

2 Pistols f/ T-Pain

"She Got It"

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[J.U.S.T.I.C.E. League]
"J.U.S.T.I.C.E. League..."

[2 Pistols]
Yeah
2 Pistols
T-Pain
She got it

[T-Pain]
Ah-ah (Yeah, yeah)
Ah-ah (Yeah, yeah)
HEY!

[Chorus: T-Pain]
I know she got it cause she lookin' at me like she want it
(Want it)
She drop it low, maybe wanna throw some D's on it
(Hey!)
Whatever it is, you can't stop it
Cause she get low
When she on that pole
And that let's me know
She got it (She got it)
She got it (She got it)
She got it (She got it)
She got (She got it)
Oooh! (She got it)
She got it (She got it)
Whoa-oh (She got it)
Shawty
She got it

[Verse 1: 2 Pistols {T-Pain in background}]
Excuse moi, let me talk to you for a second
Little mama so fine she got the whole squad sweatin'
(DAYMN!)
"How you fit all that in them jeans?"
Was the question that I asked
Followed by "Let me buy you a drink" (Drink)
Young boss baby, I treat you

Treat you to the finer things
The neck bling, wrist bling
Wedding ring (Nah, I'm playin')
Might light ya neck or your wrist
But you gotta ride a nice dick and, uh
Take trips with the bricks (Hey yeah)
"She got it {She got it}
She got it"
That's what Pain said {She got it}
Them other niggas lame man, little mama, I got the
game plan
2 Pistols, bein' your boss
I make it happen while they talk
Ridin' 6's while they walk

[Chorus]

Break:
[T-Pain] Oooh (Hey!)
Oooh (Hey!)
She got it (She got it)
[2 Pistols] She got it, she got it
[T-Pain] Oooh (Hey!)
Oooh (Hey!)
She got it (She got it)
[2 Pistols] She got it, she got it
[T-Pain] Shawty know she's got it (Oooh, yeah)
Got it, got it, got it (Oooh, yeah)
She got it (She got it)
[2 Pistols] She got it, she got it
[T-Pain] Shawty know she's got it (Oooh, yeah)
Got it, got it, got it (Oooh, yeah)
She got it (She got it)
She got it

[Verse 2: 2 Pistols]
Damn, she bad (Damn, she bad)
Damn, she thick (Yes indeed)
Five foot five, hazel eyes, redbone, you da shit (Shit)
Make a nigga wanna stop and stare (Stare)
I just wanna pull your hair
Freaky shit, kinky shit
You don't need to take it there
I'm a young boss, girl (Girl)
Let me upgrade ya (Ya)
He's a worker, I get work out, what you 'bout, girl (Girl)
Trips to Venice (Venice)
What's the bid'ness (Bid'ness)
Bet this, swiss the digits
And the rest is history

[Chorus]

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