

## Got Those

22Gz

Shit, I remember when I was a lil' nigga  
Went out shoppin' n' shit  
Now I walk in the store and buy what' the fuck I want

Gucci my shit like I'm flexin' (Bands, Bands, Bands)  
You know that I got those  
Got those

I used to see shit I wanted but now I can cop' those  
Cop' those (Racks, Racks, Racks, Racks)  
20's and 50's and 100's, You know that I got those  
(Blixky, Da Blixky, Da Blixky)  
Got those'

I'm in the foreign, I'm speedin', I'm swervin' em' potholes  
Potholes (Skrirt, Skrirt, Skrirt, Skrirt)  
Most of these bitches be trickin', my nigga they not yours  
Not yours

Pull up, extended clips hittin', we clippin' his top off  
Top off (Boom, Boom, Boom)  
Gucci my shit like I'm flexin'  
You know that I got those  
Got those

I used to see shit I wanted but now I can cop' those (Bands, Bands)

50's and 100's, Amiri, Versace, Might cop it, I want it (Bands, Bands)  
The cheese ain't a problem (Racks, Racks)  
Bands when I walk in, It's free, and its flyin'  
It's for my AP's, In the streets we be talk' (AP)  
Shirts with the Jeans, and the feets a few thousand  
My belts and my scarf, it be Gucci designer (Racks, Racks, Racks, Racks)  
Got my bands up, and my fans up (Yeah)  
Fuck it, shoot a nigga onna' camera (Boom, Boom, Boom)  
Hit his mans' up, that's an M1 (Grirt, Bah)  
Skrirtin in the Bentley or the Phantom, (Skrirt, Skrirt)  
Pick your pants up (Uhuh)  
She a dancer' (What?)

Lil' bitch wanna fuck, just call me handsome (Handsome)  
Bitch this the General Blixky just call me El Chapo'  
(Blixky, Da Blixky, Da Blixky)  
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Took it straight from the bottom (From the bottom)  
Had to face all my problems (All my problems)  
I came up when they doubted  
Keep that fake shit from 'round me  
Saw my bands, gon' keep pilin'  
Catch him walkin', we firin'  
They don't talk they ain't bout' it (Bah, Bah, Bah)  
Just came home and I'm shinin' (Racks, Racks, Racks, Racks)

Yeah, I got those  
Had to cop' those (Grrt, Bah)  
Bitch we gettin' cheddar, hella' Guapo (Bands, Bands, Bands)  
Well it's not your's, better dodge those (Grrt, Bah)  
Swervin in the Bentley from the potholes (Skrrt, Skrrt)  
Yeah, I got those  
Had to cop' those  
Bitch we gettin' cheddar, hella' Guapo (Bands, Bands, Bands)  
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