

I Got This (ft. Logic & Vic Mensa)

[Tyler Thomas](#)

LA to the MD
Couple young motherfuckers
Taking niggas and turning them into samplate
I don't really need nothing but some Netflix
And some good head from one of my future exes
Am I sexist, cause I got a bad bitch check list
Really, really ain't my fault cause the social media feeding my urge to splurge
And she like my pics so she want the dick
Got hoes, got hoes, got hoes, for real
Not Manti Te'o, all my hoes is real
Young top from the side where them niggas get live
And them hoes wanna roll like them clothes on fire
Oh my, oh my, oh my life, if I don't make it I'll die twice
She cold blooded like twilight
I think she know she my type
I'mma get off on everything, like I'm perverted
Make these niggas shake like we just met in person
And if you gon hate me then that mean I'm worth it
And if you could judge me then that mean I'm perfect
You feel it? Got them hook, let me reel in
Fucked up on the ceiling, that's how I'm feeling
She try out like prettylips, getting brain while I peel it, tight
x 2
Fuck y'all niggas, I got this, I came here with my clique
This here sound like mosh pit
And your bitch be on my dick
Roll up nigga, I got this
Pour up nigga I got this One time for your motherfucking mind
When I get it I rip it up and every one of a kind
Heat when I rhyme
Never heard of it but I murder the beat when I rhyme
I better take it to another level, know I never settle, shit
Flow incredible, instrumental is edible
Talk a lot of game but this shit ain't credible
What's good, let me live it up, hit it up
V's up, got your shawty in the crib with her knees up
Ease up, let me bring it down
You the thing now, who the king now
Fuck around and finally got a little bit of bling now

But the money ain't a thing now
Yeah I know the shit sting now
Rattpack till my pulse flat
Take a look at my direction if you wonder where the boss at
Real talk, no false rap
x 2Nigga praise to the most high, so fly nigga blow like the bomb why
Oh I've been a bad motherfucker since I got out of the stomach
Feeling like rogue the way I'm killing everything I'm touching
I'm a real nigga, I'm lowkey, bros got hammers like Loki
But I ain't reckless, I'm off get neck from a well-respected
Red bone in a Lexus hectic
I'm fucked till next semester, got bars
So these hoes gon call collectors
Job respected, if not all of y'all can form a line
And I'll follow the exit
This rap shit is just a meal ticket
Brown bag with me like a field trip
Treat your bitch like a heel flip
The camera angles pan when the heels clickx 2
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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