I Gotta

Trina

Trina, Rick Ross, Hot Box inside of you
I got a fat pussy for a cocksucker
I got a hideout for a cop ducker
I got a condo for a baller nigga
I got a gay friend you can call her nigga
I got a dick game with a mean hustle
I got an escalade no you can't touch it
I got a couple blocks up in Georgia nigga
I got a lil' brother cookin' quarters nigga
I got a couple girls who gon' come fuck
I gotta see the money time to come up
I gotta keep it real with my hustler hoes
I got a pump or two, who gon' boost them clothes
I gotta get mine, girl, you gotta get yours
I gotta get mine, boy, you gotta get yours
I gotta get mine, girl, you gotta get yours
I gotta get mine, boy, you gotta get yours
I gots no love for a punk bitch
I gotta cuss her out to make her suck dick
I got a dildo in this bag baby
I got a lil' somethin' for that ass baby
I know you, pay hoes cause I heard you did
I got a headhunter that'll serve you quick
I got a team of hoes you ain't seen befo'
With green to blow, sick with cash and cream fo' sho'
I gotta fuck 'em all just cause I can
I got her, much hotter than fuckin' her own man
The Ramada, she gave me a hundred dollars for head
But my Pradas were slipped on, I got knee and fled
I gotta get mine, girl, you gotta get yours
I gotta get mine, boy, you gotta get yours
I gotta get mine, girl, you gotta get yours
I gotta get mine, boy, you gotta get yours

I got a couple cars, while most hoes sob
You gotta give it to the nigga who wrote those bars
I got a check in the mail that you couldn't believe
Now I got a Roley for 80 G's under my sleeve
I gotta let you hoes know who I be

So instead of sayin' Rick Ross I just pull out B's
I got a, trap in the hood called no ID
All my weed guaranteed, maybe fo' five seeds
I gotta put it down in a major way
I gotta put y'all down with this game I play
I gotta get my pussy ate like everyday
Bring the present with the cake in ya escalade
I gotta get mine, girl, you gotta get yours
I gotta get mine, boy, you gotta get yours
I gotta get mine, girl, you gotta get yours
I gotta get mine, boy, you gotta get yours
I got an AK for a bitch nigga
I gotta let you know they only get bigger
I got a hit man for your problems nigga
I got a couple stacks that'll solve him nigga
I gotta show my nigga love
'Cause he my nigga what, now hold yo' triggers up
Ain't nuttin' in this game is as big as us
If it is, you can tell 'em, we don't give a fuck
I gotta hit 'em hard like Ronnie Lott
Defended by Johnny Coch' cartel on the block
I got a fifty cal' and I'm waitin' in the crowd
Ready to get it down when y'all all 50'd out
I gotta get mine, girl, you gotta get yours
I gotta get mine, boy, you gotta get yours
I gotta get mine, girl, you gotta get yours
I gotta get mine, boy, you gotta get yours

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