

## George Huff

# "I Got Everything"

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You got the money, the big career  
You can fly most anywhere to get away from here  
I got my man, we ain't to tight  
But we can rock 'em at the Rooster every Saturday  
night  
I got my girl, got my guitar, I got everything.

You got a wet rag up on my neck  
And you can stare at that computer till your eyes turn  
red  
I got my pad, I got my mouse  
And there is forty-seven dozen livin' in my house  
I got my girl, got my guitar, I got everything.

Well, my girl is a hot wire, full of burnin' desire  
Can't wait to put her lovin' arms around me  
I got her with my guitar, really set her on fire  
Knew she was mine  
The moment that I dropped down to my knees.

It's what you got, not what you ain't  
If you got all that you need then you got it made  
Don't take much to satisfy me  
'Cause I got everything that money can't buy me  
I got my girl, got my guitar, whoa, I got everytyhing.

--- Instrumental ----

Don't take much to satisfy me, uh huh.

Well, my girl is a hot wire, full of burnin' desire  
Can't wait to put her lovin' arms around me  
I got her with my guitar, really set her on fire  
Knew she was mine  
The moment that I dropped down to my knees.

It's what you got, not what you ain't  
If you got all that you need then you got it made  
Don't take much to satisfy me  
'Cause I got everything money can't buy me  
I got my girl, got my guitar, I got everytyhing.

Yooo --- Instrumental --- yeah

I got my girl, got my guitar, I got everytyhing.

I got my girl, got my guitar, I got everytyhing, yeah...

I got my girl, got my guitar, woa, I got everything.  
Yeah...

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