

I Got Them (feat Lil Wayne & Baby)

Yo Gotti

Already, kno what I'm sayin this Birdman and this how it's goin down, that little youngin Yo Gotti I certified him stamped approval, you feel me?, Energy or I see like nigga it must be they got us fucked up, they got us fucked up, they got us fucked up we been movin birds bitch, they got us fucked up, they got you fucked up, then get you fucked we been movin birds bitch[Chorus:]

Quarters, Quarters and Halves, Chickens, Chickens, and bricks, bundles, Bundles of dope, and Ounces, Ounces and shit [x2]I got what they lookin fo, keep what they lookin fo, all they gotta do is tell me what they lookin fo, Cause I'm da dopeman, dopeman, dopeman, dopeman...

I Got Em'[Verse: Lil' Wayne]

Money to be made best believe a nigga clockin, I run it myself like a quarterback option, I pitch a 10 g's tell a bitch to go shopping, she buy herself some clothes, and she bought me back a chopper, see niggas tryna kick it, but no I don't play sucka, I'm all about my cake I'm tryna marry Betty Crocker, a package on the way you know my whip game proper, and enough for one key I see seventy thousand dollas, Now I was shootin dice, smokin on a joint, I bet with Yo Gotti, he hit five straight points, we ovahere hustlin, we ova here grindin, you rap about money and nigga might sign ya, you rap about me and a nigga might find ya, banana in ya ass with ya head right behind ya, DOPE GAME BITCH let his mamma worry bout him, you can holla at me for a fee but I

Got Em'[Chorus][Verse: Yo Gotti]

I met the birdman with the Bird layin, got a twenty piece, brought it back to NORTH MEMPHIS charged twenty two a piece, now I'm in da kitchen with a beacon and a blender, low key in a rental, with dem thangs in da fender, see I full time grind january to december, put that snow in da summer got it lookin like da winter, I goin back to Cali, I gotta get that light green, mexico valley, you know they got them pine trees, 18 wheeler, now I'm on I-10, on my way to memphis, I gotta get my hands in, I come from da NORTH where gangstas gon grind, bitch niggas gon whine, and hustlas gon shine, everybody say they trappin but most of dese niggas lyin, I told slim, told stunna I'm waitin for my time, either robbin, or poppin, click clack I shot em -, bullets buryin,

brrrrr I GOT EM'[Chorus][Verse: Birdman]

Back where I started on my set in black, hop out da passenger side of my 'lac, under my nuts was to ounces of crack, but in my palm I had dat chromed out mac, shinin on them bitches cause nigga I'm bot that, flip a quarter bird to score a whole sack, pull up in the club in a old school 'lac, with a bitch ridin fly so high, you love that, it's grind time, nigga been about that, we flippin birds let them hoes go to sacs, we livin large with the garbage

bag flats, want the money and the power, real niggas gon stack, and ridin fly, 25's on the back, flushed out nigga keep a few stacks, out the hood, bout money that's that, if you ever cross the line best believe you gettin

gat[Chorus]

Songwriters

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