

# 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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