

## Webb Wilder

### "I Got That"

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[Webbie Talking]

Boosie I swear to God Ima hurt one of these lil bitch azz  
niggaz in here  
Trill Entertainment Young Savage nigga im Webbie ya  
heard me look

[Verse 1:]

I fuck a bitch till she real tired  
And i aint fuckin wit her less she real fine i gotta lot  
money i aint gotta lie play me on dat funny  
Style nigga gotta die why u spit dat nut out bitch  
apologize it's real deal pimp shit bitch recognize bitch  
Say get her some shoes then i reply all u get is a big  
dick dat circumsized boosie dat 745 hurt they eyez  
U got dat LI so ima get dat other kind a mothafuckin  
straight gangsta dat who is i get outta line ima  
Stank ya don't even try murda murda kill kill all in my  
eyez me i take dat beef shit and tenderize it i got  
Them fuckin skeletons all in my closet and it no class  
experiment some missing bodies bitch

[Chorus]

U want beef (I got dat)  
Dope (I got dat)  
Hoes (I got dat)  
Dro (I got dat)  
Money (I got dat)  
Cars (I got dat)  
Pistol (I got dat)  
Niggaz (Get shot at)

[Verse 2:]

I know u heard to me that beef aint nothin but a word ya  
heard i creep and serve bullets they swerve and  
Calm ya nerves fuck u nigga i aint throwin no slurs all i  
know is streets and birds broads and cars and  
Malls big splurgin i used to steal wallets and purses  
now i feel wallets and purses all the real niggaz

While off my verses boot up retarded and send boys to  
hurses don't get me started cause boy i might hurt ya  
Drunk as a alcoholic I'll woop ya ass purple slap ya and  
kick ya and treat you like urkle swang thru and bang u  
No i don't think u heard me ku klux klan hang u then  
light u and burn u young savage what u wan do nigga

[Chorus]

U wan beef (I got dat)

Dope (I got dat)

Hoes (I got dat)

Dro (I got dat)

Money (I got dat)

Cars (I got dat)

Pistol (I got dat)

Niggaz (Get shot at)

[Verse 3:]

[Boosie]

We come threw we stomp u, u owe us we chomp u we  
soldiers who want to knock a fuckin dome loose ima  
Always be a savage ima always tote dat plastic ima  
always be smart so boosie always gon wear masks im  
gon

Always hit dat classic gon hold BR down with a whip so  
sick dat make u boys turn around now we burnin off  
Da ground the sickest in the town boosie and webbie  
got dat crown u other niggaz bow down to the feet of  
Some youngsta who don't sleep we body bag niggaz  
and we toe tag da feet we fuckin in da back seat we  
aint playin

Wit no rookie we take dat money and we gon throw a  
party on dat pussy my life style is too cold my niggaz  
We run threw hoes pass'em down like newports and  
rockin dem like new bauds got syrup by the case loads  
We leanin like dem Texas boys and we don't karo dat  
shit we aint tryna stretch it boy and if u know me u  
Know me from gettin loaded u know me from lookin  
sported u know me from pistol toatin u know me from  
candy

Coatin my cars rollin wit superstars bondin my niggaz  
out when they stretchin behind bars (thug life webbie)

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