

# I Got

## Mack Maine

Three 6 Mafia

Put your money where your mouth is boy

If you really wanna do somethin?

Get the fuck up

Bitch, I got money, I got clothes

I got whips, hold up, I got hoes

I got money, I got clothes

I got whips, hold up, I got hoes

Bitch, I got money, I got clothes

I got whips, hold up, I got hoes

I got money, I got clothes

I got whips, hold up, I got hoes

I'm ridin? tall on 24's, spittin? game out to the hoes

With my windows tinted black, make you think you saw a ghost

My home painted white on white, inside leather white on white

Chiefin?, drankin? up all night, ballin? out, yeah that's the life

Ladies wanna roll with me, blow a bag of dro with me

Party to the crack of dawn, when I'm down in yo' city

I'm all about this pimpin?, when it comes to women

Get some head while drive mayne, oh what a feelin?

Bitch, I got money, I got clothes

I got whips, hold up, I got hoes

I got money, I got clothes

I got whips, hold up, I got hoes

Bitch, I got money, I got clothes

I got whips, hold up, I got hoes

I got money, I got clothes

I got whips, hold up, I got hoes

Here I am, here I am so fresh, so, so clean

Off in the club, aw shit, I see I blew the hoe's brain

Befo' I came, I say I blew a whole thing

Clean as a dollar off in my black on black Impala

The Don Dada is what they call me overseas

But over here I should say I'm the king of Memphis, Tennessee

Rap is a wrap, haters wrapped off in my duct tape

What it take I say I been hard since first mix-tape

Face get your G's up, way, way up to my level

Higher than the clouds where my daddy rests in Heaven

But on another note I'm so stylish I changed the name  
I surpassed clean, like a baby I'm clean, clean  
    Bitch, I got money, I got clothes  
    I got whips, hold up, I got hoes  
        I got money, I got clothes  
        I got whips, hold up, I got hoes  
Ay let me tell you niggaz somethin?  
    Let me tell you somethin? nigga  
        That paper is like trash, nigga  
Throw that shit out, throw that shit out  
Throw that shit out, throw that shit out  
Throw that shit out, throw that shit out  
    That paper is like trash nigga  
Throw that shit out, throw that shit out  
Throw that shit out, throw that shit out  
Throw that shit out, throw that shit out  
We got big rims, big cars, big guap, ghetto stars  
    In the hood, gettin? rich, gettin? it, livin? large  
Sellin? white, sellin? pills, sellin? crystal meth, meth  
Sellin? D's, sellin? speed 'til there's nothin? left, left  
    Fresh clothes, pullin? hoes, get my roll on, roll on  
Phone ringin? off the hook, bitch hold on, hold on  
I got a brand new woofer, put some more hoes on  
    So I can hit the club, strip and get chose on  
    Bitch, I got money, I got clothes  
    I got whips, hold up, I got hoes  
        I got money, I got clothes  
        I got whips, hold up, I got hoes  
    Bitch, I got money, I got clothes  
    I got whips, hold up, I got hoes  
        I got money, I got clothes  
        I got whips, hold up, I got hoes

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>