I Got That

Chyna Whyte

[Webbie Talking]Boosie I swear to God Ima hurt one of these lil bitch azz niggaz in here
Trill Entertainment Young Savage nigga im Webbie ya heard me look
[Verse 1:]I fuck a bitch till she real tired
and i aint fuckin wit her less she real fine i gotta lot money i aint gotta lie play me on dat funny style nigga gotta die why u spit dat nut out bitch apologize its real deal pimp shit bitch recognize bitch say get her some shoes then i reply all u get is a big dick dat circumsized boosie dat 745 hurt they eyez u got dat LI so ima get dat other kind a mothafuckin straight gangsta dat who is i get outta line ima stank ya dont even try murda murda kill kill all in my eyez me i take dat beef shit and tenderize it i got them fuckin skeletons all in my closet and it no class experiment some missing bodies bitch
[Chorus]U want beef (I got dat)
Dope (I got dat)
hoes (I got dat)
Dro (I got dat)
Money (I got dat)
Cars (I got dat)
Pistol (I got dat)
Niggaz (Get shot at)
[Verse 2:]I know u heard to me that beef aint nothin but a word ya heard i creep and serve bullets they swerve and
calm ya nerves fuck u nigga i aint throwin no slurs all i know is streets and birds broads and cars and

malls big splurgin i used to steal wallets and purses now i feel wallets and purses all the real niggaz while off my verses boot up retarded and send boys to hurses dont get me started cause boy i might hurt ya drunk as a alcoholic ill woop ya ass purple slap ya and kick ya and treat you like urkle swang thru and bang u no i dont think u heard me ku klux klan hang u then light u and burn u young savage what u wan do nigga
[Chorus]U wan beef (I got dat)
Dope (I got dat)
Hoes (I got dat)
Dro (I got dat)
Money (I got dat)
Cars (I got dat)
Pistol (I got dat)
Niggaz (Get shot at)
[Verse 3:][Boosie] We come threw we stomp u, u owe us we chomp u we soldiers who want to knock a fuckin dome loose ima
always be a savage ima always tote dat plastic ima always be smart so boosie always gon wear masks im gon always hit dat classic gon hold BR down with a whip so sick dat make u boys turn around now we burnin off da ground the sickest in the town boosie and webbie got dat crown u other niggaz bow down to the feet of some youngsta who dont sleep we body bag niggaz and we toe tag da feet we fuckin in da back seat we aint

playin
wit no rookie we take dat money and we gon throw a party on dat pussy my life style is too cold my niggaz we run threw hoes pass'em down like newports and rockin dem like new bauds got syrup by the case loads we leanin like dem Texas boys and we dont karo dat shit we aint tryna stretch it boy and if u know me u know me from gettin loaded u know me from lookin sported u know me from pistol toatin u know me from candy
coatin my cars rollin wit superstars bondin my niggaz out when they stretchin behind bars (thug life webbie)

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