

I Got (feat. Pimp C & Project Pat)

Three 6 Mafia

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Three 6 Mafia

Put your money where your mouth is boy
If you really wanna do somethin
Get the fuck up Bitch, I got money, I got clothes
I got whips, hold up, I got hoes
I got money, I got clothes
I got whips, hold up, I got hoes Bitch, I got money, I got clothes
I got whips, hold up, I got hoes
I got money, I got clothes
I got whips, hold up, I got hoes I'm ridin tall on 24's, spittin game out to the hoes
With my windows tinted black, make you think you saw a ghost
My home painted white on white, inside leather white on white
Chiefin, drankin up all night, ballin out, yeah that's the life Ladies wanna roll with me, blow a bag of dro with me
Party to the crack of dawn, when I'm down in yo' city
I'm all about this pimpin, when it comes to women
Get some head while drive mayne, oh what a feelin Bitch, I got money, I got clothes
I got whips, hold up, I got hoes
I got money, I got clothes
I got whips, hold up, I got hoes Bitch, I got money, I got clothes
I got whips, hold up, I got hoes
I got money, I got clothes
I got whips, hold up, I got hoes Here I am, here I am so fresh, so, so clean
Off in the club, aw shit, I see I blew the hoe's brain
Befo' I came, I say I blew a whole thing
Clean as a dollar off in my black on black Impala The Don Dada is what they call me overseas
But over here I should say I'm the king of Memphis, Tennessee
Rap is a wrap, haters wrapped off in my duct tape
What it take I say I been hard since first mix-tape Face get your G's up, way, way up to my level
Higher than the clouds where my daddy rests in Heaven
But on another note I'm so stylish I changed the name
I surpassed clean, like a baby I'm clean, clean Bitch, I got money, I got clothes
I got whips, hold up, I got hoes

I got money, I got clothes
I got whips, hold up, I got hoesAy let me tell you niggaz somethin
Let me tell you somethin niggaThat paper is like trash, nigga
Throw that shit out, throw that shit out
Throw that shit out, throw that shit out
Throw that shit out, throw that shit outThat paper is like trash nigga
Throw that shit out, throw that shit out
Throw that shit out, throw that shit out
Throw that shit out, throw that shit outWe got big rims, big cars, big guap, ghetto stars
In the hood, gettin rich, gettin it, livin large
Sellin white, sellin pills, sellin crystal meth, meth
Sellin D's, sellin speed 'til there's nothin left, leftFresh clothes, pullin hoes, get my roll on, roll on
Phone ringin off the hook, bitch hold on, hold on
I got a brand new woofer, put some more hoes on
So I can hit the club, strip and get chose onBitch, I got money, I got clothes
I got whips, hold up, I got hoes
I got money, I got clothes
I got whips, hold up, I got hoesBitch, I got money, I got clothes
I got whips, hold up, I got hoes
I got money, I got clothes
I got whips, hold up, I got hoes

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