

# I Got You

King Los

There's something about  
The way you do what you do  
You know

Her lipstick and her coupe is red  
She get stupid bread  
Bands a make her dance, least that's what Juicy said  
She say these niggas suck, and all these bitches fake  
But it's your birthday boy, long as I get this cake  
Well I only have plans to drop them dollars then I'm out  
Cause she know I keep them bands like a college in the south  
Man she lay back, so chill, long hair, gold grill  
I got the old school, it got gold wheels  
You bust a dope move and then we go chill  
Like hop in the whip, no toupee on  
We can make a movie, no blu-ray on  
Bitch Bad, no Lupe songs  
And I'm a try to fix whatever you say wrong  
Like these niggas try to hold me back  
These bitches try to hold me back  
Since when is that how the homies act  
If your real you gotta show me that

All that shit she come from it, glad she end up dumb from it  
See the money really gotta bitch numb from it  
Nowadays nobody keep it one hunnit  
Just do your thang, make your dough  
Hit the stage, take the show  
Keep ya space, from basic hoes  
Shorty if you ever need a place to go  
I got you

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She the type of girl that's hated by her neighbors on the low  
Said this whole world just so cold that she feels safer on the pole  
She fuck with niggas that ain't shit, but that ain't it, so she like girls  
But these hatin', fakin' bitches make her so sick she might hurl  
She said, "They pretend to like me, they don't truly know me  
Bands a make her dance, just like Juicy told me"  
If you got that bag, she gon' drop that back  
(If you got that bag, she gon' drop that back)  
If you drop that stash, she gon' pop that cat  
On the mother fuckin handstand, get it bitch  
Don't stop, clock bread  
Pop that, like French said  
Tell basic bitches, drop dead  
In your presence  
Speaking of presence, this gift that I got in my hand  
Go up in the air, you bustin' it open, I'm droppin' them bands, bands, bands

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