

**Blackstreet F/ Beanie Siegel****"I Got What You On"**

Visit "[I Got What You On](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Blackstreet]:

Yo, yo  
Ho, ho  
No, no  
You don't go  
Yo, be, be  
Me, me  
Can't you see, see  
Can't let go cuz I got what you on, girl

Baby, I'm hearing too much in the street  
Things aren't at they supposed to be  
Kept it between just you and me, baby (go)  
Honey, I'm sick and tired of all of this  
I think it's time I handled it  
Tripping, flipping, get down with, baby (go)  
I've got to, a drop-top Benz with the Buggy eye  
Thought it was enough to keep it right  
I guess it was wrong cuz you out tonight, flossin' (go)  
With your girls  
Nina, Pam and what's-her-name  
Girlfriend, they don't play the same  
You don't know  
I got what you on, girl

Yo, yo  
I never really thought you was a ho, ho  
That's not really the way I go, go  
Why you wanna play with my dough, dough  
Yo, yo, yo  
Yo, be, be  
Why you wanna be  
With me, me  
Girl, why can't you see, see  
I can't let go cuz I got what you on, girl

Say that something's missin'  
Tell me what you missin' (go)  
Say that you need to flex, that's all right  
But tell me where you was last night (last night, yo)  
I'm thinkin'

With too much on your hands  
You surely need to cover up, girl, what is it?  
The way you spread that, oh girl  
Is it like that?  
Your actions, two can't really relaxin'  
I'm kickin' out the money when you want it (yo)  
You steppin' out the Benz with your hair so right (yo)  
Skirt so high and so tight  
You out gettin' it like a dope fiend  
Girl, why can't you just see?  
You told me to go  
Cuz I've got what you on, girl

Yo, yo  
I never really thought you was a ho, ho  
That's not really the way I go, go  
Why you wanna play with my dough, dough  
Yo, yo, yo  
Yo, be, be  
Why you can't be with me, me  
Tell me why can't you see, see  
You can't let go cuz I got what you on, girl

[Beanie Siegal]:  
I keep you properly styled in the latest shit  
Pradda, crocodile or gator's shit  
Eyes poppin' out the Benz, you now the latest shit  
Takin' you and your girlfriends shoppin' at player's shit  
Keep a pocket full of dough, save for the stats  
Got a big fuckin' crip with a lake in the back  
And as yours to the wig, wait, let me take that back  
Get outta line, and I'ma take that back  
I just cock the six, you don't gotta car hop  
I got a cellar full of Cris, you don't gotta bar hop  
I got an indoor pool with a divin' board  
My crip look like somethin' outta The Rile Report  
Laced you, twenty karats, ten in each ear  
I can take you places, you ain't been nowhere  
It could be gone tomorrow, but it's here today  
Cuz I could play towl on 'em and take it all away  
You ok?

Yo, yo  
I can't believe my eyes your a ho, ho  
It's not really the way that I go, go  
Why you wanna play with my dough, dough  
Yo, yo, yo  
Yo, be, be  
Why you can't be with me, me  
Tell me why can't you see, see  
I can't let go cuz I got what you on, girl

Yo, yo,  
Take it out, ho, ho  
It's not the way I love you, no, no  
How you take my dough, dough  
Yo, yo, yo  
Yo, be, be  
Why can't you be with me, me  
Well, baby, can't you see, see  
Can't let go cuz I got what you on, girl

We out

Visit [Blackstreet F/ Beanie Siegel](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.