

# Got It

Billy Marchiafava

Yeah  
(Bling!)  
Pow pow pow  
Yeah I got it  
Ayy, ooh, yeah

Yeah I got it  
Everything she own, bitch I bought it  
All designer clothes with the hoes, yeah I got it  
Driving real fast in that car, supersonic  
Y'all cannot compete, Billy flex like I'm Hogan  
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Billy got the sauce, got the juice, got the drip  
Wh-wh-who the fuck you know, makin' hits like this  
Ru-ru-run up in that party and I run off with your bitch  
Y'-y'-y'all be smoking juuls, billy smokin' on spliff's  
We got new money, just came through the door  
That bitch she dirty, got coke on her nose  
Flexing forever just look at my clothes  
I do not work, I'm no regular Joe  
This that new shit they gon' play in the club  
Me and team we be catchin' them dubs  
Flex on unlimited, bitch you a scrub  
Never stop workin' I'm up till the sun  
I got the money so I had to make it flip  
You talkin' funny we gon' bust up yo lip  
I'm makin' memes while I'm fucking yo bitch  
Talk is cheap, you ain't gonna do shit

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If you not the hitta' you da motherfuckin' lick  
Katie hit you somewhere by your lip, make you do a flip  
Pull when the dust clear, yo bitch look like "Who is this?"  
Got the metal by my hip  
Like a Beyblade let it rip  
In this bitch we making bands, hoe  
You don't make no sense  
How you always rap cappin', but don't ever make no hits  
With a ratchet thick bitch, she gon' fuck me with her tits  
You'd be lying if you said that you know what the fuck it is  
All these plays in motion, time to step up out the water mane  
Burnin' through this paper like it's motherfuckin' water gate  
Pull up with them Call of Duty guns, you know it's not a game  
All my 'migos let them singo when it's time to andele