

I Got This (feat. Lore'l)

Red Cafe

Verse 1 - Red Cafe

Hah?

I got a bad habit

every night I gotta touch another bad chick

but I ain't selfish

i pass it

I'm the top gun

I'm Maverick

sip champagne out the World Cup

clique in front of the club, I'm feelin'a swerve up

I'm feelin'a ball out

I brought my dogs out

what u drinkin' on mama we bought it all out

yeah!

now it's on

I'm in the zone

I got my kush barked up I'm gettin blown

That redberry got me sauced up

dem other niggas spendin shorts tell 'em boss up

come fly wit me

I'm livin in the sky

I got it wraped up

a ribbon in the sky

and Ciara if you really wan' ride

then you should saddle up and we can fuckin go live

Chorus - Red Cafe

e'ry day I win (win)

I can never lose (lose)

I just do it how the muh fuckin best do

i got this (i got this)

i got this (i got this)

believe dat

what else? (x2)

Verse 2 - Lore'l

I finish in the lead

fuck'em make em leave (yeah)

trophy wife ??? in the lead

a dog in Dior

inportin my decor

get off on important calls ??????

more men and money

is all a bitch fathom
unless he on the Forbes list I ain't lookin at him
tounge kiss the madam (mwa)
curtsy and crumpets
toot your horn (that's right)
I can blow a trumpet
my Louis arm strong I got a lotta bag
I jump in the coupe bent (vroom)
hit the gas
shit on I get on and make 'em kiss my ass
tongue out pantyleess
feel the drag
Cam Newton
play 'em then I pass
catch me on a hill
Laurie Conrad (yeah)
??? skybox know folks in high places
with Trey Songz makin' love to his faces (uh)Chorus - Red Cafe
e'ry day I win (win)
I can never lose (lose)
I just do it how the muh fuckin best do
i got this (i got this)
i got this (i got this)
believe dat
what else? (x2)Verse 3 - Corey Gunz
young money
tih! dese niggas lame Red (yeah)
dey needa quit da bullshit the game dead
Corey Gunz er'ry were dey hear my name said (right)
niggas change. don't blame me
blame bread (yup)
I said
there's somethin fishy 'bout deze greens Red (huh?)
you keep comin home from servin the same feds (woah!)
nah
I'm iight on dat (look)
you pop a rat dey givin you double life for dat
i got dat Tech Uzi revolvin rilfled rat-
young money militia nigga get with it or get left
I'm on a flight ?pissy? (huh?)
like my buildin steps (yeah)
I burn it down my album come with a weldin set-
trip and get your whip melted
pussy playa get wet
yet

i could say a line bout my wrist but pardon my french i need a whole rhyme for my shit
try an' time out my shit target I hit
I'm starvin'a spit
Chorus - Red Cafe
e'ry day I win (win)
I can never lose (lose)
I just do it how the muh fuckin best do
i got this (i got this)
i got this (i got this)
believe dat
what else? (x2)

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