

I Got This

Gunplay

I got this
I got this
My nigga chill out
My nigga chill out
Columbian cocaine
Gallardos and gold chains
Hoggin' up the lanes
Smoke fogging up my frames

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Have you ever met a menace
Low income housing tanant
My pen made me some pennies
But I'm still facin' this sentence
Cold as four decembers
Broke give me the tremors
So I'm smokin' timbers now I'm calm back to business
My bad, back to win it
Goin' extra innings
Hoe, I do the most that's why they catch the most feelin's
Work through the world, crack on every map
Got a bitch on every play, trickin like a champ
She lick it like a stamp, eat it like a rack o' lamb
Then she bring that stack back to daddy while I whip a yam

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Chill out, chill out
My nigga chill out
I got this, chill out
Chill out, my nigga chill out
I got this, my nigga chill out
Bogota bitch
Come Bogota rich