

GIVE IT BACK

Tobe Nwigwe

You ready?

Alright

And I'mma state this in my genetics
Shekinah Glory in my esthetics
They say the flow is poetic, prophetic
And come from a relic that ain't synthetic
I got that authenticity
Admittedly, I am what's under Christmas trees
I'm gifted, we rappin', it's serendipity
Who knew I could master complex simplicity?
Hmm, not me though
I thought I'd live a life with a pistol to the peep hole
I grew up jammin' Z-Ro, never been placebo
Papa told me every shot in life ain't a free throw
Biko, biko why we solemnly swear there's none on Earth greater than Chukwu
Teach ya people all them problems we share
Since our birth make us the doo-doo
And as for those as white as tissue
I know some of y'all seekin' to wipe us out
But you could refashion your name
To that of Torrence Ivy Hatch and couldn't wipe me down
That's word to Boosie
Too far along not to merge with goofies
PSA to young thots who trot my way
With the onion, I curve the booty
You'd be truly amazed to know that
I do not judge you for your maneuvers
'Cause I was once an unruly fooly, we ain't acting newbie
They grew it with Hoover
Had the block hot as lava
Block under constant fire
They made flippin' bricks they messiah
They just want to drip like saliva
And who am I to incite that movin'
Like MacGyver to survive all the plights
Against those whose skin tone absorbs the light
Is more so right then to grab a slice of the pie
Yeah, cause truth be told that's the least you owe us
And I ain't here for no tears or cheers
I just need the years stolen by the locusts

So, please give it back
Please give it back
Please give it back
Better that than go tit-for-tat
I said, please give it back
Please give it back
Please give it back
Better that than go tit-for-tat
I said please

Pay us what you owe us
For all the years y'all know that y'all hold us
We bought some stocks
But Game Stop done showed us
The systems sick as tuberculosis

But we all know this
Who is we kiddin'?
The book of life says that it is written
"The US Government perfected pimpin'"
The school of hard knocks gave us admission
And since we graduated
All them palpitations in our chest that aggravate us is
The reason why I make these songs
I'm done