

I Got Them (Feat. Lil Wayne & Baby)

Yo Gotti

Already,
Know what I'm sayin' this Birdman and this how it's goin' down,
That little youngin' Yo Gotti I certified him stamped approval and the jail,
I see like niggas must be they got us fucked up, they got us fucked up,
They got us fucked up we been movin' birds bitch, they got us fucked up,
They got you fucked up, then get you fucked we been movin' birds bitch[Chorus]
Quarters, quarters and halves,
Chickens, chickens, and bricks, bundles,
Bundles of dope, and ounces, ounces and shit
Quarters, quarters and halves,
Chickens, chickens, and bricks, bundles,
Bundles of dope, and ounces, ounces and shit
Get what they lookin' fo, keep what they lookin' fo,
All they gotta do is tell me what they lookin' fo,
I'm da dopeman, dopeman
I'm da dopeman, dopeman
Money to be made best believe a nigga clockin',
I run it myself like a quarterback option,
I pitch a 10 G's tell a bitch to go shopping,
She buy herself some clothes,
And she brought me back a chopper,
See niggas tryna kick it,
But no I don't play soccer,
I'm all about my cake I'm tryna marry Betty Crocker,
A package on the way you know my whip game proper,
And all for one key I see seventy thousand dollars,
Now I was shootin' dice, smokin' on a joint,
I bet wit Yo Gotti,
He hit five straight points,
We ova' here hustlin',
We ova here grindin',
You rap about money and nigga might sign ya,
You rap about me and a nigga might find ya,
But ? yo ass what you hear right behind you
Dope game bitch let his mama worry bout him,
You can holla at me for a fee but I
Got Em'[Chorus]
Get what they lookin' fo, keep what they lookin' fo,
All they gotta do is tell me what they lookin' fo,
I'm da dopeman, dopeman
I'm da dopeman, dopeman
I met the Birdman with the Bird layin',
Got a twenty piece, brought it back to north Memphis charged twenty two a piece,

Now I'm in the kitchen with a beacon and a blender,
Low key in a rental, with them thangs in the fender,
See I full time grind January to December,
Put that snow in the summer got it lookin' like the winter,
I'm goin' back to Cali, I gotta get that light green,
Mexico valley, you know they got them pine trees,
18 wheeler, now I'm on I-10, on my way to Memphis,
I gotta get my hands in,
I come from the north where gangstas gon' grind,
Bitch niggas gon' whine, and hustlas gon' shine,
Everybody say they trappin' but most of these niggas lyin',
I told slim, told stunna I'm waitin' for my time,
Either robbin', or poppin', click clack I shot 'em, bullets burryin', brr I got em'[Chorus]Get what they lookin'
fo, keep what they lookin' fo,
All they gotta do is tell me what they lookin' fo,
I'm da dopeman, dopeman
I'm da dopeman, dopemanBack where I started on my set in black,
Hop out the passenger side of my back,
Under my nuts was two ounces of crack,
But in my palm I had that chromed out mac,
Shinin' on them bitches cause nigga I'm 'bout that,
Flip a quarter bird to score a whole sack,
Pull up in the club in a old school 'lac,
With a bitch ridin' fly so hide you love that,
It's grind time, nigga been about that,
We flippin' birds let them hoes go to sacs,
We livin' large with the garbage bag flats,
Want the money and the power, real niggas gon' stack,
And ridin' fly, 25's on the back,
Plushed out nigga keep a few stacks,
Out the hood, 'bout money that's that,
If you ever cross the line best believe you gettin' whacked[Chorus]Get what they lookin' fo, keep what they
lookin' fo,
All they gotta do is tell me what they lookin' fo,
I'm da dopeman, dopeman
I'm da dopeman, dopeman

Songwriters

CARTER, DWAYNE / ZAYAS, BIGRAM / DEL GIORNO, MATTHEW / MIMS, MARIO / THOMAS,
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