  
Back to work fool.  
First rule is to keep the verse true, even if it hurts you  
You gotta wear the pain like a stain  
Respect the listener, respect the game  
Because there's more to gain than just some dinner and fame  
Gimme the money, but don't you dare stop there  
Gimme the mic, that's the tool, and I play it cool  
Gimme the life, I seen things that used to be dreams  
Gimme the love, my name's Slug, gimme a pound or a hug  
And I'mma play this game  
I just wanna say all I really want is for you to remember my name  
And Imma run for as long as I'm allowed  
Hope to god I inspire some of yall  
See I'm that cat that used to sit in the back and study  
Looking for some proof that god loves ugly  
Flash forward a decade later in your town  
Somehow a good number of yall got down  
And it's solid, fresh, dope, whatever you wanna call it  
Not bad for an aspiring sociopathic alcoholic  
Aw shit, look at Slug, still rockin the same outfit  
Tryin' to make the belly grow bigger than the wallet  
Hey yo man, how you doin, how you been  
Just makin it cool to rap about love again  
Not the hippie stuff, I'm talkin bout that bitch that gets you nuts  
(Did he say bitch?) Yo I'm sorry, don't tell my baby's mommy  
Speakin of baby,  
There'll be a grateful of albums for my son to page through

Thinkin daddy was a gun  
With a handful of heads that put me up til they had some samples from  
Ant and fake them what the fuck I said

Still goin, still maintainin, still standin in the land of snow and purple  
Rain

And I'm still waitin for my date to kiss me or slap me  
Cause there ain't no way that I can be happy when I'm happy  
Gimme the money, but don't you dare stop there  
Gimme the mic, that's the tool, and I play it cool  
Gimme the life, I've seen things that used to be dreams  
Gimme the love, my name's Slug, gimme a pound or a hug  
And I'mma play this game

I just wanna say all I really want is for you to remember my name  
And Imma run for as long as I'm allowed

Hope to god I inspire some of yall  
I've had the pleasure of speaking with some of you (yeah you)  
Come on now, don't act like you don't know who I'm talkin to  
After that show, when you approached me like you know me

The cd I sold you, the secrets that you told me  
On that world you vision, through the layers of tears  
The ones you choke and keep hidden when the players are near  
I watch you chase it with beers and frustration and fear

Try to figure out why the hell I came here  
Well I don't know either, and I'm not ready to take a breather neither

All I know is I'm still a believer  
So you can beat me up, or you can beat me off  
Pick a side, any side, and let me do my job  
If you've got a lot of love to give, but you don't know who to give it to  
Imma turn out the lights and light this cigarette  
And write a song about you (this one's for you)  
Gimme the money, but don't you dare stop there  
Gimme the mic, that's the tool, and I play it cool  
Gimme the life, I've seen things that used to be dreams  
Gimme the love, my name's Slug, gimme a pound or a hug  
And I'mma play this game

I just wanna say all I really want is for you to remember my name

And Imma run for as long as I'm allowed  
Hope to god I inspire some of yall  
Please god (but don't you dare stop there)  
That's the tool and I play it cool  
I've seen things that used to be dreams  
The name's Slug, girl, gimme a hug

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