

I Got What You On

Blackstreet

Yo, yo
Ho, ho
No, no
You
Yo, yo
Yo, be, be
Me, me
See, see
Can't let go 'cause I got what you on, girl

Baby, I'm hearing too much in the street
Things that are supposed to be
Kept between just you and me, baby
Honey, I'm sick and tired of all of this
I think it's time I handled it
Trippin', flippin', get down with, baby

I got you a drop-top Benz with the Buggy eye
Thought it was enough to keep it quiet
I guess I was wrong 'cause you out tonight
Flossin' with your girlfriends
Kima, Pam and what's-her-name
Girlfriends, they don't play the same
You don't know I got what you on, girl

Yo, yo)
I never really thought you was a (Hoe, hoe)
That's not really the way I (Go, go)
Why you wanna play with my (Dough, dough)
Yo, yo, go
(Yo, be, be)
Why you wanna be with (Me, me)
Girl, why can't you (See, see)
I can't let go 'cause I got what you on, girl

Say that something's missin'
Tell me what you missin'
Say you need to flex and that's alright
But tell me where you was last night
Thinkin' with too much time on your hands
You surely meet the trouble
Or is this the way you spread that, oh girl
Is it like that?

Your actions too completely laxed and
I'm kickin' out the money when you want it, babe
You steppin' out again with your hair so right
Skirt so high then ya cried
You're out here runnin' like a dope fiend
Girl, why can't you just see?
You don't need to go
'Cause I've got what you on, girl

Yo, yo)
I never really thought you was a (Hoe, hoe)
That's not really the way I (Go, go)
Why you wanna play with my (Dough, dough)

Yo, yo, go
(Yo, be, be)
Why you wanna be with (Me, me)
Girl, why can't you (See, see)
I can't let go 'cause I got what you on, girl

I keep you properly styled in the latest shit
Pradda, crocodile or gator's shit
Eyes poppin' out the Benz, you know the latest whip
Takin' you and your girlfriends shoppin' that player shit
Keep a pocket full of dough, safe full of stacks
Got a big fuckin' crib with a lake in the back
And that's yours to the wig, wait, lemme take that back
Get outta line, and I'm takin' it back
I just copped a six, you don't gotta car hop
I got a cellar full of Cris', you don't gotta bar hop
I got an indoor pool with a divin' board
My crib look like somethin' out The Rye Report
Laced you, twenty carats, ten in each ear
I can take you places you ain't been, nowhere
It could be gone tomorrow, but it's here today
'Cause I can play cowboy and take it all away, OK?

I can't believe my eyes that you're a (Hoe, hoe)
It's not really the way that I (Go, go)
Why you wanna play with my (Dough, dough)
Yo, yo, yo

Yo, be, be
Why you can't be with (Me, me)
Tell me why can't you (See, see)
I can't let go 'cause I got what you on, girl

Yeah, take it out (Hoe, hoe)
It's not the way I love you, baby (No, no you)
Why you take my (Dough, dough)
Yo, yo, yo

Yo, be, be
Why can't you be with me, me
Well, baby, can't you see, see
Can't let go 'cause I got what you on, girl
We out