

Red Cafe "I Got This"

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Verse 1 - Red Cafe

Hah?

I got a bad habit
every night I gotta touch another bad chick
but I ain't selfish
i pass it
I'm the top gun
I'm Maverick
sip champagne out the World Cup
clique in front of the club, I'm feelin'a swerve up
I'm feelin'a ball out
I brought my dogs out
what u drinkin' on mama we bought it all out
yeah!
now it's on
I'm in the zone
I got my kush barked up I'm gettin blown
That redberry got me sauced up
dem other niggas spendin shorts tell 'em boss up
come fly wit me
I'm livin in the sky
I got it wraped up
a ribbon in the sky
and Ciara if you really wan' ride
then you should saddle up and we can fuckin go live

Chorus - Red Cafe

e'ry day I win (win)
I can never lose (lose)
I just do it how the muh fuckin best do
i got this (i got this)
i got this (i got this)
believe dat
what else? (x2)

Verse 2 - Lore'I

I finish in the lead
fuck'em make em leave (yeah)
trophy wife ??? in the lead
a dog in Dior
inportin my decor
get off on important calls ??????

more men and money
is all a bitch fathom
unless he on the Forbes list I ain't lookin at him
tounge kiss the madam (mwa)
curtsy and crumpets
toot your horn (that's right)
I can blow a trumpet
my Louis arm strong I got a lotta bag
I jump in the coupe bent (vroom)
hit the gas

shit on I get on and make 'em kiss my ass
tongue out pantyless
feel the drag
Cam Newton
play 'em then I pass
catch me on a hill
Laurie Conrad (yeah)
??? skybox know folks in high places
with Trey Songz makin' love to his faces (uh)

Chorus - Red Cafe
e'ry day I win (win)
I can never lose (lose)
I just do it how the muh fuckin best do
i got this (i got this)
i got this (i got this)
believe dat
what else? (x2)

Verse 3 - Corey Gunz
young money
tih! dese niggas lame Red (yeah)
dey needa quit da bullshit the game dead
Corey Gunz er'ry were dey hear my name said (right)
niggas change. don't blame me
blame bread (yup)
I said
there's somethin fishy 'bout deze greens Red (huh?)
you keep comin home from servin the same feds
(woah!)
nah
I'm iight on dat (look)
you pop a rat dey givin you double life for dat
i got dat Tech Uzi revolvin rilfled rat-
young money militia nigga get with it or get left
I'm on a flight ?pissy? (huh?)
like my buildin steps (yeah)
I burn it down my album come with a weldin set-
trip and get your whip melted
pussy playa get wet

yet
i could say a line bout my wrist but pardon my french i
need a whole rhyme for my shit
try an' time out my shit target I hit
I'm starvin'a spit

Chorus - Red Cafe
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i got this (i got this)
i got this (i got this)
believe dat
what else? (x2)

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