

Yö

"She Got"

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Hook:

She got style like a muthafucka (6x)

She got a body like a muthafucka (6x)

Verse 1- Y.O.

I donâ€™t know how you put dem jeans on/

Watchin yo booty go back and forth look like its ping pong/

I envision myself up in ya don't dat seem wrong/

Hit you with this hammer you'd prolly make it my ringtone, but this should be yo theme song/

Mo' style den a French designer, body got like a 10-inch behind her/

She dropped it low like a recliner, den brought it up like a reminder/

Where dey make these, where'd you find her lookin like somethin thats out of my dream/

Girl you da one I'm tryna pick, like I'm attempting to set up a screen/

And yea dem jeans I'm tryna get you out like an eviction/

She so B.A.D., I'd say I love her, but that ain't part of my diction/

Tell me I'm trippin, I say we should vacate, make tapes like Ray J and Kim/

So bout her money like Baby and Slim, you prolly think that she related to dem/

I cater to dem type, B.A.D., she suit me like pinstripes, swag/

If you was for sale you'd already been bagged, fully accessed ain't a thing that you lack/

Dressin like you just came up out of Saks, with 2 random dudes tryna carry ya sacks/

Ain't talkin money, but she got a rack, that body should be engraved on a plaque/

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She got a body like a muthafucka (6x)

Verse 2 - TKO Capone

Aye she got style, man she super bad, mo' cheese than
a chalupa has/
She jumped inside me roofless slab, and blue me like a
Hoover flag/
I never been a loser fag, 50 Tyson stupid swag/
When I walked in her pad her kids looked up like huh
are you my dad/
Eeen, hell naw, I don't know what really to tell yall/
I'ma danell nah so move around I don't wanna smell
yall/
Skinnamarink I think she has mo' kids than Dashiki/
I'm only over here cause I'm frenchie, came to give ya
mama some winkie/
Well duh, ring ring ya its the O Capone/
Yung O called my phone said we in need of a song/
Switch gears, she winked her eye so I must reply if her
man trip I'ma dust the guy/
She's the shit, you can't flush I tried, she givin blow
jobs so I must apply/
You a lame, you can't justify, no caterpillars, doors
butterfly/
Don't compare with the other guy, like KFC I get a bunch
of thighs/
Like Mississippi I get a bunch of I's, you don't get it
ketchup like what come with fries/
people think I had sex on an airplane, why, cause I'm
fuckin fly/

Hook:

She got style like a muthafucka (6x)
She got a body like a muthafucka (6x)

Verse 3 - Y.O.

Okay so style is what you teachin, body language dats
what you speakin/
Well let me begin, you should pretend dat I'm yo man
for da weekend/
Blow da whistle like a reach-in, finest hoes she beat
dem/
Pockets gotta be deep in for dem designer clothes dat
she be in/
Honor roll was her peak den, baddest chick comin from
her class/
Now when I get to peepin, look like her ass grew anotha
ass/
And you ain't have to ask, her face fine she killin ooo/
Lovin da way you dance you say no hands but I'm still
feelin you/
Drinks, get me billed for 2 or mo', I might need a few of

those/
B.A.D. girl wit no tv show, she skipped dat for a movie
role/
Bougie hoes just don't compare, dem Serena thighs so
cutthroat/
I'm tellin ya chicks standin next to her, get overlooked,
short folk/
Of course though, but no coarse hair, and her body
look better in sportswear/
She got dem shorts where, dey show a lot of skin n got
her own crib wit a Porsche der/
Porsche there, she winnin, tryna study her like its
forensics/
Got me training like its the Olympics just to get next,
next, like an apprentice/

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