

Go Off

Hustle Gang

Sho Nuff

Big shit everywhere we kick it
Bunch of bad hoes everywhere we go
Just stay high fly as a first class ticket
A bunch of bitches with' me, boy, you better believe I'ma show her how to go
off, go off, go off, go off, go off, go off, go off
Make the hoe go off, go off, go off, go off, go off, go off
We go up, go off, go off

Make them bitches go off
She just wanna show off
Molly got her up late like I'm your hoe
I'm being goin' so off, finna rip the door off
Rockstar lifestyle, heavy metal, mohawk
Hmm, say B.o.B. forever, I'ma be ridin' whatever whip
With a fine big booty chick tryna find a better bitch
You try me, hoe, you die tryna find some better dick
The blunt 'cause see I'm the finest daddy's here, hoe
Shades on, Ray Ban, dark as Akon
All these niggas taking shots, I got Bobby-Ray guns (Pow)
Genesis, chilling with my day ones
I ain't saving hoes, I ain't got no cape on, I got
Bitches with plenty body, ass don't fit their skinny body
Bustin' out these legs and show her camera told everybody (Damn)
I beat that pussy, paralyse it, kill it then tell her man he can come identify it

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Bitch, you better go up
Fuck it, let's have a hoe up
And wrong if she eat too
So you want me to leave with you? (What?)
Bad bitches with' me, yeah, you know I keep a few of them
Know it ain't enough, if it's the gang and just two of them
And um, I've been the shit since I was a lil' The hoes don't fuck with' or even piss on y'all niggas
I don't laugh and joke with 'em, Kevin Hart can make 'em giggle
Her ass up, face down, with her face all in the pickle
Ay, before they take a shot, you wetter than a pool, bih
Baby, cut the act, girl, you must be tryin' to fool me
Heard you knew some tricks, girl, you must be tryin' to school me
No phones in the room, baby, that's the only room fee
Told bae not to try 'cause two, me and rico from the back
Doin' the dougie with the fool in you
Got her on the knees like she praying to my What you talkin, that I only go swimming if the pool ?

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All up in the club, I think I'm finna go off
Look at my shoes, damn it, I'm finna show off
I'm blowin real pressure, my Gucci shoes are better
It's slap a bitch, contest, go off, you better bitch, go
Wait she beg me to kid, I'm tryna kiss me a body
Put that ass in position and work it up like a hobby
Soon as I finish up, she gon' introduced to that lobby
Told her she would be no new edition, like I was Bobby
Get a slap a bitch contest, over my bitch foreign
When we leave the club, I'ma eat the pussy for fun
I might do the dougie like Booke and hit it like that
I ain't Kevin Gates but I eat that booty for a stack, let's go
Nah, she gon' get this workout, in a different weight class
Say she need this new dick, probably 'cause they can't last
Bitch I'm gon' take flight, now it's time to plane crash
I pull up with that top back, bottom of the
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