

Big Sean "Get'cha Some"

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You want my shoes? You want my shirt? My jewels too,
n-gga?

Well you need to
Go n getcha some, go go n getcha some (x4)

FRESH, fresh like I'm wrapped in plastic
Polo, Louis to Gucci, like that's one fresh jacket
They lookin' at a n-gga, like that's one fresh bastard
I'm rich, bitch, see the shit that this cash get

You can't afford the price, so why the hell would you
ask it?

These faggots tried to snatch it, get their ass in a
casket

Ya honey love me, she admire the fashion, &
I call her baby girl, just like her dad did
There's 100s on my paper like a smart ass class kid
Because I'm on top my rap, like an ad lib
And you should holler mama, Dolce and Gabbana
mama

Gotta whole lot o mama, Fendi and a Prada
So you need to
Go n getcha some', go go n getcha some (x2)

But to get that boy, you got to be rich, or sum
& my attire, hard, hard like my dick or sum
I make more than ends meet,
My nigga Big told me it was bout the Benji's
I'm in the limelight, til the point my skin green
livin' my dreams, til the point you should pinch me
to convince me

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If I told you where to get it, you n-ggas still wouldn't
grab it

just to pronounce it, you gotta add an accent
& they askin can they call me grocery store, cuz my
pockets full of paper and plastic
man, you not avoiding my Asian, persuasion
excuse the lil' Ape in ya face, it stays Bathing
& when the heat blaze on high beams, you scream, I
scream
for some cold ass ice cream
Well you need to
go n getcha some, go go n getcha some (x2)

These brawds really thinkin, that they gon get em' sum,
so they try to take care of me, like I'm sick or sum
There's some things, I don't like, I love them Nikes
But not the white on whites, forget the price tags
'Cause I get what I like, & you're girl lookin' for me
Because she like the pipe, ya digg

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The fabric on my ass is satin and its sad n
You think you could afford this fabric
When it comes to the hoes all the man like shaft this
Cuz I'm clean cut and handle them like baggage
Atheists turn Christian when I rock my True Religions
It's that real when I'm rockin pastel
These n-ggas wanna wonder what they have on me
I'm stickin to my roots like LRG
So you need to
go n getcha some, go go n getcha some (x2)

Pose for the hoes they might wanna take a pic or
somethin
Hop up in the ride they might wanna let me stick em
some
The rag 'round my neck complement the outfit
I'm out with brawds you be watchin from your couches
But Imma need money power respect
Find a little piece of Jesus and I threw em round my
neck that's

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