

Foxx, I Got It

[Talking:]

Yeah, c'mon

That nigga Foxx, Foxx-a-million,
whatever y'all wanna call me, ya heard me?

Yeah, y'all niggas know I got it mane

Y'all KNOW I got it!

[Chorus:]

I got it (yeah)

You want it, come get it (yeah)

I got it (yeah)

You want it, come get it (yeah)

[Verse 1:]

I got pills for rollas, I got dozia for smokas

N' it's high for you niggas that got cake like oprah

If you want I'm on it, I don't front it or loan it

If you need some major work, then you just meet me at Shonie's

You just bring all my cheese n' I don't mean macaroni

N' I keep them ounces real nice n' Fat like Tony

I get jiggles for cheapa, I don't care 'bout the people

Gimme twenty minutes, when I get 'em, then I'ma reach ya

Al Capone was my teacha, got my hustle from Scarface

At five seventy five a pill, nigga you oughta make,

A whole lotta cake, you don't believe me, then calculate

I got them hoes puttin' it n' they cat when they masturbate

I got them powder packs for ya too at a cheap rate

Ya find 'em out chea cheapa, I'll price match, OK?

You slippin', I'm packin' up, you plannin' on jackin' us

I gotta choppa thatta have yo bitch ass backin' up

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 2:]

I got dunnas for junkies, I got acid for honkies

I got indo' for niggas n' got bananas for monkeys

I'm a hustla baby, got connects wit the Haitians

If you want it, come get it n' don't be tryin' my paitience

I got chickens or mickeys, now them niggas be bitchin'

Cause I got the cheapest prices n' the BR city

All you need is nine pills, it's gon' run ya 'bout sixty

Last nigga tried to play me caught a hollow tip quickie

I got wholes for the prices of halves,

n' my wholes look like I done stuffed the whole, damn ziploc bag

They pull ya ova wit my dime, they gon' think ya distributin'

Niggas swear they on the grind, who the fuck you think you foolin'

Bricks comin' from Dallas, that purple comin' from Cali

Pills comin' from Gramblin', the pickup spot in Port Allen

It's a drought, then I'm fuckin' up, I ain't new, I know what is what

N' that scale don't lie, so I don't neva be fuckin' up

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 3:]

I don't talk ova the phone cause them people be all ears

They quick to tap ya phone when they know you a ball'ear

N' I ain't neva have that fuckin' thang that they call fear

Whateva you need, just come n' get it, it's all here

I told ya I'ma hustla, pimp juice, I don't wear a pimp suit

N' ain't the type to ride n' a Lex' coupe

But everybody know what I'm really 'bout

I stay wit a semi out, n' run my business throughout a click house

I keep my pounds off in the attic, got cocaine in the city,

n' keep my rocks stuffed off in the mattress

The way I push, ya oughta call me Beatrice
I don't take no shit from no crackhead about my cabbage
Come up short n' I'll let a bitch have it
Anybody, bitch or nigga, you can get it, head-bussa or faggot

[Talking:]

Street gossip nigga
The streets will talk nigga
N y'all niggas know I got it
Why don't y'all come get it then!?
I know y'all want it
Come get it then!
Nigga, I'm all out in public wit it, cha heard me?

[Chorus]