

I Got Em (Feat. Rotimi) [Prod.

Chris Webby

(Chorus)

You know that I got em baby
You know that I got em baby
And anybody trying to block my shine
Take a number and get to the back of the line
You know that I got em baby
You know that I got em baby
And anybody trying to step to me
Is gonna quickly get sent away
You see a lot of em are hating now
Cause I got my name around
Around me, people saying that I'm famous now
Don't be mad, I worked hard for a kid
Wrote a million verses and a multitude of chorus'
To get to where I'm sitting, now look at where I'm sitting at
Kick my J's up with a drink now I'm sitting back
Loving life, feeling good, trying to keep my head straight
The trunk roaring that Tyrannosaurus Rex bass
Been a minute now, now it's do or die
Fuck high school, I went to school high
Graduated with a rap degree
So me reaching to the top is how it has to be
I'm OE to these pop-tart daiquiris
Nunchucks in my hand and attack a beat
I'm on a god damn rampage
Money's going up and so's the number on the fan page

(Chorus)

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I got some very big shoes to fill
Cause I'm aiming for the title and I shoot to kill
Got the iTunes and your whole computer filled
Kids be like yo dude Webby's super ill

Is it frat rap or is it backpack
But all I really care about is where the cash at
I got a dutchie rolled up like a snack wrap
I got a bittie by my side and Imma wax that
I'll make my competition sweat with no elliptical
The school of new age rap and I'm the principal
Chicken with some waffle fries, flow is unforgivable
Kill it every time I be dropping a single syllable
Getting a beat and I'm rapping it ill
And I'm back with the skill, that you never seen
Knew that I was meant for this when I was only seventeen
But I'm living good now, moving on to better dreams
Raping every beat I got and making instrumentals scream

(Chorus)

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You see I'm hopping in the driver's seat, pedal to the floor mat
Ain't no catching up to me, better fall back
Raw track after raw track, is my resume
make my own music while they spitting over lemonade
Stay messed up with a style to step up
Over the competition while they trying to catch up
Haters suck my left nut
Cause if the good die young
I'll be in a body bag by next month
Cause you know that I got em baby
Ain't no motherfucker that could stop em baby
So listen to this, I'm killing this shit
Ripping it sick, I should be selling tickets to this
You must have had the game twisted like a licorice stick
If you ain't think I was stepping in here and killing this shit
So remember the name, maybe take a picture of Chris
Before I burn the house down and leave you sizzling bitch

(Chorus)

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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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