

# I Got What You On

## Blackstreet

Yo, yo  
Ho, ho  
No, no  
You  
Yo, yo  
Yo, be, be  
Me, me  
See, see

Can't let go 'cause I got what you on, girl  
Baby, I'm hearing too much in the street  
Things that are supposed to be  
Kept between just you and me, baby  
Honey, I'm sick and tired of all of this  
I think it's time I handled it  
Trippin', flippin', get down with, baby  
I got you a drop-top Benz with the Buggy eye  
Thought it was enough to keep it quiet  
I guess I was wrong 'cause you out tonight  
Flossin' with your girlfriends  
Kima, Pam and what's-her-name  
Girlfriends, they don't play the same  
You don't know I got what you on, girl  
Yo, yo)

I never really thought you was a (Hoe, hoe)  
That's not really the way I (Go, go)  
Why you wanna play with my (Dough, dough)  
Yo, yo, go  
(Yo, be, be)

Why you wanna be with (Me, me)  
Girl, why can't you (See, see)  
I can't let go 'cause I got what you on, girl  
Say that something's missin'  
Tell me what you missin'  
Say you need to flex and that's alright  
But tell me where you was last night  
Thinkin' with too much time on your hands  
You surely meet the trouble  
Or is this the way you spread that, oh girl  
Is it like that?

Your actions too completely laxed and  
I'm kickin' out the money when you want it, babe  
You steppin' out again with your hair so right  
Skirt so high then ya cried  
You're out here runnin' like a dope fiend  
Girl, why can't you just see?  
You don't need to go  
'Cause I've got what you on, girl  
Yo, yo)  
I never really thought you was a (Hoe, hoe)  
That's not really the way I (Go, go)  
Why you wanna play with my (Dough, dough)  
Yo, yo, go  
(Yo, be, be)  
Why you wanna be with (Me, me)  
Girl, why can't you (See, see)  
I can't let go 'cause I got what you on, girl  
I keep you properly styled in the latest shit  
Pradda, crocodile or gator's shit  
Eyes poppin' out the Benz, you know the latest whip  
Takin' you and your girlfriends shoppin' that player shit  
Keep a pocket full of dough, safe full of stacks  
Got a big fuckin' crib with a lake in the back  
And that's yours to the wig, wait, lemme take that back  
Get outta line, and I'm takin' it back  
I just copped a six, you don't gotta car hop  
I got a cellar full of Cris', you don't gotta bar hop  
I got an indoor pool with a divin' board  
My crib look like somethin' out The Rye Report  
Laced you, twenty carats, ten in each ear  
I can take you places you ain't been, nowhere  
It could be gone tomorrow, but it's here today  
'Cause I can play cowboy and take it all away, OK?  
I can't believe my eyes that you're a (Hoe, hoe)  
It's not really the way that I (Go, go)  
Why you wanna play with my (Dough, dough)  
Yo, yo, yo  
Yo, be, be  
Why you can't be with (Me, me)  
Tell me why can't you (See, see)  
I can't let go 'cause I got what you on, girl  
Yeah, take it out (Hoe, hoe)  
It's not the way I love you, baby (No, no you)  
Why you take my (Dough, dough)  
Yo, yo, yo

Yo, be, be  
Why can't you be with me, me  
Well, baby, can't you see, see  
Can't let go 'cause I got what you on, girl  
We out

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