

# Gotta Thing For You

Da Brat

My dear, my dear, my dear  
You do not know me but I know you very well  
So let me tell about Da Brat-ta-ta ta  
I'm light skin, redbone, peanut butter complexion  
Very affectionate, very direct when I'm expressing myself

I'm 5.5', my astrology sign is Aries  
Thick in my thighs, 36Bs  
Pretty brown eyes, no hair weaves  
Put it down with these luscious sa-sa-suckable lips

Making you wanna reach out and touch 'em  
Come on and give me a kiss  
Could it be those hips just pokin' out of my jeans  
I showed them once or twice  
And some niggers have become feems

I'm a javouci rocking, hat cockin'  
Blunt smoking, no stopping, weave cocking  
With constant heat dropping

Bombs on non-believers charming all the people  
They call it the life of leisure  
I'm preaching what I'm speaking  
You said that you still seeing  
So please believe it you needin'  
The B to the muthafucking R A T

I guess you wonder where I've been  
I search to find the love within  
I came back to let you know  
I gotta thing for you and I can't let it go

I'm steppin' in the club, y'all, hey now  
Niggers showing me love, y'all, hey now  
I wrap for my thugs, y'all, hey now  
Especially my niggers, they got the ooh

I'd be sitting in my car waiting on you  
To drop off my package  
A big zipped locked baggy to support my habit  
We'll go together like Roger and Jessica Rabbit

I'm spoiled rotten, I'm rocking pink  
Silk panties at the moment but I'm sport cotton  
But Jeanie's dreamin' of Jeanie will blink me to Scotty  
So he can beam me pump adrenaline onto my blood stream

Proceed extremely with caution, I'm probably gleaming  
'Cause my bling bling is worth a fortune  
It seems things will never change  
So I puffed often 'cause these dayz, niggers is crazy  
You can't pay me to roll without my AK

I guess you wonder where I've been  
I search to find the love within  
I came back to let you know

I gotta thing for you and I can't let it go

I can't let go off this game  
I can't let go off this fame  
But for sure before I go  
You niggers gonna know my name

I'm in the shit, 'cause I'm so doogie, one in a million  
Cop a Brazzillion for the coochie that rides smoothly  
Pass the doobie, the dutchie, rudely interrupted  
Your regularly scheduled program, I throw down and bust it

And there ain't no hoe around touching me  
I'm sharper than cutlery, I slice niggers to itty bitty pieces  
Dice them to (?)

I'm steppin' in the club now y'all, hey now  
Niggers showing me love y'all, hey now  
I wrap for my thugs, y'all, hey now  
Especially my niggers, they got the ooh

I guess you wonder where I've been  
I search to find the love within  
I came back to let you know  
I gotta thing for you and I can't let it go

You know, you know  
You know, you know  
You know, you know  
You know, you know  
And I can't let it go