

## Give Up The Goods

Noyd, Big

Hey yo Queen's get the Money long time no cash  
I'm caught up in the hustle when the guns go blast  
the fool retaliated so I had to think fast  
pull out my heat first he pull out his heat last  
Now who the fuck you think is livin' to this day?  
I'm tryin' to tell these young niggas crime don't pay  
they looked at me and said "Queen's niggas don't play. Do your  
thing  
I'll do mine kid stay outta my way".  
It's type hard tryna survive in New York state  
can't stop till I'm eatin' off a platinum plate  
po po comes around and tries to relocate me  
lock me up for ever but they can't deflate me 'cause  
havin' cash is highly addictive  
especially when you're used to havin' money to live with  
I thought step back look at my life as a whole  
Ain't no love it seems the devil done stole my soul  
I'm out for delfia, selfia, P's not helpin' ya  
I'm tryna get this Lexus up, and plus a cellular  
yo Big Noyd! (What up cuzin'?) I can't cope  
With all these crab niggas tryna shorten my rope.

Yo it's the r - a double p  
e - r, n - o - y - d  
Niggas can't fuck with me  
comin' straight outta QB  
pushin' an Infiniti  
you ask can I rip it constantly? Mentally?  
Definitely, to the death of me  
come and test me  
trust me, nigga couldn't touch me if he snuff me  
so bust me, you're gonna have to, 'cause I'ma blast you  
my lyrical like a miracle, ill spiritual  
I'm born wit' it  
I'm gettin' on wit' it  
an' I'ma have it 'til I'm fuckin' dead and gone wit' it  
'cause I'm a what? Composer of hardcore  
a lyrical destructor  
don't make me buck ya, cause I'm a wild muthaf