I Got It

Rich Homie Quan

[Hook:]
What you got on is a clue, ooh
I had to compliment you on that dress girl
I gone smash off in that coupe, ooh
I just left the dealership, no need to flex girl
Yea, I got what you want, I got what you want
I got it
I got what you want
I got what you want, I got what you want
I got what you want
I got it
I got what you want[Verse 1: Rich Homie Quan]
You be my star at that noon and we gone finish at sunup
I can't fuck you in my room but the hotel be funner
My (?) with a broom and get married by the summer
I mean her mouth like a spoon, (?)
I show my ass like baboons, I'm the king of the jungle
Them niggas cracking on you but when I ask 'em they mumble
Cause I fuck with you just like you fuck with me
You know, I got this dying love for you, you got for me
I go beyond (?) for you
When broke, not fun, girl I treasure you
And I know, cause I'm Quan, Rich Homie baby forever
And I'm licking love letters for letters, Thug tell 'em[Hook:]
[Verse 2: Young Thug]
Okay, I got what you want, what you want you know I got it
I heard you startin' a clothing line, no police but I'm gone cop it
Me and Rich Homie Quan got 'em in line, They just wanna know when we droppin'
(?) eat your little pizza up, no toppin
Spend 100 on my time bro
And I'm (?) that (?) bro
And we shootin' everything up around my town bro
Why the fuck is you lyin' for, I know you seein' the (?)
I'm gone smash off your diva
Titty bitch wear a c-cup, but I'm a true Blood so it's a b-cup
I ain't talkin' bout no shoes in the air but (?) re-up
Ooh, ooh, no school, no rules
[Hook:]

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