

God Given

Zac Brown Band

Gucci bag, stacks on stacks
Diamonds fill up the champagne glass
Veyron whip, G5 high
You have class that they just can't buy

Now let's start at the bottom
Strong, comin' in twos
Suspender legs stretch to heaven
From the miracle shoes
Amazin', playin' to win with the way that you walk
Aw, stone-cold woman, glidin' through like a boss
Let's go (Shit)

To the middle, it's the way your hips ride the little dimples
It's the small of your back, it's a fantasy land
Damn, gotta understand you make me feel like a man

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'Cause, damn, girl, what you got is God-given
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I don't know if you notice that you're as fine as you are
I don't understand how you keep raisin' the bar
You know everybody wants to know who you are
I can't, I can't wait to get into my car

(Ah woo ooh)
They think that they hot
But they want what you got, baby, yeah
(Ah woo ooh)
They think that they hot
But they not
When you're comin' out

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What you got (What you got)
What you got is God-given
Tell me, what you got (What you got)
What you got is God-given

(Ah woo ooh)
They think that they hot
But they not
(Ha)
When you're comin' out

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