

I Got (feat. Pimp C and Project Pat)

Three 6 Mafia

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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

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