

Going

Mark Battles

I'm dumb with the check
I'm hoping y'all have fun with the rap, or get assassin'd
Enough with compasses, stuck in molasses
Tricking the masses, lucky ass bastards
Said it once I will say it twice
Ask she won't make it right
Next check on the Vegas flight
MGM for the latest fight
Fall in love she won't stay the night
Tell the judge I pay the price
thugs ain't the crazy type
You know them are my niggas right?
Born a King we did it proper
Open eyes for the pasta
Bar change a life like Willy Wonka
Barely famous might go to the Oscars
Wildin' out with my brother Los
Few groupie chicks and some other folks
Levitate serve one it's dope
A million verses with a bunch of quotes
my city backwards
MIA with a pretty actress
Nah, the sex was decent but the head banging like Lenny Kravitz
If I say it you know I do it
Stay a hunnid the flow the truest
They be running I show and prove it
Kill niggas on tracks like Tony Stewart
When this drops the game is finished
Wrap it up, AIDS convention
All you niggas better pay attention
Props to God cause he made me different
Niggas think I'm a vegan cause I eat beats
Who you seek on the sneak peek
Free for need freaks
Beep Beep got a street sweep
Leave me with the cheap
Who you tryna rob?
F.O.D nigga fly or die
Throwing three's with a lot of pride

Going, going, going
They got me going, going, going
They got me going, going, going
They got me going, they got me going

Wait for it...
My whole flow from Mars and it's dumb
Your hoe roll with the squad when it come
Deep throat, nigga we drove cars in her tongue
She stroke these flows, the riot type
Require height?, I acquire higher heights
I fire ice, higher fire, tried to retire mic's
What, you saying you getting lime light?
I was like, what? with a diet sprite
Man I know what this collar like
Cause you wish you was like
I'm the , no really like I am life

Hold up
Hide your wife, grab your guns
I wrap your son in bars, I'm a rapping son of a bitch
Bitches wrapped around son, no son of a bitch
Bitch my daddy was the son of a pimp
I, stamp on your stomach, and butt on your lip
Gun butt to the front of your shit
I wanted to piss on you while you was knocked out
But the cops was coming, my cock was standing in front of my zip
Ughh!
So I when I see you while I'm cocking my shit
And I tell you I got one in the tit
I need to talk about my gun on my dick
Running a hundred miles and running
Coming for niggas who think they wanna be something this summer
Coming I got that drummer drummer drumming drumming pumping nigga
Hit that Ferrari pump pump pump pump pump
Tell 'em niggas park it in a pumping nickle
That's bread light, bread on your head if it ain't a red light, keep

Going, going, going
They got me going, going, going
They got me going, going, going
They got me going, they got me going