

I Got It

Dej Loaf

What up, family?
Tryna wake 'em up cousin
I say R.I.P. to my cousin
Tryna wake 'em up cousin

Walking devil, I be feeling like Jesus
I don't know much about that Bible, never felt like I need it
I told my mom that I got her, when I make it we even
For all the years she took care of me and my brothers believin'
I miss my grandma, why did she have to leave me?
I had so much shit to tell her, damn man, I still can't believe it
We balling out, nah, we ain't up in no bleachers
You hear my songs on the radio, baby, turn up yours speakers
Cause we own now and we grown now
First million, go and tell 'em it's on now
I still sip Arizonas
And I do this shit for all of my loners
Screaming to the top of my lungs like "Mama, I'mma make it"
Gotta speak it to existence then you gotta have patience
Just stay in your lane, fuck anybody hatin'
Love don't love nobody so don't worry about datin'
Just worry about Dej whether you singing or you rappin'
All these bitches got opinions
Cause you fucking over half 'em
Anybody want war it ain't shit to get it crackin'
Cause nigga where I'm from they use alleys for the caskets
I'm not tryna promote violence, a lot of shit be on my conscience
Never been baptized, I got demons in my body
And I pray from time to time, I be like "Lord, get 'em off me"
I just want to be wealthy, way more to it than money
Don't nobody keep it real, half these rappers is phony
They ain't really getting money, pockets flat as my stomach
I don't merge in niggas' lanes, I got tunnel vision
Fuck a buffalo stud no pun intended
It's so hard, I still play it like Pun existed (Big Pun)
Teach the kids to be bosses, no dumb decisions
Look, all y'all fraud niggas, all y'all broad niggas
And most of 'em foul, that's exactly why I charge bitches
My niggas put up buckets, pour some soul with it
You got a team full of ball hoggers and soft niggas
Scared to let your mans ball, these niggas Ken dolls
I'mma put me on then put my friends off
Niggas try to talk to me, I put 'em in that friend zone
Sophisticated thug, you know the suit, ties, the Timbs on
We be off the Hen-dog, don't chase it for nothing
And you be on that bullshit, basically fronting
I'm basically running, anything go in front me
Try to stop me, I go crazy, I get to clicking and dumping
I probably leave a nigga boiling like chickens and dumplings
Cornbread, cabbage, soul food, I'll blow up your muffin
Fuck it, all I want is checks with them commas with no drama
Respect, loyalty, money and power
Round table, we gon' eat like them mobsters
I'm a monster, this music shit it come so easy, I got it
Bitch, I got it, oh, I got it
Bitch I got it
It come so easy, I got it

I got it

IBGM

Yeah, we got it, we got it