I Got It

Bhad Bhabie

Feeling on flex I got it (I got it) Six figure checks I got it (I got it) This hoes act so psychotic They didn't know I got it (whats wrong with you?) They don't got cash, I got it (I got it) Two hundred on my dash, I got it (I got it, bitch) The game all smashed, I got it My hoes won't last, I got itThey wanna hook for the clout (yuh) Same one that's counting me out (yuh) You bitches just running yo mouth But that ain't what I'm about (yah) I'm runnin' dem commas in place Still stop a bitch runnin' in my Jays They took me out of the streets But im still stuck in my ways Why would I care what you thots would say? You hoes look like somebody smashed your face So see my face I ain't got no cake They showing fake, let them mask the hate They're still stuck on me like some masking tape I'm fresh like death like I passed away Kiss up my hustle don't have no breaks I'm already winnin' don't have to race Talk tough, but won't do shit I picked up like who dis? They talked down, but so what I'm bossed up, I'm so lit I ain't got friends, I got groupies Rob me for play you don't fool me I been with this shit you a newbie I'm with the oldest that knew meFeeling on flex I got it (I got it) Six figure checks I got it (I got it) This hoes act so psychotic They didn't know I got it (whats wrong with you?) They don't got cash, I got it (I got it) Two hundred on my dash, I got it (I got it, bitch) The game all smashed, I got it My hoes won't last, I got it Got It (Got it, bitch) Got It (Got it, hoe) I got it Got it (yuh)

Got it I got itWhen I get on the road I need bigger pay (yuh) I smell the money from miles away (yuh) I don't own wallets don't need a safe They know me by first name at BOA (yuh) Jump on this beat and its DOA Out of my struggle I found a way Lost a few homies along the way But I never needed them anyway I lost count of my enemies Sick and they can't find a remedy Bitches be fake as they renee weave I know they prying on into me Dodging the shit they sending me (Sendin' me?) Guap is the only thing send to me Ten thousand is really a cent to me Lil Baby keep ironin' shit into me But I ain't really feelin' her energyTalk tough, but won't do shit I picked up like who dis? They talked down, but so what I'm bossed up, I'm so lit I ain't got friends, I got groupies Rob me for play you don't fool me I been with this shit you a newbie I'm with the oldest that knew meFeeling on flex I got it (I got it) Six figure checks I got it (I got it) This hoes act so psychotic They didn't know I got it (whats wrong with you?) They don't got cash, I got it (I got it) Two hundred on my dash, I got it (I got it, bitch) The game all smashed, I got it My hoes won't last, I got itGot it (Got it, bitch) Got it (Got it, hoe) I got it Got it (yuh) Got it I got it

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