

# Will Smith, You got it

Hello?

Yeah, I talked to him

Whoa, whoa..

Nah, you ain't got to explain nothin to me

See, you tried to play my man and end up playin yourself

Later for you

Nah, matter of fact later for you

And your golddiggin girlfriend you put me down with)

(Thought I was a donut)

(Tried to glaze me)

(Thought I was a donut)

(Thought I was a donut, you tried to glaze me)

This story that I'm about to tell ya

Is all about this girl named Delia

Five foot seven a Gucci queen

With gold all over that flowed like a stream

I met her in a club on a Saturday night

The girl's jeans were tight and I got hype

I thought about talkin to this little miss

But I kept seen guy after guy gettin dissed

Every guy that cracked got flagged

But somethin kept sayin (you) (you) (you bad)

I walked up and asked the girl to take a ride

I whispered in her ear, said, "My car's outside"

At first she laughed and said, "Nah, not yet"

Then I told her it's a 'Vette and she said "bet"

"Under one condition: you gotta let me drive it"

She kissed me on the lips and I said (you got it)

(You got it)

Oh what sweet music she and I made

Only I was gettin dissed while she was gettin paid

Everything that I owned, she took it

All the way down to my foodstamp booklets

I was contemplatin her bein my wife and

All she was tryin to do was siphin

Every single dime that she could extort

She was Jane the Ripper, and she couldn't be caught

My friends tried to tell me but I stood behind her

(The girl ain't nothin but a 49er)

They tried to tell me but I couldn't be told

Because her beauty was a shovel that was diggin for gold

Diamonds and furs, I spent all I had

And took her shoppin every day at Sack's 5th ave

Visa, Mastercard and even Discover

She told me this is the way that I can show her I love her

My friends tried talkin to me, they tried stoppin me

(If she had a gun they'd arrest her for robbery!)

I knew she was playin me for every dime

But I loved when people said (Homes, your girl is fine)

But then one day, yo, I got wise

I found out she was messin with a couple of guys

She told me that she loved me but I guess she forgot it

Oh, you wanna play hardball, huh (You got it)

(You got it)

The final night that I caught this girlie

I was out of town and I came home early

I caught her in a club kissin some guy Fred

Stormed up right behind her, grabbed her and I said

Yo Delia What's up baby

Come on you got to be crazy

That's your cousin you think I'm a nut

What kinda cousin would you let put his hand on your butt

Na girl, you done got out of hand

And it's about to seem like I'm the repo man

You vacuumed all of my funds like a rug  
But you stretched the cord too far you pulled the plug  
Let's what come on it's too late to talk  
It's like monopoly and I bought you the Boardwalk  
But tomorrow you'll wake up and take a look  
And think the stockmarket crashed on your pocketbook  
But it's over now I want everything  
All the way from Louis Vuiton bags to earrings  
Especially the solid gold earring noodles  
And the diamond watch, the whole kit and kaboodle  
Don't tell me I'm trippin  
Oh, you got amnesia now you're forgettin  
Who did what for who I gave my all to you  
I can't seem to see why you did wrong to me  
I finally figured out what you're about  
But it's the bottom of the ninth two strikes and two outs  
You can go make a sucker of another fellow  
It's 12:01 let's give it up Cinderella  
I ain't goin for it, stop cryin  
Like Ms. Melody said I ain't buyin it  
Game over girl you finished clockin  
You wanted your walking papers (You got it)  
(You got it)  
(Thought I was a donut)  
(Tried to glaze me)