Give It Up (feat. Berner & P-Lo)

Sage the Gemini

Money cars clothes freaks
Bitch I need all that give it up
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Bitch I need all that give it up
Give it up, give it up
Bitch I need all that give it up
Give it up, give it up
Bitch I need all that give it upMoney cars clothes bars blow
Bunch of drug money stuffed in my car
Go, how when I let baby [?]
All my girls sleep with many many men
Give me ends
I'm dice god, 100 pounds
How I'm so on and I'm underground
Why these pretty ass bitches give me money now
Just to come around lay it down yeah 100 round
I'm talking about cash yeah you know me
I was shipping OG, OT in '03
Rollie on my wrist sit on chrome feet
I'm FedEx Berner I got my own trees
We ain't love no bopper
We just stash gram bags of Parada in our locker
My shoe game proper, they call me big papa
If I knock her I'ma take her for every single dollar
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Bitch I need all that give it upHBK Gangster, overdrive Jeep Wrangler
The beat strangler, oh
Play the car but don't be a [?]
Niggas hate but they girl don't wanna meet a stranger
Should of known real niggas
I don't digiorno I deliever
She wanna put my watch on that's that [?]
She exit the car after he enter
Speaking in third person, I'm straight like perm purchase
My name big go search it

New rims no I curbed them
Ball harder than Ervin
[?] how I'm spending this Durchi
Kill em with the oh, carrier of bad news
Toxic rap to get rid of the fumes
Yo ho I'm a goon, 707
Step in the building women thinking that they in heaven
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Bitch I need all that give it up
Give it up, give it up
Bitch I need all that give it up
Give it up, give it up
Bitch I need all that give it upYoung mack I'm what you heard about
Your bitch a freak that's the word around
Heart Break Gang yeah it's murder now
Every show yeah we burn it down
Me and Sage go way back
Hit him on the head, homie don't play that
Baby talking down, but they don't say that
I need them double M's I ain't talking about Maybach
Uh, I need all that shit
She don't even get a text and you call that bitch
You a simp mother fucker I can call that shit
See my gold chains and she all on dick
Uh, aye boy I don't play boy
I been around the world I'm still a Bay boy
Got your girl on my head like a GameBoy
She ain't fucking me for free bet she pay for itMoney cars clothes freaks
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