

# You Got It

Soulja Slim

If I really really want it  
Then I'ma get it  
Cause you got it  
I want it  
You got it  
Let me get it out so nigga you drop it  
I can't stop it  
There's not stoppin me  
The fuckin war keeps fuckin with my mind is shit

So dig deep into the mind of that wild magnolia  
It's Jack Hoise once again  
in the non-streaked floors  
Puttin miles on this bitch from here to Texas  
Check it  
Down South Hittin Hustlers nigga, Respect it  
Fuck takin your Lexus  
I'll burn that bitch up  
Then go get couple of Gs from you  
Then go bother the Truck  
Nigga what the Fuck  
This Shit be real  
Like the front of my grill  
Nuthin false fake niggas getting tossed like sam  
Who fronted me with a couple of grams of that smack  
Now whatdoya know I didn't even have a quarter jack  
Two weeks a nigga came back  
I seen him 'fore he seen me  
Hunt him down with that infared beam See  
I been made a plan  
Dogs seen a many snappin  
Duck in a long driveway with a rock when I'm ready to hold 'em for ransom  
I'm gonna get mine, just like they're gonna get theirs  
I got grounds of shit  
I want it  
But u got it Bitch

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If you a rhymer you can catch me  
On the six in a circle  
Ain't got of a nigga that'll be down and Fuckin twerkya  
Hurt yo ass with these hot bullets that I call Black Townie  
Or I might play that game rollin and make that 500 townies  
If you got it, then I want it thats the name of my game  
It ain't lame  
Ask Somebody and they'll tell you the same  
Fuck that checkin a nigga foundin blood  
Then Nigga come check me

If u don't get killed  
You gonna get Stomped  
You gonna respect me  
I'm the jolly green giant with the weed resin in my mouth  
Camoflauge down when I say green  
With an assult rife machine  
Still got the papers on that  
Bought it for 10 Zacks  
And smack  
Got the Papers on my Mack  
Better watch out  
Our bullets ain't got no name  
And you might get yo wigs bitch  
And the box and the soaps standin cause I don't give a shit  
So design between my eyebrows  
So you know I'm Bout Drama  
Cause I've been like that since i was younger  
So you can go and ask momma (ask me)  
Nuthin like Jeffery Domner  
My bullets be eatin Human flesh  
If you Got it  
Then I want it  
Now get this shit off my chest

If I really really want it  
Then I'ma get it  
Cause you got it  
(Starts overlapping on the 2nd line of 1st said)  
I want it  
You got it  
Let me get it out so nigga you drop it  
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Who's that all up in my Business  
Tryin 2 get my riches  
Jealous Bitches  
Watch me cock this big dick  
POW nobody now chow  
Now u can play if you wanna  
But I warn you if I wantcha nigga  
Pick a pearl, Hallway hit ya  
With the head a whole block  
Ducking tight for artillery  
Now where ya gon' live  
When you come across that ride  
And she gon' be that same old smiling way  
misbehavin waitin  
For that nigga who think he gonna snatch that Momma  
There ain't no damn fucking way that he don't want that drama  
Now bring yo own click  
And even bring the equip  
And we gonna pile up on that ass like a slave ship  
Cause I got it  
And you want it  
But I'm a ball-hog bitch so I'ma flaunt it  
So run up on it  
And get yo dome split  
Cause I ain't leavin much fakin for that chrome bitch  
Cause ain't nobody gonna take what I work for  
What my pussy twerked for  
Gimme high blunts Slim

Them niggas got a hell of a nerve  
Wantin mine til I take yours

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You got it  
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