

# God Given

Zac Brown Band

Gucci bag, stacks on stacks  
Diamonds fill up the champagne glass  
Veyron whip, G5 high  
You have class that they just can't buy

Now let's start at the bottom  
Strong, comin' in twos  
Suspender legs stretch to heaven  
From the miracle shoes  
Amazin', playin' to win with the way that you walk  
Aw, stone-cold woman, glidin' through like a boss  
Let's go (Shit)

To the middle, it's the way your hips ride the little dimples  
It's the small of your back, it's a fantasy land  
Damn, gotta understand you make me feel like a man

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'Cause, damn, girl, what you got is God-given  
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I don't know if you notice that you're as fine as you are  
I don't understand how you keep raisin' the bar  
You know everybody wants to know who you are  
I can't, I can't wait to get into my car

(Ah woo ooh)  
They think that they hot  
But they want what you got, baby, yeah  
(Ah woo ooh)  
They think that they hot  
But they not  
When you're comin' out

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What you got (What you got)  
What you got is God-given  
Tell me, what you got (What you got)  
What you got is God-given

(Ah woo ooh)  
They think that they hot  
But they not  
(Ha)  
When you're comin' out

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