

Still Got It

Usher

Talk about she looking for the check
Talk about she looking for the check, check, check
Talk about she looking for the check, check, check

I still got it, I still got it, I still got it (You know I still got it)
All that trickin' off, nigga I could pull without it (I'm trickin' with bitches)
I still got it, I still got it, I still got it (You know I still got it)
I'mma vet in this thing, I'mma let ya'll young niggas have it
(Young nigga, young nigga, young nigga)

I could pull that bitch if I wanna (I don't want her)
I could have that car if I wanna (I don't want it)
All your diamonds flawed, I don't want 'em (You're diamonds fugazi)
VIP is full with bad bitches (Gone)
Come here, come here baby (Come here)
Come and take a shot with me (Come take a shot)
You can have whatever you want (You could have whatever)
Keep them bottles coming on me (Bottles on me)
Fuck whatever they think (Fuck with me)
All that talkin' don't phase me (Fuck with a nigga)
Anything I want, I can have it (Ah)
Other niggas can't compete (Hey!)

So you think I fell off?
What you talking about nigga? I'm too raw
And my city with me
So I really ain't worried 'bout nothing

At the party at my crib, you already know it (Y'all already know it)
Ain't one person do it this big, you don't know 'em (You don't know shit)
So many girls in my bed and they all waitin' on it (Waitin')
Talkin' 'bout whatcha got, show me something (Hey!)
Come here, come here baby, I put all your focus on me (All on me)
My crib's so god damn big, we can play a little hide and go seek (Hundred thousand square feet)
Name anything you want, it's all on me (Balenciaga)
Once I'm done with ya body, you ain't ever gon' leave (Never ever ever gon' leave)

Young nigga, young nigga, young nigga
You know I just got it, I love it, I can't live without it
Your momma told me her name was Master P
Got to know she bout it, bout it
(If Usher still got it, I got it
You get it, might pull up, we flexin' in Bentleys)
You get it? Two women they kissin'
Usher start trickin' off, let a young nigga pay the tip

Young rich nigga, I am authentic
Versace, Givenchy, red bottoms forensics
Usher my brother, we got different mothers
But blood can't bring a nigga no closer
My nigga [?] my drop [?] I'm trickin' but it ain't October

She got a [?] on her back like Boosie
So I had to pull her over