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Blessin' Boi "I Got 'Em"

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I got 'em - yeah I got 'em I got 'em - yeah I got 'em

(Aye) Boy stop it - I'm clean in my Nostic I walk wit a waddle cause da G's in my pocket (Nope) It ain't no green in my pocket I'm a platinum card n*gga - I keep da swiper in my wallet

(Yeah) Young n*gga wit a fool swag Keep a Sara Lee wit da bread in her Louis bag (Yeah) See da design when my pants sag Spent \$500 on da jeans - wanna see da tag? (Aye) More hits than a ball park You can call me Smash Mouth I'm an all-star (Yeah) Got Money on da Baseline Ten bands from my neck to my waistline (Foreal?) Hatin n*ggas betta fall back I'm worldwide I got goons in your own pack (Say dat again) Hatin n*ggas betta fall back I'm worldwide I got goons in your own pack

Boy who? (Boy who?) I got 'em (I got 'em) Say what? (Say what?) I got 'em (I got 'em) Who him? (Who him?) I got 'em (I got 'em) Who me? (Who me?) Yeah I got 'em (I got 'em) I got 'em (I got 'em)

I got 'em (I got 'em)

You know I be... I be flexin - Blowin B-A-N-D-S's Stones around my wrist - They seein many VVS's You know I be... I be flexin - Blowin B-A-N-D-S's Stones around my wrist - They seein many VVS's (Let's do it)

My jeans - my shirt - my kicks - my rag
My swag made 'em sick but I killed 'em wit da tag
I'm Mr. Money Bags - Mr. Got 'Em Mad
Mr. Water on my pinky so it's surfin when I swag
My chain hang low - But my demeanor so high
So high - So fly - My whole squad G5
I'm In da sky - It feel like I'm on a purp bean
You know I'm ballin - diamonds dancin like Twerk Team
Coogi, Louis, Pradas - Yeah I got a lot of 'em
But still keep it G - Naw you don't want problems
I ain't worried bout a hater - Hakunamatata
I pop-fly them n*ggas all my goons like "I GOT 'EM!"

Boy who? (Boy who?) I got 'em (I got 'em) Say what? (Say what?) I got 'em (I got 'em) Who him? (Who him?) I got 'em (I got 'em) Who me? (Who me?) Yeah I got 'em (I got 'em) I got 'em (I got 'em)

Who me? I got 'em - Pimpin' what's da problem You wanna do me somethin' bad - Come get at me patna

Catch me on dat Campbellton - Icy, icy, Prada
Chillin' wit my bad b*tch - And da goons gone follow
K-rab, Arab, and I keep da chopper
100 round clip like a certified doctor
Price tag on your head dat'll leave you chopped up
Head, shoulder, knees, toes, in da river boxed up
On da... on da westside n*ggas don't want no problems
Every cut throat n*gga f*ck wit me know I got 'em
On da... on da westside n*ggas don't want no problems
Every cut throat n*gga f*ck wit me know I got 'em (I
GOT 'EM')

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I got 'em - yeah I got 'em
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