We Got It

Cam'ron

Uh, check it, check it
Aiyyo it's very rare that you see me and Lanson
In a club with bub partin', we dancin'
If so it's Chris Bacardi an some Branson
All leathered out in a Harley or a Vanson
Now I ain't dissin' chicks but I ain't trickin' shit
That's un yo with me you get fish an chips
That's right exotic and we live it
But just 'cause I got it don't mean you can get it
Now I take them black, nasty, redbone, beautiful
Just brush your teeth for me, that's suitable
Don't care about your toes or your cuticles
First we lie then work them thighs
Its a one night stand, not to hurt your pride
But ma, I'm a dog, it ain't worth the lies
And tell your man chill he don't deserve to die
Plus the nigga probably ain't circumcised
Oh, every beat we make, we make hot
And every watch we got, we got rocks
And every car we got, we got dropped
And every glock we got, we keep cocked
To all the charts you on, we on top
And every house you own, we just copped
And all the bank you got, we got stock
And every chick you with, we just hit
Check it out yo, I'm the same cat that you see in all places
Got a mil in hundreds and it's all small faces
Old school money, uh huh, we got access
What you get a year, we spend that on taxes
We don't talk to niggas, we just wait for the faxes
End up with the cash, you bent up in the trash
Leave you wet, we set, in a net, in the dash
Nigga like me been a vet since the past
Who out here don't feel I'm lockin' it yet
Video time, no props on the set
If you see a car that's my drop on the set
If you see jewels that's my rocks on my neck
And if a club scene really pop to be wet
We just bought a chopper, you coppin' bigets

If you feel different, I'm stoppin' the bet
You rockin' a vet while we hop on a jet
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And all the bank you got, we got stock
And every chick you with, we just hit bitch
Hey pretty mama come with me
If you think your a nasty girl
Your man had you livin' in a fantasy
But it's really Cam'rons world
Meet me at the door about a quarter to four
And bring four more girls, bring 'em all
My mans outside in the parkin' lot
With the six chromed out in pearl, check it out
And yo, you know my style when we creepin' too
Yo, who dat boo, your man beepin' you
Well say your wit lexis, with the lexus
God damn yo, I just missed the exit
I'm kinda tipsy, I don't want to wreck shit
And don't think ma, that I'm on some next shit
Just wanna know if we can get breakfast
Then go to the telly for some sex shit
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