

I Gotta Lotta (feat. Sonny Black)

Naughty By Nature

Intro (Method Man sample)

I gotta lotta, I gotta gottaVerse 1 -I gotta chip on my shoulder that Bill Gates ain't make.

Gotta connect up in Harlem

Gotta great weight rate

Gotta hotta enchilada

Gotta hot tre 8

Heavy rocks in my rings that a quake can't shake

Or she can freak

You a freak let's fuck

Keep a freak for a week

Fuck a stunt for a month

Gotta brand hot damn and a great rapper flow

Gotta actual factual international after glow

Tools for ya fools trying to fix some ish

Got talent more gifted than a Christmas list

Got dibs on many things, so I ride east west

Gotta list who's best so I stress why guess

Gotta lotta hot material real on the set

Got ass in first class bust some head on the jet

Got an album, we wildin', so we ride don't rest

Got kids, a gang of niggaz I call a Tribe Called TreachChorus:Treach

I got Henney, I got sizzurp

I got dinner, I got dessertSonny Black

I got goons in the hood with cases

Cone head hoodies and they rocks grew facesTreach

I got this side, I got that side

I gotta a big bag baby full of bitch better act rightSonny Black

I got wolves on deck all about they hood

Bangin' out and they ain't neva been about they hoodVerse 2 -I gotta way of findin' niggaz, so these assholes
hide

Gotta brigade sun to shade so my brass shows pride

Got Jimmy more for demmy that'll smash your bride

Half-truths will lodge your ass or lose a whole half side

Gotta...shit on these fools, so I crap for a hobby

Make you O'neil (kneel) for real stack my shack (Shaq) with the shotties

Got vultures freaks for me, they can slobby the knobby

You ain't fuckin' get the truck and meet and greet in the lobby

Got classics, whole lotta doe from the past yo

A hot gun on the run, need your basement to crash hoe

Recession, still rappin' but I'm jackin' for cash flow
Wanna waste time then go outside and watch some grass grow
Got spears for your fears, but I ain't Britney
Gotta name in this game cause my aim game's pretty
Gotta squad, word to God cause it's rough in the city
Smooth as silk, I got milk if you a gotta couple of titties.Chorus:Treach
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Bangin' out and they ain't neva been about they hoodVerse 3 -I gotta ditch the bitch call the gravel hail
Stitch the snitch tell her to sails or wail on the tattle tale
Tuck your tail when the battle fails
Keep a bitch with a fatter tail
There's beef when the cattle yells
I'm the shit like into John Lennon
Spit venom, my women and my denim are gremlin
Gotta family full of fugitives
Gotta shoot my way from a felony know what the future is
That's the moral of the story horror for ya
Like Kalashnikov southside of Tora Bora
Wanna score da border
Gotta gracious gorgeous
Many semi auto
Sweep your timbs and torso
Gotta bitch with the Porsche though
Got it twisted and braided, if not then keep the horse fro
Don't fuss, take your bitch back
Imma show if you walk over tough you gonna limp back.Chorus:Treach
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