Tango (Go)

P. Reign

Uh
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Real, real, real, real
M-m-m-murder
Woah

I done took it where they wouldn't go
I've been with my niggas from the go
You was flossing all that money, where it go?
You be hustling on the corner, where the dough?
You be flexing on the Gram, where your hoes?
Say you pull up in the foreign, where your Ghost?
I swear the one's that ain't got shit, do the most
I swear the one's that ain't got shit, talk the most shit

Like how you let them niggas slide on you
Like how you let them niggas ride on you
Your niggas with you probably bailed on you
Surprised them niggas didn't tell on you
You looking like you got an L on you
I might go Training Day, Denzel on you
Yelling "fuck these crooked cops", Sean Bell on you
'Cause streets cold as ice cream, I go Pharrell on you
Woah

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The brokest nigga in the building be the loudest
Oh man, these niggas need a stylist
Call up Hazel-Ten and tell her that I sent you
Aw bae, I broke your heart, I never meant to
I call up Chubby Chubb, and find out what we into
She got an ass like Khloe and a face like Kendall
And she ballin', you gon' make me put some D on you
Had to foul, baby I go referee on you

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I call the shots, and then the shots hit you
But niggas know it's personal when the bucks get you
I can see it in your eyes, ain't no heart in you
The only time you're barking is when your dogs with you
I cut a few niggas aiming [?]

[?] no more bitches on his guest list
Fuck the pole lights, we got no rights, I need more ice
Disco bar, talking strobe lights, yelling "more life"
Woah

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