

I Got It

Bhad Bhabie

Feeling on flex I got it (I got it)
Six figure checks I got it (I got it)
This hoes act so psychotic
They didn't know I got it (whats wrong with you?)
They don't got cash, I got it (I got it)
Two hundred on my dash, I got it (I got it, bitch)
The game all smashed, I got it
My hoes won't last, I got it They wanna hook for the clout (yuh)
Same one that's counting me out (yuh)
You bitches just running yo mouth
But that ain't what I'm about (yah)
I'm runnin' dem commas in place
Still stop a bitch runnin' in my Jays
They took me out of the streets
But im still stuck in my ways
Why would I care what you thots would say?
You hoes look like somebody smashed your face
So see my face I ain't got no cake
They showing fake, let them mask the hate
They're still stuck on me like some masking tape
I'm fresh like death like I passed away
Kiss up my hustle don't have no breaks
I'm already winnin' don't have to race
Talk tough, but won't do shit
I picked up like who dis?
They talked down, but so what
I'm bossed up, I'm so lit
I ain't got friends, I got groupies
Rob me for play you don't fool me
I been with this shit you a newbie
I'm with the oldest that knew me Feeling on flex I got it (I got it)
Six figure checks I got it (I got it)
This hoes act so psychotic
They didn't know I got it (whats wrong with you?)
They don't got cash, I got it (I got it)
Two hundred on my dash, I got it (I got it, bitch)
The game all smashed, I got it
My hoes won't last, I got it
Got It (Got it, bitch)
Got It (Got it, hoe)
I got it
Got it (yuh)

Got it
 I got it When I get on the road I need bigger pay (yuh)
 I smell the money from miles away (yuh)
 I don't own wallets don't need a safe
 They know me by first name at BOA (yuh)
 Jump on this beat and its DOA
 Out of my struggle I found a way
 Lost a few homies along the way
 But I never needed them anyway
 I lost count of my enemies
 Sick and they can't find a remedy
 Bitches be fake as they renee weave
 I know they prying on into me
 Dodging the shit they sending me (Sendin' me?)
 Guap is the only thing send to me
 Ten thousand is really a cent to me
 Lil Baby keep ironin' shit into me
 But I ain't really feelin' her energy Talk tough, but won't do shit
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 Got it (yuh)
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Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>