

# What I Got

## M.I.A.

I was bored  
I need a new drug  
Everybody bitin' shit  
Gettin' fucked up M.I.A. rollin' wit Blaqstarr  
Anyone talking shit  
I'm gonna blow 'em all up Who's mad?  
Who's crazy?  
Who's fucked up?  
It's about time I rack 'em all up More fire, more power  
More wound up  
I'm the queen of this shit  
Don't bother steppin' up Dance, dammit, dance  
I rule  
Dance, dammit, dance  
I rule What I got  
You can't get from ya mama  
What I got  
You can't get from ya ho I got alien aphrodisiacs  
I found visiting planets of the zodiac  
Got a six pack so you don't get side track  
I'll be in Baltimore tonight on the Amtrak Got a Mac with PCP for ya lap  
Same effects as LSD and smack  
Boom, boom, I'm bringin' you the new crack  
Like a club track made from Iraq What I got  
You can't get from ya mama  
What I got  
You can't get from ya ho Get to you in high tech pro tool  
Woop, whoop, chop, screw in hotels  
Club cars in the street front of people  
At home we can play some scruples But tonite I'll wait 'til the nightfall  
Like a ninja glide over waterfalls  
Get to you to give you a lil' rock and roll Tap, tap that bed to the wall  
Tap, tap that bed to the wall

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