

# I Give Up

Brotha Lynch Hung

I Give up (5x)

I give up (5x)

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Yeah a Fuck rap!!!

Til I own my own shit

I rather hide in ya closet

An think about ya kids while they sleepin' the crib

Just to make ya mad I been bad

I'ont know what fuck I been thinkin in my head (damn)

It's like I never stay sober I just drown in it

My nigga I gotta just off I just pound in it pound in it

I really feel like I'm doin this shit for nothin

Make a album in three weeks and it'll a be tight if ya lucky

And I do it fo the fans cause they love strange music

And its really gettin close before I'm throwin up the deuces

I just did a three album trilogy, George lucas

An I only got a lil bit left to pour into it

And then the gas tank is empty wit no station

An I know a full a hand of emcees that won't say it

Money is the root of all evil ya'll keep tryin

Got you lyin to ya self

When ya'll keep lyin

I give up (3x)

I give it up on it all together

I show'em my love they think its tougha than leatha

I show'em my struggle I just show'em my hand

Shits like a puzzle I dont fit in no plans

No I ain't fit no muslim

I try to stick what I can

They threw a nigga overboard

This how I swam

Cause this who I am

A high school dropout, convicted felon

You ever saw ya mom walked out and just keep bailin

In the mean time they sellin me dreams

I put my heart on the line

I ripe it right out my sleeves

Before the heart overwind, just the feelin between

Cause when I'm slope, it don't bother me

I outta be screamin' how theses nightmares come when I'm dreamin'

You think I live on em street the way they got me wakin up bleedin'

And these voices yellin' at me tellin I need to feed'em

When they fuckin me so raw, I should be drownin and seaman

I give up (3x)

See, supeshes in the house but ya'll don't know about that (shit)

You the reason why we go on the road an get so much dap

We the reason the fans understand about our life

See they go though the same ass shit!! they just like us

Damn we gettin love in the game thanks to strange

(oh wee) we like drew breeze niggas saints in the game

But I don't get no losses ain't o and 3

I eat my meat real fresh it ain't molded meat  
I know the season just started, but I'mma bring the heat  
And if this is my last album I won't be surprised  
But if I do a couple more an I don't get the prize  
I never be the motherfucka that'll seem to feat  
I GIVE UP!!!  
I'm sick of this, burnin me like a silphis  
I'm about to disappear niggas call me menso fliks  
A Rob Rebecc I'm done take that to the hood

I give up (3x)