

She Got It

2 Pistols

I know she got it ?cause she lookin? at me like she want it
She drop it low, make me wanna throw some d's on it
Whatever it is you can't stop it, ?cause she get low
When she on that pole, and that lets me know

She got it, she got it
She got it, she got it
She got it, she got it
She got it

She got it, she got it
She got it, whoa
She got it, shawty
She got it

Excuse me a while, let me talk to ya for a second
Lil mama so fine she got the whole squad sweatin'
Damn, how you fit all that in dem jeans?
Was the question that I asked followed by let me buy you a drink
Young boss baby I treat cha' treat cha' to the finer things
Neck bling, wrist bling, wedding ring, nah I'm playin'

Might like to neck your wrist
But cha gotta ride nice dick and uh
Take trips with the bricks
She got it, she got it
(She got it)

That's what Pain said
Them other niggas lame man, lil mamma I got the game plan
2 pistols, me and you boss I make it happen while they talk
Ridin? 6's while they walk

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Damn she bad, damn she thick, yes indeed
Five foot five, hazel eyes, redbone, you da shit
Make a nigga wanna stop and stare, I just wanna pull your hair
Freaky shit, kinky shit, but we don't need to take it there

I'm a young boss girl, let me upgrade ya
He's a worker, I get work out, what you 'bout girl
Trips to Venice, what's the bid'ness
Bet this, Swiss your digits, and the rest is history

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I could see my superwoman, nobody can't do it like she can
And she got it, I'm tellin? you like nobody yeah
And I love the way she talk them lames out they dreams
Bestest thing in fresh Louis with the matching jeans

And I love the tatted down baby, I'm your fit
Can I be yo' appetizer, yo just her and me
Oh, she's on tonight, the baddest in the club
I grab that ass when she give me a hug ?cause

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