

# I Got This (feat. Logic & Vic Mensa)

Tyler Thomas

LA to the MD  
Couple young motherfuckers  
Taking niggas and turning them into samplate  
I don't really need nothing but some Netflix  
And some good head from one of my future exes  
Am I sexist, cause I got a bad bitch check list  
Really, really ain't my fault cause the social media feeding my urge to splurge  
And she like my pics so she want the dick  
Got hoes, got hoes, got hoes, for real  
Not Manti Te'o, all my hoes is real  
Young top from the side where them niggas get live  
And them hoes wanna roll like them clothes on fire  
Oh my, oh my, oh my life, if I don't make it I'll die twice  
She cold blooded like twilight  
I think she know she my type  
I'mma get off on everything, like I'm perverted  
Make these niggas shake like we just met in person  
And if you gon hate me then that mean I'm worth it  
And if you could judge me then that mean I'm perfect  
You feel it? Got them hook, let me reel in  
Fucked up on the ceiling, that's how I'm feeling  
She try out like prettylips, getting brain while I peel it, tight  
x 2  
Fuck y'all niggas, I got this, I came here with my clique  
This here sound like mosh pit  
And your bitch be on my dick  
Roll up nigga, I got this  
Pour up nigga I got this One time for your motherfucking mind  
When I get it I rip it up and every one of a kind  
Heat when I rhyme  
Never heard of it but I murder the beat when I rhyme  
I better take it to another level, know I never settle, shit  
Flow incredible, instrumental is edible  
Talk a lot of game but this shit ain't credible  
What's good, let me live it up, hit it up  
V's up, got your shawty in the crib with her knees up  
Ease up, let me bring it down  
You the thing now, who the king now  
Fuck around and finally got a little bit of bling now  
But the money ain't a thing now  
Yeah I know the shit sting now  
Rattpack till my pulse flat

Take a look at my direction if you wonder where the boss at  
Real talk, no false rap  
x 2Nigga praise to the most high, so fly nigga blow like the bomb why  
Oh I've been a bad motherfucker since I got out of the stomach  
Feeling like rogue the way I'm killing everything I'm touching  
I'm a real nigga, I'm lowkey, bros got hammers like Loki  
But I ain't reckless, I'm off get neck from a well-respected  
Red bone in a Lexus hectic  
I'm fucked till next semester, got bars  
So these hoes gonn call collectors  
Job respected, if not all of y'all can form a line  
And I'll follow the exit  
This rap shit is just a meal ticket  
Brown bag with me like a field trip  
Treat your bitch like a heel flip  
The camera angles pan when the heels clickx 2  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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