

# Got

## Mos Def

Some cats really like to, you know  
Profile and front  
And then the jooks go down, all at once they like  
Don't get me You're out on the block hustling at the spot  
GOT, this is how you get Got  
At the gamblin' spot and your hand is mad hot  
GOT, this is how you get Got  
Out in Brooklyn late night flashing all of your rocks  
GOT, this is how you get Got  
Some girl from pink house said "I like you a lot"  
GOT, this is how you get Got This one goes to all them Big Will cats  
With ice on they limbs and big rims on they Ac  
You goin' around town with your system bump  
And your windows cracked low to profile and front  
Now I like to have nice things just like you  
But I'm from Brooklyn, certain shit you just don't do  
Like, high postin' when you far from home  
Or like, high postin' when you all alone  
Now, this would seem to be clear common sense  
But, cats be livin' off, sheer confidence  
Like "Fuck that, picture them tellin' me run that"  
But acting invincible, just ain't sensible  
It's nineteen ninety-now, and there's certain individuals  
Swear they rollin' hard and get robbed on principle  
5 star general, flashin' on your revenue  
You takin' a ride on the Downstate medical, Like (whooooooo)  
Colorful sparks, yellow and blue  
A full on attack and it's happening to you  
Wit' nothing you can do but bust back and cop a plea  
But five of them and one of you, that equals Got to me  
Don't get me Come on ya'll now, let's be real  
Some jokers got a rough time keepin' it concealed  
I wonder what it mean, it's probably self-esteem  
They fiendin to be seen, get hemmed like Gabardines  
Cats think it can't happen until the gats start clappin  
They comin' down the wire spittin fire like a dragon  
Cause while the goods glisten, certain eyes take position  
To observe your trickin', then catch that ass slippin'  
Like, come on now ock, what you expect?  
Got a month's paycheck danglin' off your neck  
And while you Cristal sippin', they rubbin' up they mittens

With heat in mint condition to start the getti-gettin'  
They clique starts creepin' like Sandinista guerrillas  
You screamin' playa haters, these niggas is playa killers  
    Mr. Fash-ion, that style never last long  
The harder you flash, the harder you get flashed on  
    There's hunger in the street that is hard to defeat  
        Many steal for sport, but more steal to eat  
Cat's heavy at the weigh-in, and he's playin' for keeps  
    Don't sleep, they'll roll up in your passengers seat  
        There is universal law, whether rich or poor  
        Some say life's a game, to more, life is war  
    So put them egos to the side and get off them head trips  
'Fore some cats pull out them heaters and make you headless  
    Don't get me

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