

# Got It Like That

Juvenile

When I go to the mall I be dropping them sticks  
'Cause I know one thing, I'm a get it right back  
'Cause I got it like that, got it, got it like that  
'Cause I got it like that, got it, got it like that  
When I see you, bro, you better hold it back  
'Cause she never see a swagger like that  
'Cause I got it like that, got it, got it like that  
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You bitches got badge, see Nicky Minaj  
Yeah, fuck the massage, I want a ménage  
I got young money, I got all money  
I could invest in her to beat the hoes for me  
I'm watching you watch me, I study your step  
Big in your smile, loving your hair  
Your swagga, your talk, just the way that you walk  
That must have been thought, I consider it odd  
You find it wine at the top of a dime  
I got footprints on my face, 'cause you run through my mind  
You're one of a kind, you get better with time  
You're calling my line? You better be lying.

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Stuck in the mall, spending your life  
Better watch what you say, I be spending your wife  
I fall out of control, I be living the life  
What you make it a day I got triple or twice  
Just early this morning couple sips on bad  
I ain't worry about nothing, I'm gonna get it right back  
I go ham what they day, make the killer no smack  
Give me less than six months, make the killer know that  
Six o'clock in the morning fitting kay on a track  
Twelve o'clock in the evening, pop it out with the band  
Twelve o'clock in the air and I'm in the club with the rats  
Politicking with models, everything is all wild.

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I'm chilling today, I'm back at it tomorrow  
Make more money than you, I'll put that on my card  
Spend my day in the stores, drink my night in the bars  
Live my money in minutes from I know the beyond

Hold on type to you bro, 'cause you're feeling my vibe  
She feeling my swag, I tell my vision to eyes  
All these bottles of Rose, all the jewelery ice  
She like what she's looking and she wanna see what it's like.  
She admire the struggle, pum pot and live what it is  
Fifty thousand for trips, two hundred thousand for whips  
I don't cry up for money, my time is told all the risk  
On a beach in Miami, what's up I say to my crib.

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