

## J-Dawg "Got Em"

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[Chorus (J-Dawg)]

(GODD EM! ) As I walk up in da club  
(GODD EM! ) When I step in de spot  
(GODD EM! ) Den I spit my game and I pop my colla  
Cuz IÂ´m throwin dem dollas

[Chorus (K-Man)]

(GODD EM! ) As I walk up in da club  
(GODD EM! ) When I step in the spot  
(GODD EM! ) Then I spit my game and I pop my colla  
While IÂ´m throwin dem dollas

[Verse 1 (J-Dawg)]

Check out my swagger; GOT EM  
Top down now him's a bottom  
Ed Hardy, True Religion and Prada  
Dese little rappas fresh fi da slaughta  
I own dese rappas, dey my property  
New money everyday like the lottery  
IÂ´m prepared; IÂ´m on the ball like a soccer cleat  
Everyone is after one thing like a hockey team  
You know I got it, I got it like itÂ´s money (I got it)  
You know IÂ´m hot, IÂ´m hot like itÂ´s sunny (Nuh IÂ´m  
hawt)  
Dem rappas dey soft, soft like rugby  
But me got dem big stacks like rummy  
IÂ´m on a roll like butta and I got bread  
Ya know IÂ´m crazy, IÂ´m mad like a hothead  
So tight dat if you mess, I cut ya circulation  
Pockets keep getting bigger like him inflation  
IÂ´m all over da like like a zamboni  
But \*\*\*\* if ya try to say I am phony  
I got de bread, I got de cheddar, got da ham on me  
Nothin keeps me from flowin like a dam homey (irie! )  
I got em wit da clothes, I got em wit da kicks  
I got em wit da dough, I got em wit da whip (dat's right  
cuyah! )  
I got em wit da threads, I got em wit da Jays  
I got em wit da bread, I got am all day

[Chorus (J-Dawg/K-Man)]

[Verse 2 (K-Man)]

I pull up to da club wit a chain at my knees  
It's so bright it sting your eyes like bees  
Dancin on tha flo wit a girl in front  
Joke House Clique, the one that does the stunt  
To da rap game I'm committed like a crime  
Forget about the time, I gotta do da rhyme  
In the middle of da night I knew that I was tight  
I don't care if it's late, as long as I can write  
Nothin like some crap, I got the club packed  
I don't care if it's late, as long as I can rap  
My advice is no one needs a nap  
Stick to rap like a lot of sap

[Verse 3 (P Money)]

My name is P Money; I'm here to say  
I'm a big bad gangsta from da USA  
I get more cars that you could collect  
I get away in time so nobody don't suspect  
I'm all about my bread, my dough and flour  
I get the money so that means I got the power  
I need a basement for my chain cuz it hang so low  
Betta get ready cuz I'm bout to do a show  
But don't mess wit me, I'm a hardcore thug  
Money runnin like water, don't pull the plug  
My rims are like stars, shinin in the night  
Everytime I got to the club, I gotta start a fight  
That's meeee

[Chorus(J-Dawg/K-Man)]

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