I Got This

Gunplay

Colombian cocaine
Gallardos and gold chains
Hogging up the lanes
Smoke fogging up my frames
Have you ever met a menace?
Low income housing tenant?
My pen made me some pennies
But I'm still facing a sentence
Cold as four Decembers
Bro you need a trimmers
So I'm smoking timbers
Now I'm coming back to finish
My bad, back to winning
Going extra
Innings
Ho, I do the most
That's why they catch the most fillings
Work through the world, crack on every map
Got a bitch on every play, trick it like champ
She lick it like a stamp
Eat it like a rack of lamb
Then bring that stack back to daddy while I whip a yam
I got this
I got this
I got this
My nigga chill out!
I got this
I got this
I got this
My nigga chill out!
Chill out!
Chill out!
My nigga chill out!
I got this!
Chill out!
Chill out!
My nigga chill out!
I got this!
Chill out!Wait!

Bogota bitch!
I'm Bogota rich!
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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