

The Gone Jackals

"Got It Made"

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[gonzoe] (talking)
Uh-oh, (uh-oh) here it go again (here it go)
Oh fuck! (oh shit) shit, shake that shit bitch
Huh, (yeah) yeah, it's me, gonzoe
Came to rock you mother fuckers right quick
You know what I'm sayin? kick that thesoline
Know what I'm sayin

[verse 1 - gonzoe]
Nigga, I'm tryin to have it made
Fuckin with mink and suede
Hoppin out of jags on niggaz
When me shit parfait
Like livarache
Hoe, smell the heats of meakee
I'm too cocky
My life's too rocky
So fuck y'all
Nigga pissy off with me
You separate all
It means nothin
I talk your bitch out the drawls
For the fuck of it
And turp off bumpin
It's in the shed
Bounce to this
Cause you feelin it
Respect me killin it nigga
I'mma be that rich cat
Tell them niggaz where I hold my chips and whips at
I'm a young nigga never found guilty
Clean as fuck but still filthy
Workers on the corners tryin to milk me
For knowledge
Like 'damn! you smashin in college? '
Big ass glots and keepin dollars
Don't bother choppin work no more
I hit the liquor store
Relax with a glass of conyac and smoke
Nigga

[chorus - gonzoel]
I got it made! (got it made)
Fuckin with mink and suede (mink and suede)
All my pieces par made
Bitch, I'm doin this shit my way (my way)
Bitch, all us niggaz we got it made
I'm paid, fuckin with mink and suede
Hoppin out of jags on niggaz (us)
When me shit bumpay
Like liverache
Hoe, smell the heats of meakee (hoe)
I'm too cocky
My ice too rocky
So fuck y'all

[verse 2 - gonzoel]
Uh, it's too much money to me
Y'all niggaz is actin fake
Playa-hatin, talkin up on my shit like ricki lake
Comin chili's for hoes
Why you lyin bout who you know?
Stay broke, never got no ervails on the smoke, lock the
timmy
Foo, you killin me, actin phony
Sittin on your cake with a round of homies, you're
pretty tony
Gettin worked, cochberts, versace, domeinberg
What you bought is what she wear when she go do dirt
The truth hurt
All the same
With no backs to claim
But you slept because it was all part of the game

Chorus

[verse 3 - gonzoel]
Yeah, y'all niggaz can't touch me
I'm spotless, you dusty
My pistol crusty
All the niggaz I wet
They all trust me
Till the federals bust me
Out for the dusty
Gangsta like bugsy
Livin lavish up in luxury
The bombay, mr. icicle
Come swallow the pickle
Us dons all stressed and rippled
It ain't a thing
Tryin to find this game man
Stack up for the drought

Cause one day it's gonna rain
In big drops
Cop, blind side of my cyclops
As it bubble, I watch the pattern transform
To rocks nigga, going to glocks, money in stacks
Cause he got this, and I got that (what)

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