

Go, go, go, go
Go (Go), go (Go), go, go
Go (Yeah), go (Yeah), go, go (Ride around town with them sticks
)
Go, go, go (Yeah), go (Yeah)
Go, go

I'm gon' let it off
Let my brodie know, you know we really ready to pop
Still outside with all my homies, posted with my squad
I said I would go up, and that shit happened, that's on God
My brodie set it up to me and he gon' pass the lob

I been on my own shit, bitch, you can't talk to me
Know my gang ride around town with them sticks like the infantr
y
We hit that boy two times in the chest, yeah, that's a sight to
see
Know my shooter shootin', he don't miss, that boy an M.V.P
They wanna copy the shit that I do
Smoking that gas, bitch, I'm smoking that glue
Ride around town in that big Bentley coupe
That nigga cappin', not tellin' the truth
Run up on me, and my bro finna blatt
Run up on me, and my bro finna shoot
Grill in my mouth, know it stay on the tooth
Taking that W, I never lose
Nineteen, got my own crib, you can't say the same
Nineteen, still the same person I could never change
Nineteen, and I ain't even peak, but, bitch, I got that fame
Nineteen, but bitches everywhere, they screaming out my name

Back In Action, that's when I'm gon get it
My bro got too many sticks, they think it's Armageddon
Pull up to the function, and the party, we get let in
Know I'm going up, the direction that I'm headed

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