

Give It Up

Felt

I sit in the back of the chamber
away from the strangers, like i'm a big banger
f**k your theories, clearly it's a myriad
of weak characters, the second to last periods
put the asterisk by ya name
with a footnote explainin the shattered glass frame
the gas came, the smile was afflicted
they called it fame, highly addictive

I graduated like a cylinder, my signature
can't be recognized by you miniscule miniatures
consumate con artists, conning all you con-formers
pushin my penmanship, pinnacle per-formance
a peg leg, a prophet through piracy
i still sell, indulge in the irony
and i will be the last man standin
screamin 'land, ho' and sink ya whole damn planet

Give it up, give it here, i want full attention
sharpen up the number-2, time to start the testin
sentences etched into the development
confliction internal, at war with ya skeleton

i got an air-tight alibi, no holes in my story
got some hood homies that can hold that for me
it's new ways to get high, but all of that bore me
don't wanna be strung out on coke when your 40

Let's put it together, or drown separate
do not let? eyes like X's
do not let? facilitate
eyes like X's, tongues like figure-8's
get it together, or bow separate
do not let? eyes like X's
do not let? facilitate
eyes like X's, tongues like figure-8's

Here it is, a big day for the little rhymers
puttin out a new record, all they do is criticize us
all up on the internet, they analyze us, then they doubt us
can't they see these men are riders, all that do is energize us
powered up, you sittin wit that sour cup
cryin over spilled milk, mad cause your hour's up
it's our turn, better luck next time
get yours, til then, respect mine

I'm a product of too many Minnesota winters
go figure, they call me a go-getter
had a fetish for puttin letters together
did it for the adventure, cause we know better, there's no treasure
just sex, drugs, rock 'n' roll, and guns
and a visit to the dentist every 24 months
i never expected peaches or plums
that's why i speak to your face, and keep my hands on your lunch

Boss up, or bow down to big timers
we down low, dodgin all you dick-riders

see me talkin to a chick, you know i'm tryin to take her home
cock-block my convo, i'm crackin yo camera phone

I'm hollerin, cause my tolerance is thin
i'm callin offense moves wit my defense in
gotta watch you fools wit every open eye
don't forget to watch them ones that try to hold you high (you know that's r
iiiiight)