

## The Marshall Tucker Band

### "U Got It"

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You lookin' good boy, you got that fire now  
So you a hot boy, I'll be your hot toy  
You know the routine, rub up on my blue jeans  
And if you do it good, well then you got me

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Pop that Crys, Mr. juicy lips  
What I gotta do for you to ride these hips  
Slide to the whip, ride to the strip  
Get a place on the low, right off fifth  
Low lights, move right, seats real cushy  
Make a move on you, hope I ain't too pushy  
I like the way we vibe  
But there's something about you baby that's making  
me hot  
And I don't smoke, but I will take a tote for you  
I see you risin', tell me what ya going through  
You wanna what, oh shit, now you talkin' to me  
That sexy shit gon' bring out the New York in me  
I know you heard me say it before, Lyte as a rock  
I hope you knock, come on baby, put it on the spot  
By that knot in your jeans I see you holdin' a lot  
You makin' me hot, so show me what you got

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[Unknown Male]

You lookin' good chick, I wanna get that  
Tell me what I gotta do to get with that

You lookin' good girl, I wanna get that (aha)  
Tell me what I gotta do to get with that

At the club I gotta preview  
You followin' me, I can see you in the rear views  
You swallowin' me, every word that you heard me say  
Rolled up the elevator, ran down the hallway  
Blast through the doorway, pause  
You gon' make me drop my drawers  
X that nigga, come out yours  
Back's real big and shoulders broad  
Six pack, let me hit that with your thick back  
From the kitchen floor to the jacuzzi  
Anywhere we do it, you gon' salute me  
I got the whipped cream, I got the magazines  
Before we hit it you gon' have to get that ass clean  
Get that hat boy, and crack that back boy  
And don't be scared if I smack it from the back boy  
I'm feeling sticky like I'm hot from the sun, oh  
What you sayin', you ain't got one

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And if you do it good, good, well then you got me, me  
Well then you got me, me, ooh, ooh, ooh, pause

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