

# 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  
 I picked up like who dis?  
 They talked down, but so what  
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 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

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>