Going

Bow Wow

Going, going, going, I'm going,
Keep the barbers in, but the club open on my key
Going, going, going, I'm going,
Said she pulling bad bitches in her head,
All these hoes going, going, they're going,
Caught up on the cush in the club, so you know a nigga blowing
I'm blowing, I'm blowing, I'm blowing,
And this jury got me going, you ain't going hard, locked up nigga going.

I'm going hard on boulevard, wrap my rench and been out of park,
They don't ride around my kill, feel free change, that's over kill,
Rocks that's deaths on drugers charge, marley's, that's my favorite peer.
Oh, boy, they start making noise, Gucci Mane, be making skills.
Loobers lock a trampoline, blind on girls on limousine
Gucci Mane, a common king, your baby mom's a drama queen.
Keep that shit behind the windshields, till the smoke behind the switchers,
Hit that club behind the pitchers, ask it hard to marry, nigga.
Marry, I'm a diamond bells, bells that look like mass umbrella,
Putting bottoms on your bitch and now she lost like she Cinderella.
These labels dead, they're cooling off, wish they stay, they hide the zero,
When they're two years and over crystal, hope that bitch don't die at distan
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Lock into the bed, tell 'em I'm cashing out,
Who came writing on their checks, too large I'm filling out.
Pull out the 'rari, that's three eighty,
I'm riding in the air and I'm strutting crazy.
Got a bad bitch, it's shot to stay up in the cave,
She suck me good and then she count my paper,
The fuck you're hating niggas, 'cause we're shitting on you.
Like I can give a fuck 'cause all the bitches want.
Temper motives is a hundred a show,
Who got it, we light up the drow
My nigga douce, I pour it a floor, try to see how low I can make this bitch
go.
My niggas don't talk shit, they just aim at your yankee feet,
Call her over, I fuck her once, I keep her out and don't call the bitch.

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Now I fit in stacks, I blew it on at nine,

Said she from Memphis, said she hating on the Marley,
I'm in the club with all my jewelery,
And now with all my niggas, I don't need security.
Back seat of my fan and all my seat designer,
All about getting money, I'm building my empire.
I'm making no money, 'cause the time's now,
Not your man, I'm Bow Wow, nigga, blame blow.
From the deep south they never seen no game outs.
I send them nuggets in your spine, they come to clean your house.
This is south side, got a mean bounce.
Bad bitches in my suit, they got a mean mouth.

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