

Luny Tunes

"I Gotcha"

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(feat. Pharrell)

[Verse 1: Lupe Fiasco]

They call me Lupe, I'll be your new day
They wanna smell like me, they want my bouquet
But they cant they accented like the UK
Turn that ude Lupe to Pepe Le Peu spray
Fragrantly fragrant and they cant escape me
My perfume pursued them everywhere that they went
You don?t want a loan leave my cologne alone
It?s a little to strong for u to be putting on
Trust me I say this justly
I went from musty to musky and yall cant mush me
I warn yall cornballs I hush puppies
The swans in the pond call my duck ugly
But now they hug me because its lovely
They love the aroma of a roamer of the world
Got the shakers and the skaters and the players and
the girls
Keep the fakers and the flakers and the haters in a twirl

[Hook:]

You want the flava ma, hey I got cha
You want the realness, well I got cha
I know you sick of them players big car and watch ya
Either they pimps or they macks or they mobsters

You want the real sh**, hey I got cha
You see ma people here, you know we proper
You know we do it right, right, right, right, right, right,
right, right

[Verse 2: Lupe Fiasco]

And I'm from Chi-Town thats where I flies round
Keep some Cartier frames over my eyes now
We used to gangbang a lot of that done died down
Children of the hat tiltin' keepin hope alive now
All with no high I do It so fly
Bank caesar tack helicopter with the bow tie
I love my city really hope that God bless it
Have my mind moving faster than that hog in the

hedges

Welcome all of yall to my dark recesses
This is where I keep the bars like bathtub edges
My Ivories And My Doves My Levers and my Zests
It takes half of your bubble bath to match the freshness
The belly of the beast you know I'm from it
I wrap it in a towel here go my pal in the stomach
And I be on my green like Irish Spring and I Coast
Fudge wit It and get a mouth full of soap

[Hook:]

You want the flava ma, hey I got cha
You want the realness, well I got cha
I know you sick of them players big car and watch ya
Either They pimps or they macks or they mobsters

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[Verse 3: Lupe Fiasco]

And so to sign off, this beat I rhyme off
Is from the Thelonious P and Hugo Mind Boss
You feel it in the air, its such a fine force
But you don't hear me though, just like a mimes toss
That's cuz I'm in Europe, me and my friends tour a
Im on my pimp, my temperature is temperer
I take it easy on my watch Im watchin TV
Am I clean as my her-re-shy's, see the hare is trying to
beat me
I continue to do Lu's pace
They say him got two heads and four eyes just like
screwface
But see my secret's safe its in my secret safe
That's in my secret room on my secret base
So from the runner of the FNF crew
Come in hip hop we've come to resurrect You
You, You, You, You, You, You, You, You, You, You

[Hook:]

You want the flava ma, hey I got cha
You want the realness, well I got cha
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[Verse 4: Pharrell]

(yeszir....)

Yeah I'ma skater, yeah I'm dirty
Lookin' for my wife, while they smart and perty
Your material-istic, journey
That bullshit, don't concern me
Ah, here you go, talking big shit
You ain't think, I could flip it like this quick
You just talking, and I'm the big shit
Without mentioning my hit list, for instance
Color dunk show, got 'em all yo
Got a different car, under each garage do'
From the Rolls Royce, that rides like hydro
That white 550, nigga, kicking like Tae Bo
I don't give a fuck, what ya haters think
Fam' I did things, my major means
At a pretty young age, I did major things
I made major cream, I eat major greens
First the yellow diamonds nigga, made ya bling
Had the baddest bitches, on the major scene
Fuck what ya heard and what you think you seen
I fuck that bitch who come from Cover Girl, to
Maybelline
Quater million jewelry from, Las Van Dome
Diamonds and plat', like glass and chrome
Black credit card, just asking on
Didn't need it, just didn't have it home
White girl in Africa, Black in Rome
Philipina girl, just packing at home
All the girls I get, I hack and moan
Man I give 'em the dick, you know them bitches just
gone
Nigga raise ya funds, been crazier son
But nigga ignorant, and Star Trak, take his fun
I'm the keyboard killer, with the raz-or toungue
Don't come back tellin me, what play-ers done
I did it big, and I made it fun
I made a ton, oh yeah the Rolls Royce got sacadelic
flowers
Painted on it, and I'm leaning on a nigga wit a lazor gun
The house in Virginia, that's what I'm living in
Building in Carribean, fillin 'em and buildin' 'em
"Paris too?" said the strangest girl
I said bitch, I'm tryna change the world, whoo

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