

Webbie, I Got That

(feat. Lil' Boosie)

(Webbie Talking)

Boosie I swear to God Ima hurt one of these bitch azz niggaz out here
Trill Entertainment Young Savage nigga im Webbie ya heard me look

(Verse 1:)

I fuck a bitch till she real tired
and i aint fuckin wit her less she real fine i gotta lot money i aint gotta lie play me on dat funny
style nigga gotta die why u spit dat nut out bitch apologize its real deal pimp shit bitch recognize bit
say get her some shoes then i reply all u get is a big dick dat circumsized boosie dat 745 hurt they
u know dat LI so ima get dat other kind im mothafuckin straight gangsta dat who is i get outta line i
spank ya dont even try murda murda kill kill all in my eyez me i take dat beef shit and tenderize it i
some fuckin skeletons all in my closet and it no class experiment some missing bodies

(Chorus)

U want beef (I got dat)
Dope (I got dat)
hoes (I got dat)
Dro (I got dat)
Money (I got dat)
Cars (I got dat)
Pistol (I got dat)
Niggaz (Get shot at)

(Verse 2:)

I know u heard to me that beef aint nothin but a word ya heard i creep and serve bullets they swerv
calm ya nerves fuck u nigga i aint throwin no slurs all i know is streets and birds broads and cars a
malls big splurs i used to steal wallets and purses now i feel wallets and purses all the real niggaz
while off my verses boot up retarded and send boys to hurses dont get me started cause boy i migh
junkie alcoholics ill woop ya ass purple slap ya and kick ya and treat you like urkle slang u and ban
no i dont think u heard me ku klux klan hang u the light u and burn u young savage what u wan do

(Chorus)

U wan beef (I got dat)
Dope (I got dat)
Hoes (I got dat)
Dro (I got dat)
Money (I got dat)
Cars (I got dat)
Pistol (I got dat)
Niggaz (Get shot at)

(Verse 3:)

(Boosie)

Yo we come threw we stomp u, u owe us we chomp u we soldiers who gon to knock a fuckin don le
always be a savage ima always toat dat plastic ima always be smart lil boosie always gon wear ma
always hit dat classic gon hold BR down with a wip so sick dat make u boys turn around now we bu
da ground the sickest in the town boosie and webbie got dat crown u other niggaz bow down to the
some youngsta who gon see we body bad niggaz and we toe tag da feey fuckin in da back seat we
wit no rookie u take dis money and we gon throw a party on dat pussy my life style is too cold my n
we run threw holes passin down like new poles and rockin dem like new bowes got served by the c
we leanin like dem Texas boys and we dont kay roll dis shit we aint tryna stretch ya boy if u know n
know me from gettin loaded u know me from lookin sported u know me from pistol toatin u know m
coatin my cars rollin wit dem superstars bondin my niggaz out when they stretchin behind bars (thu