

Get Mine (feat. Young Thug)

Bryson Tiller

(Godzilla is still alive!)
God! Damn a lot of niggas done changed on me
(Damn they done changed on me)
Fuck if I care, I got Jackson, Grant and Ben Frank on me
I don't know why niggas hate on me
I gotta move differently, I got a case on me
I got 'em hirin' private investigators on me
Sittin' right outside the crib tryna stake on me
Hol' up, wait on it
Mmmmm that's a Porsche Cayman
Hol' up watch me pull it out the horse stable
I remember when we couldn't afford cable
That's when I knew I had to put in more labor
Niggas tryna take me out my vibe, dawg
God Tiller, God Tiller, I'm alive, dawg
Still I'm on my way to the top, dawg
Shout out Punch, Isaiah Rashad, and K. Dot, dawg
Shit we doin' not regular
Like Hendrix say, we don't do regular
I'm a beast, I'm a predator
I kill, I murk, I slay, et cetera, et cetera
I'll cop any gun and kill for my daughter
I'll go Rambo for real for my daughter
2015 I made two mil' for my daughter
Now these pussy ass niggas tryna steal from my daughter
What the fuck?
Post Trap Soul gettin' back to it
No, nigga, this ain't no trap music
Soul, rhythm, blues with a slap to it
Watch how young Pen Griffey put his bat to it
What is niggas on? Man they trippin'
They want me to put 'em on, that's my mission
Niggas in a rush, niggas don't listen
I'm still tryna get mine, that's it and done You was tryna get it, weren't ya?
You was tryna run it through the ceilin', weren't ya?
Blue hundreds in your pocket, lean in your kidney
Whenever I'm your master ain't no fuckin' limits
All the foreigners came new, ain't no fuckin' limit (skrrrt)
Play with me, I'll have a massacre in every city

I might drive to DC and fuck with Meek Milly (Meek)
Take a nigga order, I want a chicken Philly (Chicken Philly)
Take a nigga bitch, I wanna fuck her titty (fuck that bitch)
Speakin' too fast, that's that past tense (sorry, bae)
My bitch jewelry wet, cost a Patek
She so annoyin', keep askin' for some napkins, (woo!)
Wipe them bitches up, put 'em in a cup
Shake it then taste it, that's it
Ayy, we got plenty bucks, order what you want (order that)
I'm a cash cow, I'm just cashin' (woo!)
I think they put a camera in my pool
But it's on the inside, goddamn, 12 nasty (they did)
I used to be like Jay Z and ride factories
'Til I found out that you gotta put on Davis (shoes)
They scopin' out my house from a cabin (woo!)
I pissed out the window and start laughin' (ha!)
The inside of my spot carry water (ha!)
They should change the street name it cactus (damn!)
I'm the same Thugger that'll order ten rooms in your town
And don't sleep in none them bitches, uh
We just fuckin' thots and gettin' freaky all in them bitches, ahh
Niggas so mad that they can't leak none of these pictures, ahh
She so bad sometimes I want her features, uh (woo!)
All the shit you do old like beepers, uh (woo, woo)
All the shit you do old, I see you (I see you)
Even all these Crips don't wanna be you (wanna be you, be you, be you) Oh yeah
Still tryna get mine (Still tryna get mine)
I'm just still tryna get mine (Still tryna get mine)
I'm just still tryna get mine
They schemin' on me
They still tryna get mine
Oh they still tryna get mine, oh
Yeah, still tryna get mine
They still tryna get mine, yeah

Songwriters

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