

Give It to 'Em (feat. Rick Ross)

Akon

I have no choice but to win, cause I
Absolutely can't lose no way
200 percent I am on my job
Gettin' money ain't nothin' left I can't say Get on your job with me, Get on your job with me
Ready for tomorrow if it ain't too late
Cause when them people come lookin for that money
Tell me man, what you gon' say
(Give It To 'Em) Na na na... Na Na Na...
Na na na... Na Na Na... (Give It To 'Em)
Na na na... Na Na Na...
Na na na... Na Na Na... (Just... Give It To 'Em)
Na na na... Na Na Na...
Na na na... Na Na Na... (Give It To 'Em)
Na na na... Na Na Na...
Na na na... Na Na Na... (Give It To 'Em)
Know they kickin down your door just waving their four-four
Ain't thinking about the law
Only thing on they mind, is a little bit of shine
And a couple stacks stashed up in your top drawers
(So, Give It To 'Em)
And they coming 'round the corner, 5 percent [?]
Chevy creepin' real slow, you know the routine
Don't try to play Magiver
Sawed of shotgun pointin' out the window
(So, Give It To 'Em)
Not to mention them crooked cops
Pull you over when you drop
On the side of the road, take all your word
Pocket all your dough
I ain't goin' thru none of that no more
I have no choice but to win, cause I
Absolutely can't lose no way
200 percent I am on my job
Gettin' money ain't nothin' left to say Get on your job with me, Get on your job with me
Ready for tomorrow if it ain't too late
Cause when them people come lookin for that money
Tell me man, what you gon' say
(Give It To 'Em) Na na na... Na Na Na...
Na na na... Na Na Na... (Give It To 'Em)

Na na na... Na Na Na...
Na na na... Na Na Na... (Just... Give It To 'Em)
Na na na... Na Na Na...
Na na na... Na Na Na... (Give It To 'Em)
Na na na... Na Na Na...
Na na na... Na Na Na... (Give It To 'Em) Shell toed Adidas, all black Lamborghini
Sexy thang ridin' with me, granting wishes like a genie
Ain't no problem gettin' money, certified eight digits
Street... When it come to gettin' paper better... (Give It To 'Em)
Started at poverty now they call us the pentacle
Talkin' Bugatti I blow it all on a vehicle
Millions in real-estate and the work that I administrate
When I smoke in the whip, peel the top just to vehicles
Ain't no palm trees in the ghetto, yeah it's cloudy weather
But we shinin' bright as ever!
I refuse to lose in any game I choose to play
Until I die, I gotta get it in a major way
Akon saved the day... I have no choice but to win, cause I
Absolutely can't lose no way
200 percent I am on my job
Gettin' money ain't nothin' left I can't say Get on your job with me, Get on your job with me
Ready for tomorrow if it ain't too late
Cause when them people come lookin for that money
Tell me man, what you gon' say
(Give It To 'Em) Na na na... Na Na Na...
Na na na... Na Na Na... (Give It To 'Em)
Na na na... Na Na Na...
Na na na... Na Na Na... (Just... Give It To 'Em)
Na na na... Na Na Na...
Na na na... Na Na Na... (Give It To 'Em)
Na na na... Na Na Na...
Na na na... Na Na Na... (Give It To 'Em)
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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