

## Go Hard

Kevin Gates

Get Em  
Aw man, that bitch she go hard  
Put it on me I'm like "Oh Lord"  
No panties, baby, no bra  
Aw man, that bitch she go hard  
I can see her with her clothes off  
Aw man, that bitch she go hard  
Beat the pussy, till' she doze off  
Aw man, that bitch she go hard

Turn on your headlights, pull in your garage  
Somewhat explicit in my metaphors  
On top this piano, but keys open doors  
Party ammunition, naked all night long, we can go  
Spin around, I been around in and out bitch I clown  
How many rounds in this bound this bitch out for the count  
Ain't no crying now, this ain't no crime that we committed, "ho  
l' up wait it's boutta, can I leave it in"

Studio she making love to my microphone (check)  
Naked while caressing her she likes my cologne (yes)  
Dinner and a movie who the fuck am I  
That activity may fly with another type  
Kissin, touchin, huggin, take our time and we ain't no rushing  
When we finish I might call you later on, don't call my phone  
Opposite of never go soft, Ray Nagin penetration mean I go raw

Fuck you right, fuck you right, I fuck you right  
Fucking right, I spend a hundred thousand bucks tonight  
Real nigga, I got money and some good dick  
Hundred million albums sold, still on that hood shit  
Fuck in the phantom, even though I got a bunch of cribs  
Stick and move, when it get in you make it punch your ribs  
That's rico love, no picture please, this expensive dreams, and  
explicit screens  
You get the theme