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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