

# You Got Em

Lil Durk

T99, □□□□□□□□□□  
Hol' up, hol' up

Marni bucket with the jacket to match  
Askin' bitches "Where the chemistry at?"  
C.O. trippin' when they're visitin' max  
Takin' guns, we ain't givin' it back  
You ain't fuckin', no, return the gift back  
I done told bitches, this ain't a finesse  
Bro, you a killer, then say it with your chest  
Bro get to clutchin', he trippin' off X  
Bitch, you ain't nothin', ain't trippin' for sex  
I was so deep and I came on her chest  
Back-to-back sex, you know honey the best  
I can not ever wear Carti's again  
Count up a million, my hands was swol'  
Why you so cocky? Your friends is hoes  
You got a Porsche, we ain't playin' with those  
Bitch, I'm the reason the trenches home  
Shoot me a text, ain't answer the phone  
The two-hundred minutes ain't lastin' long  
Hop in a group with the trenches phone  
I'm tryna see what the trenches on  
Got him a car again  
I told him to spin and spin and spin again  
That was an accident  
You need your lash esthetician bitch to get in  
I done move fast again  
I done brought the car all cash, I need tints  
He hit the percolator for the Percocets  
These niggas ain't my friends

Hold up, them drugs, you got 'em  
Hold up, them drugs, hold up  
Like, hold up, them drugs, you got 'em  
Hold up, them drugs, you got 'em  
Hold up, them drugs, you got 'em  
Hold up, them drugs, hold up  
Hold up, them drugs, you got 'em (Yeah)  
Hold up, them drugs, you got 'em (Yeah)

He off a muscle, relaxin'  
He know the customers got 'em, serve him, whoa  
He like a certain reaction  
Why he be takin' them capsules? I'm like "whoa"  
I get a certain reaction  
I'm keepin' the murderers happy, I'm like "whoa"  
She know her ass is fatter  
She know how that surgery got her, I'm like "whoa"  
Pussy stinkin', she tryna blame her PH balance, I'm like "No"  
Two things ain't ever seen is one main hoppin' hoes, one go  
I'm a dog, gotta shake the paw, I'll fuck your friend, she won't know  
Why you be tellin' the business? But since you gon' tell, just tell 'em you  
be off the coke  
Plan B, she be eatin' pills, I done tricked her to takin', ain't fuckin' no  
more  
Brodie cup got lean still, if I take a pill, I'm drivin' the boat

I was never into abusin' women, when I fuck from the back, I be grabbin' her  
throat  
Never believe what the blogs be talkin' about, you know we ain't duckin' the  
smoke  
Brodie a gremlin, he popped him a fake Percocet, his face hurt  
I'm in Miami, you think I'm the fake Durk, get hit in your face first  
I mix the purple and yellow together, I feel way better, a Laker  
I can't chase her, nah, I can't chase her

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