Got Those

Snoop Dogg

All money ain't good money But ain't no money like the show money

We came from the bottom to the top floor Plus I paid for it it cost a lot though Money problems everybody got those But now a days we don't got those Birkin bag all my bitches got those No Chanel everybody got those Shooters on the roof know we got those Hear a couple shots, hope you got those

I pull up in a Full Metal Jacket Pop shots, Top notch with the ratchet I leave a nigga dead on the asphalt Slap em in the face tell em take them fuckin' pants off T'd Up, G'd Up when we stance off Two to the chest make a bitch nigga dance off Goin' with the Wizzin, Juice with the Gizzin' Rides til' I'm Risen, strong with the pizzen' You don't know, oh, I fucked your hizzoe Timbo, the Designer, and finer fuck what it cizzost See everything I'm rock and wear its handmade If she with me then she got it all you understand me

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The police, motherfuckin' gang to me And money, ain't a motherfuckin' thang to me Let me break it down for you, keep a few shooters And a damn good lawyer Preparation for the worst, meditation with this verse Education, Rebirth, cause you know if you last you first And everybody wanna be the best, Red bottom shoes for your Louie bag on your neck Baby remember before you had shoes When yo' life was filled with nothing but bad news See everything I rock and wear is handmade If she with me then she got it all you understand me

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New cars got that, good weed blow that

Bag bitch yessir, OG for sure that Used to stay with my momma on the couch Like the Jeffersons I'm moving on up and I'm out Penthouse with the butler who waits by the door To ensure I'm the only motherfucker on this floor I got game, I got fame, I got cash, I got love I got so many hoes, I'm bout to open a club You got me, I got you, you got one, I got two Stop by and have a good time its popping' at Snoops Got a whole lot of this and I mix it with that Me and Timberland remember we bringin' it back

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