

St. Lunatics, Gimme What You Got

(Ali)

I'm on my way to my show, uh, shirt Polo
Gortex figaro, jeans Hilfiger though
Starched up, hit the Amoco
Bought a Philly, sparked up
Lunatics'll blow the park up
Ooh this herb, got me geekin like a nerd
F what you heard, federal like a bird
You were, actin funny when you first saw me
Now, I'm makin jams have you be like "go Lee"
Hell nah trick, I'm picky now
I'm spiffy now, smoke sticky now
Hit the door at the club yellin "grip and love"
Met me with a dub, was it fire playa, what
Straight to the bar, got a Henny and Coke
Ain't been here five minutes, rats sendin me notes
Could it be the way I get down, the way I throw down
I don't know, but it's one thing I know for sure
And that's...

(hook)

Some of y'all been tryin to write rhymes for years
Till we got theirs
Here a take my ends
Is this the best that you can make?
But if not, and you got more, I'll wait
But don't make me wait too long
Cuz I'm a move on the dance floor
When they put somethin smooth on
Turn up the bass, it's better when its loud
Cuz I like to move the crowd

(Ali)

Like my homie Jo Day
Burgundy six straight
I'm lookin swoll day
You fools know me
No way, am I goin out like a busta
What's I been? last long like a wrestla
Givin out degrees for dat p-h
Raised on the n-o-r-t-h side of this be-aitch
Re-ach real son, huh, like soon as you hear it
Push that bun out?, break and leave the room
Get you own cop, peace of doom?
Bulletproofin' pac, my hit gon baloon
Position is assumed, lunatic platoon
Leavin' em all like a typhoon, ghetto tycoon
Cats waist deep, they don't take how we think
Actin hard like they shit don't stink
Knowin they strange like the rink
True color be pink, rinky dink
Big Lee need a shrink
Cuz I'm startin' to think.....

(Hook)

(Nelly)

In my spare time unwind and grind fools like coffee
Softly is how I speak to them punks who come actin salty
Then Ali, I let this thing go (booyaah!), back on the farm
I heard you was on my tail now you yellin "nelly, you lost 'em"
Fool, my click is off the hook like O.J.
Fool, there ain't no way, that we could ever be deep in four-play
Run and ask your lady

Smokin hay-hay-haaay
I bust a rhyme, and a line off them draws, my sign for all a y'all
Be that F on the top of skyscrapers, my lyrics rape ya
Tape your mouth like a hostage, cuz you be talkin garbage
Makin my stomach nauseous with that shhh, straight up
Tryna' compare your click to mine, you need to hide and catch up
Only that Duff? know I'm a liar, makin you fools transpire
To sweatshirts like Champion attire, so why you try-ah
Lunatic for hirrrrrre (hahahahaha)
I'm startin to think that...

(Hook) 2x)