

Hi-C

"Got it Like That"

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[Chorus] - X 2

Tricks on my dick 'cause my shit so fat
Now nigga don't ask why, we got it like that
Tricks on my dick 'cause my shit so fat
Now nigga don't ask why, we got it like that

[Hi-C]

I'ma kick one for the treble, two for the bass
I think it's time for me to slap the snot out ya face
Not with my fist, this time with the beats
I'm tricky, I'm the trickiest so I always give treats
Niggaz that's tweakin' I'ma reach out and touch ya
Catch ya walkin' to your car, jump out and cut ya
I'll stick ya like the butcher, the ex drug pusher
Got in the rap game, to give himself a name
(Now demon used to do me, not gon' do it no more
God forgive me for me sin, me tryin' to come up and
score)
Hell yeah I want more of the fat funky stuff
They call me Mr. Big Nuts and I can't get enough
of the lips, the hips, the tits, the backs
A pack of Lifestyles and a big bud sack
The boots, the loot, the tracks that's fat
Ey yo check it out black, I got it like that

[Chorus]

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[Hi-C]

When it comes to gettin', I gotta get it good
And I'd like to say peace to all my niggaz in the hood
Take me to the swap meet, it's time to get dressed
I want a t-shirt and some khakis, can't freak with the
Guess
Then I'm gettin' hungry, wish I had some hot wings
A green Gatorade and a bag of jelly beans
Fuck the jelly beans, I want a peanut butter Twix
The sugar keep me hyper, I need another fix

Later on at night I wanna go to a club
Dip in through the door and get a girl to give me love
Baby it's a fact that I give love back
While you're layin' on your back, this is how I act
Baby let's chill 'cause I think I'm in the mood
And after that move (uh-uh-oo!)
When I'm in the sack I never ever cut no slack
Ey yo check it out black, I got it like that

[Chorus]

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[Hi-C]

Hey, before the term is up and I'm through with the gut
I gotta fade the funk to make the girls shake they butt
After this verse that I burst I'm dippin'
Back into the hood to catch a knucklehead slippin'
But since I got time, there's no need for rushin'
I got at baby girl and the trick still blushin'
Ch-ch-ch-ch, all up by teeth
Ch-ch, she can't get enough of the beef
So hey, I'ma keep feedin' it to ya lady
But don't get addicted it'll drive yo' ass crazy
(Hey baby I'ma get you sprung
Soon as I bag your hunny bun, now let me)
Snatch off the wrapper, eat it up, toss it up
If you allergic to the stuff it'll make ya throw up
Never slippin' but I'm dippin' and I'll soon be back
Come check it out black, I got it like that

[Chorus] - X 2

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