

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