

# What I Got

## Bret Michaels

Early in the morning, risin' to the street  
Light me up that cigarette and I'll strap shoes on my feet  
Got to find a reason, a reason things went wrong  
Got to find the reason why my money's all goneI got a dalmatian and I can still get high  
I can play the guitar like a mother fucking riotWell, life is too short, so love the one you got  
'Cause you might get run over or you might get shot  
Never start no static I just get it off my chest  
Never had to battle with no bulletproof vest  
Take a small example, take a t-t-tip from me  
Take all of your money, give it all to charityLove is what I got, it's within my reach  
And the Sublime style's still straight from Long Beach  
It all comes back to you, you'll finally get what you deserve  
Try and test that you're bound to get served  
Love's what I got, don't start a riot  
You'll feel it when the dance gets hotLovin', is what I got, I said remember that  
Lovin', is what I got, I remember that  
Lovin', is what I got, I said remember that  
Lovin', is what I got, I gotI don't cry when my dog runs away  
I don't get angry at the bills I have to pay  
I don't get angry when my mom smokes pot  
Hits the bottle and goes right to the rockFuckin' and fightin', it's all the same  
Livin' with Louie dog's the only way to stay sane  
Let the lovin', let the lovin' come back to me'Cause lovin', is what I got, I said remember that  
Lovin', is what I got, I remember that  
Lovin', is what I got, I said remember that  
Lovin', is what I got, I got, I got

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