

Trina F/ Rick Ross**"I Gotta"**

Visit "[I Gotta](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[RR] Trina, Rick Ross, Hot Box..

[Trina]

I got a, fat pussy for a cocksucker
I got a, hideout for a cop ducker
I got a, condo for a baller nigga
I got a, gay friend you can call her nigga

[Rick Ross]

I got a, dick game with a mean hustle
I got an, Escalade no you can't touch it
I got a, couple blocks up in Georgia nigga
I got a, lil' brother cookin quarters nigga

[Trina]

I got a, couple girls who gon' come fuck
I gotta, see the money time to come up
I gotta, keep it real with my hustler hoes
I got a, pump or two, who gon' boost them clothes

[Chorus: Rick Ross] + (Trina)

I gotta get mine, girl you gotta get yours
(I gotta get mine, boy you gotta get yours)
I gotta get mine, girl you gotta get yours
(I gotta get mine, boy you gotta get yours)

[Rick Ross]

I gots, no love for a punk bitch
I gotta, cuss her out to make her suck dick
I got a, dildo in this bag baby
I got a, lil' somethin for that ass baby

[Trina]

I know you, pay hoes cause I heard you did
I got a, headhunter that'll serve you quick
I got a, team of hoes you ain't seen befo'
With green to blow, sick with cash and cream fo' sho'

[Rick Ross]

I gotta, fuck 'em all just cause I can
I got her, much hotter than fuckin her own man

The Ramada, she gave me a hundred dollars for head
But my Pradas, were slipped on, I got knee and fled

[Chorus]

[Trina]

I got a, couple cars, while most hoes sob
You gotta give it to the nigga who wrote those bars
I got a, check in the mail that you couldn't believe
Now I got a Roley for 80 G's under my sleeve

[Rick Ross]

I gotta, let you hoes know who I be
So instead of sayin Rick Ross I just pull out B's
I got a, trap in the hood called no ID
All my weed guaranteed, maybe fo' five seeds

[Trina]

I gotta, put it down in a major way
I gotta, put y'all down with this game I play
I gotta, get my pussy ate like everyday
Bring the present with the cake in ya Escalade

[Chorus]

[Rick Ross]

I got an, AK for a bitch nigga
I gotta, let you know they only get bigger
I got a, hit man for your problems nigga
I got a, couple stacks that'll solve him nigga

[Trina]

I gotta... show my nigga love
Cause he my nigga what, now hold yo' triggers up
Ain't nuttin in this game is as big as us
If it is, you can tell 'em, we don't give a fuck

[Rick Ross]

I gotta, hit 'em hard like Ronnie Lott
Defended by Johnny Coch' cartel on the block
I got a, fifty cal' and I'm waitin in the crowd
Ready to get it down when y'all all 50'd out

[Chorus]

Visit [Trina F/ Rick Ross](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.