

Lil Wayne f/ Birdman, Yo Gotti

"I Got Them"

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[Intro: Birdman]

Already, know what I'm sayin
This Birdman and this is how its goin down
The lil' young'n, Yo Gotti I certified the nigga
stamped to approve you feel me and the J.R.
I see like niggas must be..
They got us fucked up, they got us fucked up
They got us fucked up, we been movin birds bitch
They got us fucked up, they got ya fucked up
They get ya fucked up, we been movin birds bitch
(yeah)

[Chorus part one: Birdman]

Quarters and halves, chick-chickens and bricks
ball-ballers of dope, and ounces and shit
Quarters and halves, chick-chickens and bricks
ball-ballers of dope, and ounces and shit (I got em)

[Chorus part two: Yo Gotti]

Get what they lookin for, keep what they lookin for
All they got to do is tell me is what they lookin for
Make dope, make dope, make dope
Make dope, make dope, make dope,
Make dope, make dope, (I-I-I got em)

[Verse 1: Lil Wayne]

Alright, yeah
Money to be made, best believe a nigga got it
I run it myself, like a quarter back option
I pitch ya ten g's, tell a bitch to go shoppin
She buys ha' self some clothes and she brought me
back a chopper
See nigga try to cook it, but know I dont play sucker
I'm all about my cake, I'm tryin to marry Betty Crocker
A package on the way, you know my whip game proper
Ya know for one ki, I see seven thousand dollars
Now I will shoot dice, smokin on a joint
I bet with Yo Gotti, he hit five straight points
We over here hustlin, we over here grindin
We rap about money, and a nigga might sign ya
Rap about me, and a nigga might find ya

Banana in ya ass, its what you hear right behind ya
Dope game bitch, let his momma where I bought em
You can holla at me, a feat

[Chorus part one: Birdman]

Quarters and halves, chick-chickens and bricks
ball-ballers of dope, and ou-ounces and shit
Quarters and halves, chick-chickens and bricks
ball-ballers of dope, and ou-ounces and shit (I got em)

[Chorus part two: Yo Gotti]

Get what they lookin for, keep what they lookin for
All they got to do is tell me is what they lookin for
Make dope, make dope, make dope
Make dope, make dope, make dope, I'm the dope
nigga
Make dope, make dope, (I-I-I got em)

[Verse 2: Yo Gotti]

Another bird man with the bird land got a twenty piece
Gotti know charge to Memphis twenty-two a piece
Now I'm in the kitchen with a beacon and a brillo loaf
Low key and the 'rillo with them things in the fillers
Yeah I'm goin ten grand, January to December
but theres no winter, summer, gatty lookin lookin like
the wimbles
I'm goin back to Cali', I got to get the light green
Mexico Valley, you know they got them pan trees
eighteen rillas, now I'm on ateen
On my way to Memphis, I got to get my Hasseen
I come from the north of gangstas
Cold clap bitch niggas, dont ? hustlas
Go shine, everybody say they trippin
but most of these niggas laugh
I told you to tell stunna away from my town
You can rock it and pop it click clack I shot em
Chopper bullets brrrrooww I GOT EM

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Birdman]

Yeah, yeah,
Back where I started on my set and black
Hopped out the passenger side of my back
Under my nuts was two ounces of crack
But in my palm I had that chromed out Mac
Shinin on them bitches cause nigga I'm 'bout that
Flip a quarter bird, and score a whole sack
Pull up to the club in the old school 'Lac
With a bitch ridin fly, So high you love that
Its grind time nigga been about that

We flippin birds, let them hoes blow the sacks
We livin large with the garbage bag fat
Want the money and the power, real niggas gon' stack
And ride fly, twenty-fives on the back
Plushed out nigga, keep a few stacks
Out the hood, bout money and ask that
And if you ever cross the line, best believe we get
ready

[Chorus]

[Outro: Birdman]

Yeah ya understand me nigga
We the motherfuckin stunnas nigga
Young Money, Cash Money nigga
Yo Gotti what it do stunna nigga
Feel me thats how its goin down
We puttin it down
Money, money, money,
Get it, money, get it, 100, ya heard me
Thats how its goin down nigga, yeah

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