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)
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 three)
King cobra rapper crew
III 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)
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

Repeat till end