

# I gotcha

## Quentin Tarantino

Lupe, Chicano man  
You know I have ya  
Right, right, right, right  
Right, right, right, right  
They call me Lupe, I'll be your new day  
They wanna smell like me, they want my bouquet  
But they can't, they accented like the U.K.  
Turn that Ude Lupe to Pepe Le Peu spray  
Flagrantly fragrant and they can't escape it  
My perfume pursued them everywhere that they went  
You don't want a loan, leave my cologne alone  
It's a little too strong for you to be puttin' on  
Trust me, I say this justly  
I went from musty to musky and y'all can't mush me  
I warned y'all cornballs, I hush puppies  
The swans in the pond called my duck ugly  
But now they hug me because it's lovely  
They love the aroma of a roamer of the world  
Got the shakers and the skaters and the player and the girls  
Keep the fakers and the flakers and the haters in a twirl  
You want the flava, ma, hey, I gotcha  
You want the realness, well, I gotcha  
I know you sick of them niggaz, big car and watch ya  
Either they pimps or they macks or they mobsters  
You want the real shit, hey, I gotcha  
You see my niggaz here, you know we proper  
You know we do it, right, right, right  
Right, right, right, right, right  
And I'm from Chi-Town, that's where I flies 'round  
Keep some Cartier frames over my eyes now  
We used to gangbang, a lot of that done died down  
Children of the hat tiltin', keepin' hope alive now  
All with no high, I do it so fly  
Bank Caesar, Tack helicopter with the bow tie  
I love my city, really hope that God bless it  
Have my mind movin' faster than that hog in the hedges  
Welcome all of y'all to my dark recesses  
This is where I keep the bars like bathtub edges  
My ivories and my Doves, my levers and my zest's

It takes half of your bubble bath to match the freshness  
    'The Belly Of The Beast', you know I'm from it  
I wrap it in a towel, here go my pal in the stomach  
And I be on my green like Irish spring and I coast  
    Fudge wit it and get a mouth full of soap  
    You want the flava, ma, hey, I gotcha  
    You want the realness, well, I gotcha  
I know you sick of them niggaz, big car and watch ya  
Either they pimps or they macks or they mobsters  
    You want the real shit, hey, I gotcha  
    You see my niggaz here, you know we proper  
    You know we do it, right, right, right  
        Right, right, right, right, right  
    And so to sign off, this beat, I rhyme off  
Is from the looniest P and Hugo Mind Boss  
    You feel it in the air, it's such a fine force  
But you don't hear me though, just like a mime's thoughts  
    That's 'cause I'm in Europe, me and my friends tour'a  
    I'm on my pimp, my temperature is temperer  
    I take it easy on my watch, I'm watchin' TV  
Am I as clean as Maharishi? See, the hare is tryna beat me  
    As I continue to do Lu's pace  
They say him got two heads and four eyes just like Screwface  
    But see my secret's safe, it's in my secret safe  
    That's in my secret room, on my secret base  
    So from the runner of the FNF crew  
Come in hip hop, we've come to resurrect you  
    You, you, you, you, you  
    You, you, you, you, you, you  
    You want the flava, ma, hey, I gotcha  
    You want the realness, well, I gotcha  
I know you sick of them niggaz, big car and watch ya  
Either they pimps or they macks or they mobsters  
    You want the real shit, hey, I gotcha  
    You see my niggaz here, you know we proper  
    You know we do it, right, right, right  
        Right, right, right, right, right  
        Yes, sir, FNF, Lupe

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