

Pete Rock, Give It To Ya

(feat. Little Brother)

the joy of children laughing, these are the makings

1..2..its like this..Little Brother, Pete Rock, another sure shot, another banger
soul survivor, Part 2for me and you, lets get it.

(chorus)

I wanna rock with you
So get on the floor with me
I wanna give it to ya baby
I wanna rock with you
So get on the floor with me
I wanna give it to ya baby

(verse one)

Master of ceremony
Controlled territory
It's tay, the mad journalist always trying to write a better story
And laying tracks cause it's better for me
Calm but predatory, sun niggaz even when the weathers stormy
My crew is down to do whatever for me
Got my back like scoliosis when I'm handling mine
Find it hard though to manage my time
Between the gaming and rhymes, without severing my family ties
But yo! That's what happens when the world is loving you
Groupies skipping pills with ill plans of fucking you
A high price for fame that is non-refundable
All in the hopes of one day coming out with a double-u
I know it sound crazy right?
Even though it's hard sometimes I still got to stay in the mix
It's Pete Rock on the snair drums and laying the kicks
And on the real I wouldn't trade it for shit
Let's get it up right now, come on

(chorus)

I wanna rock with you
So get on the floor with me
I wanna give it to ya baby
I wanna rock with you
So get on the floor with me
I wanna give it to ya baby
Little brother you controlling it now

(verse two)

I got the magna rocks Still heating up the spot
P.R. and L.B. got that shit for blocks
HIP-HOP when we walk
HIP-HOP when we talk
You can hear it our slang, and see the New York
We bought back 94 when the music was pure
Everybody made jams 93' and before
Hearing Illmatic first on the trip to the store
Lost my mind but I knew it was that we had to work toward
ForwardOn we move now, my life is the roof
Putting the pen to the pad when it's time to spread news
Daily digesting some more wack shit
Mother-fuckers better stick to the script
We need you back Jay
Yall dudes know now we not for play
You want it funky come around my way
(For Real) You can choose to rock or choose to roll
I chose Pete cause he got the soulyea lets get it going ya'll

(chorus)

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(verse three)

King cobra rapper crew
Ill Cap-i-tan, never roll a foot soilder
We push over you pushovers
Lil pussies need to douche over

Mass and Gills, scott hare will make em' gush over
Pussy and poetry two things that's good for ya
We rock hard just like the hood told us
That fake shit I never could show you
We ought to keep it true and authentic

In they videos trying to walk wit it
L.B. put the street talk in it
From right now till the day that we forfeit it

Just making sure that yall get it in time to put my heart in it
Little Brother crushing all gimmicks, like what

(chorus)

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Repeat till end