

# Da Wild Boyz "Gotten"

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Shit, right back at y'all again  
It's da one they call woodie  
still at it ain't nothin changed, like i said ??????  
Let's go get'em records  
Wild boyz downtown as well  
T-Bone on the track y'all know what time it is

Chorus: repeat 2X

You got rope round your neck, duct tape on ya wrist  
Pistol whips til ya scared, now here comes my diss

[Da Wild Boyz]

You tried to win a warfare, now try to pill a whellchair  
Fuck around and sit there, you'll get drilled and killed there  
I gives a fuck bout you bitches ya'll just hot cause I'm cold  
Look I've been talking to you bitches,  
but ain't on no street song  
Juvenile I know ya, B.G. don't make me come show ya  
You like to bling-a-ling, I like to stay with rein  
Bitch y'all thank I cain't prove it, set the date and let's do it  
Set ya stage on fire, watch a wetboy run through it  
See Reggie be bustin head, a gangsta bout bustin head  
K.C. be bustin head, Juve be suckin head  
B.Geezy B.Geezy, you a real junky fo sheezy  
Boy ya lips stay swoll, black, sleezy, and greasy  
All that motherfuckin rappin, on gangsta murder weapons  
We pimp ya whole fuckin label, but uhh that why I just keep it  
I've got nothin but love fo ya Baby  
the way you pimpin your artist ??????  
Man you sold dope all ya life,  
got popped flipped the script started rappin that right

\*Chorus\*

How can gangstas make a million, in peace  
But y'all rappin in motherfuckin business in da streets

I don't hate ya Baby it ain't that critical  
I just flip ya aristo cause pitiful  
junky is what they are, drivin nothin but jive cars  
Real solja behind bar, won't say ya name but they are  
You like to rap all day, well bring your beef my way  
You like to ?? when you was real, more or less my cable  
bill  
Up and nigga let's bet, I won't even break a sweat  
I'ma take your Rolex the first round  
Hot Boys want somethin and get wet  
Won't say I'm thuggin when I wasn't,  
sayin I got it when I doesn't  
Look to me that's not healthy  
Claiming your rich when your not wealthy  
Get ya mind right Lil' Wayne, B.G. leave that shit alone  
Pull ya pants up on your ass, and carry ya young ass  
home  
I'ma say it one more time, bitch you gets no love  
"Junkies gets what junkies does"  
Boy I catch you slippin I'ma beat ya like a hoe  
Have ya friends weepin ??????? metro  
Girl that Juvenile ain't know that he was on fire  
Exploded in ??? water, knock black magic off his tires  
????? come ride through my hood  
So I can clean ya dirty world and super soak you good  
B.Geezy what'ch say, you cain't wait to see little Aunt  
Tizzy  
It's a must I keep it real, you got that look that's easy  
It's a dirty world and you bitches losin  
You cain't do nothing about it cause I'ma keep you  
blusin  
You cain't make good songs cause I'ma do you wrong  
I'll take ya hit, flip yo shit and make my pockets strong  
It's a dirty world and you bitches losin  
You cain't do nothing about it cause I'ma keep you  
blusin  
You can't make good songs cause I'ma do you wrong  
I'll take your hit flip yo shit and make you move on  
Yeah I see ya ass ridin dirty up my block  
but if you stop you'll get drop with da glock all tops  
I see you rolling in your compressor  
I snatch that ass Hot Boyz one lesser  
I see you rolling in your compressor  
I snatch that ass Hot Boyz one lesser  
Yes bra

\*Chorus\*

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