

No Question "You Can Get That"

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(feat. Bianca)

[Bianca]

Uh, first lady
Uh huh, No Question
C'mon, c'mon

We gon' have a little Cristall poppin' here
You can see me in the top, be clear, not the Benz baby
boy
I'mma go wit the box this year
We ain't gon' take it, we can stop it there
California, pay Rodeo a visit
Cuz if it ain't Hollywood, in a year you'll be kickin'
Get it down, C's spent in the rolls with me
M.F., No Q, I was suppose to be

[No Question]

If you want a five double O, you can get that
If you want ice on your wrist, you can get that
If you want a house and some land, you can get that
lady
Let's spend some money, we can do this baby

If you want a mink coat, you can get that
If you want some karats on your ring, you can get that
If you want a house and some land, you can get that
lady
Let's spend some money, we can do this baby

Anything mamma, go and get that dough
Don't spend cash, won't call no more
Cats wanna know you but they don't know
You want the fast life and them high priced clothes
Money ain't never been a thing to me
If your woman ain't laced, then she's gonna leave
You're lookin' for a baller then you just found me
Let's hit Rodeo for a shopping spree

[Repeat 1]

I'm looking for a partner who will die for me

In the bedroom, she's a superfreak
On the down low, take a fall for me
Take a long stroke 'till my back gets weak
Ma, I love the way that you play these cats
Poppin' their guns like they built like that
Talk about game and ain't got no rap
Anything you want baby, you can get that

[Repeat 1]

[Bianca]

We need to talk, heard you wanna put some ice on my
ear
Baller, huh? Hundred thou' twice in a year
First Chick's the name, you gotta make the white sick
Drop six and I love the way the rock sit
Stay long, I'mma show you how to top flip
I ain't jokin', just floatin' where the chips at
Focus on the crib, clothes, I'mma get that
What it take to make the kitty cat purr
The chrome wheels, lights in six blame fur
Platinum piece in back of every four karats
Stack at least cuz I got a heavy 'dro habit
It's all about the chips, be all about the cash
All about the wrist he ballin' in the Jag
Tipsey, crispy, all up in my glands
Fifty, sixty, all about my man
Fendi, Gucci shot the boss's game

[Repeat 1]

It's all about the cash, it's all about the dough
It's all about the stash, and make a little mo'
It's all about the cash, it's all about the dough
It's all about the stash, and make a little mo'

[Repeat 1 until fade]

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