

# Give It To Ya

Pete Rock

The joy of children laughing  
These are the makings

12 it's like this Little Brother, Pete Rock  
Another sure shot, another banger  
'Soul Survivor, Part II' for me and you, let's get it

I wanna rock with you  
So get on the floor with me  
I wanna give it to ya, baby  
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Yo, master of ceremony, controlled territory  
It's Tay, the mad journalist always trying to write a better story  
And laying tracks 'cause it's better for me  
Calm but predatory, sun niggaz even when the weathers stormy

My crew is down to do whatever for me  
Got my back like scoliosis when I'm handling mine  
Find it hard, though to manage my time  
Between the gaming and rhymes, without severing my family ties

But yo, that's what happens when the world is loving you  
Groupies skipping pills with ill plans of f\*\*king you  
A high price for fame that's non-refundable  
All in the hopes of one day coming out with a double U

I know it sound crazy, right?  
Even though it's hard sometimes I still got to stay in the mix  
It's Pete Rock on the snare drums and laying the kicks  
And on the real I wouldn't trade it for shit  
Let's get it up right now, come on

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I got the magna rocks still heating up the spot  
P.R. and L.B. got that shit for blocks  
Hip hop when we walk, hip hop when we talk  
You can hear it our slang and see the New York

We bought back 94 when the music was pure  
Everybody made jams 93' and before  
Hearing 'Illmatic' first on the trip to the store  
Lost my mind but I knew it was  
That we had to work toward forward

On we move now, my life is the roof  
Putting the pen to the pad when it's time to spread news  
Daily digesting some more wack shit  
Mother-f\*\*kers better stick to the script

We need you back Jay

Y'all dudes know now we not for play  
You want it funky, come around my way  
(For Real)  
You can choose to rock or choose to roll  
I chose Pete 'cause he got the soul  
Yeah, let's get it going y'all

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King cobra rapper crew  
Ill Capitan, never roll a foot solider  
We push over, you pushovers  
Lil' pussies need to douche over

Mass and Gills, Scott hare will make em' gush over  
Pussy and poetry, two things that's good for ya  
We rock hard just like the hood told us  
That fake shit I never could show you  
We ought to keep it true and authentic

In they videos trying to walk wit it  
L.B. put the street talk in it  
From right now till the day that we forfeit it  
Just making sure that y'all get it in time to put my heart in it  
Little Brother crushing all gimmicks, like what

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