What I Got

M.i.a.

I was bored
I need a new drug
Everybody bitin' shit
Gettin' fucked up
M.I.A. rollin' wit Blaqstarr
Anyone talking shit
I'm gonna blow 'em all up
Who's mad?
Who's crazy?
Who's fucked up?
It's about time I rack 'em all up
More fire, more power
More wound up
I'm the queen of this shit
Don't bother steppin' up
Dance, dammit, dance
I rule
Dance, dammit, dance
I rule
What I got
You can't get from ya mama
What I got
You can't get from ya ho
I got alien aphrodisiacs
I found visiting planets of the zodiac
Got a six pack so you don't get side track
I'll be in Baltimore tonight on the Amtrak
Got a Mac with PCP for ya lap
Same effects as LSD and smack
Boom, boom, I'm bringin' you the new crack
Like a club track made from Iraq
What I got
You can't get from ya mama
What I got
You can't get from ya ho
Get to you in high tech pro tool
Woop, woop, chop, screw in hotels
Club cars in the street front of people
At home we can play some scruples

But tonite I'll wait 'til the nightfall
Like a ninja glide over waterfalls
Get to you to give you a lil' rock and roll
Tap, tap that bed to the wall
Tap, tap that bed to the wall

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