

Thelma Houston

"We Got It"

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Uh, check it, check it
Aiyo, it's very rare that you see me an Lanson
In a club, with bub, partyin, we dancin
If so, it's Chris, Bacardi, an some Branson
All leathered out in a Harley or a Vanson
Now I ain't dissin chicks
But I ain't trickin shit
That's Un yo, wit me you get fish an chips
That's right exotic and we live it
But jus cause I got it
Don't mean you can get it
Now I take them black, nasty, redbone, beautiful
Jus brush your teeth for me, that's suitable
Don't care about your toes or your cuticles
First we lie then work them thighs
It's a one night stand, not to hurt your pride
But ma, I'm a dog, it ain't worth the lies
And tell your man chill
He don't deserve to die
Plus the nigga probably ain't circumcised

Chorus [Mase]

Oh every beat we make, we make hot
And every watch we got, got rocks
And every car we got, we got dropped
And every glock we got, we keep cocked
To all the charts you on, we on top
And every house you own, we jus copped
And all the bank you got, we got stock
And every chick you wit, we jus hit

Check it out

Yo, I'm the same cat that you see in all places
Got a mil in hundreds and it's all small faces
Old school money, uh huh, we got access
What you get a year, we spend that on taxes
We don't talk to niggas, we jus wait for faxes
End up wit the cash, you bent up in the trash
Leave you wet, we set, in a net, in the dash
Nigga like me been a vet since the past
Who out here don't feel I'm lockin it yet

Video time, no props on the set
If you see a car that's my drop on the set
If you see jewels that's the rocks on my neck
And if a club scene really pop to be wet
We jus bought a chopper, you coppin Bigets
If you feel different, I'm stoppin the bet
You rockin a vet while we hop on a jet

Chorus

Hey pretty mama come wit me
If you think your a nasty girl
Your man had you livin in a fantasy
But it's really Cam'Ron's world
Meet me at the door about a quarter to four
And bring four more girls (bring em all)
My mans outside in the parking lot
With the six chromed out in pearl
And yo, you know my style when we creepin too
Yo, who dat boo, your man beepin you
Well say your wit Lexis, with the Lexus
God damn yo, I just missed the exit
I'm kinda tipsy, I don't want to wreck shit
And don't think ma, that I'm on some next shit
Just wanna know if we can get breakfast
Then go to the telly for some sex shit

Chorus 2X

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