

Got It Like That (feat. Skip, Wacko)

Juvenile

[Featuring: Skip & Wacko]

When I go to the mall I be dropping them sticks
'Cause I know one thing, I'm a get it right back
'Cause I got it like that, got it, got it like that
'Cause I got it like that, got it, got it like that
When I see you, bro, you better hold it back
'Cause she never see a swagger like that
'Cause I got it like that, got it, got it like that
'Cause I got it like that, got it, got it like that
You bitches got badge, see Nicky Minaj
Yeah, fuck the massage, I want a ménage
I got young money, I got all money
I could invest in her to beat the hoes for me
I'm watching you watch me, I study your step
Big in your smile, loving your hair
Your swagga, your talk, just the way that you walk
That must have been thought, I consider it odd
You find it wine at the top of a dime
I got footprints on my face, 'cause you run through my mind
You're one of a kind, you get better with time
You're calling my line? You better be lying
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Stuck in the mall, spending your life
Better watch what you say, I be spending your wife
I fall out of control, I be living the life
What you make it a day I got triple or twice
Just early this morning couple sips on bad
I ain't worry about nothing, I'm gonna get it right back
I go ham what they day, make the killer no smack
Give me less than six months, make the killer know that
Six o'clock in the morning fitting kay on a track
Twelve o'clock in the evening, pop it out with the band
Twelve o'clock in the air and I'm in the club with the rats
Politicking with models, everything is all wild
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'Cause I got it like that, got it, got it like that
'Cause I got it like that, got it, got it like that
I'm chilling today, I'm back at it tomorrow
Make more money than you, I'll put that on my card
Spend my day in the stores, drink my night in the bars
Live my money in minutes from I know the beyond
Hold on type to you bro, 'cause you're feeling my vibe
She feeling my swag, I tell my vision to eyes
All these bottles of Rose, all the jewelery ice
She like what she's looking and she wanna see what it's like

She admire the struggle, pum pot and live what it is
Fifty thousand for trips, two hundred thousand for whips
I don't cry up for money, my time is told all the risk
On a beach in Miami, what's up I say to my crib
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