

# Go Gettas

## Statik Selektah

Groundkeepers., let's creep  
Yeah  
Son of a  
Come on

Frozen face look at my wrist  
Where the magic at  
Pimp's frost just fucked up  
It's where the ratchets at  
On the track is where it happened, at the Blade  
Bitches serenade my escapades outta Escalades  
The nannies and Range Rover, high prince  
Watch they swinging in the hood  
That bitch nigga got the hot heads  
Look at my iris  
Pupils bloodshot like a drunk Iris  
So far doing shots with the pilot  
30 000 feet reading 'bout the sky mall  
But all I want is the asian flight attendant on my balls  
Kaleidoscope diamonds, rollercoaster whips  
Soon as you hit the bar, I'm at your table  
Toasting with your bitch  
Shoulda bought a bottle and just take a loss  
Come around me with a hot head, I turn it into hot sauce  
Blow your brains out your skull nigga, memory loss  
Wise Peter, fucking pimp, truly yours

Bandana over the money stack  
Bitch get my paper, coming running back (running back)  
Look at little shorty with the hundred pack  
He got dreams of sipping lean in the Cadillac  
Had to tell him, living life as a felon  
Ain't all that it seemed to be  
It's even better  
Pendants on your chain, diamonds in your favourite letters  
Guns under the seat, the life of a go getta

Aargh, keep the door...

Great grimy tooth and nail  
Serve me, play the ukelele while I'm doing rails  
Bowl of escargot, oh I'm doimg snails  
Used to sell crack, now I'm rapping and doing well  
The best rapper out now  
Next step is get capped and getting shot like Al-P  
I'm not your mother fucking friend fam  
Fuck the keekee boom boom  
When the flim flam?  
I'm hot as creepers, creep the fho fho  
I been bad  
Let's get physical, pull the pistol from my gym bag  
You deserve to have felons carving up your face  
Straight firm it down put gel in  
This that g.m.r shit  
Breathe these balls you need CPR bitch  
The go gettas Sean  
Niggas know better say low sweater on, (keep it on)

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Sing your songs of survival  
A tower, over peons like the Eiffel  
Triffle  
Niggas I make 'em starve  
Your fur's too short to cop from the guard (keep it on)  
No consignment, all c.o.d, the price is the price  
That's my t.a.g  
It gets better, if you're cop heavy  
My old G's been slinging dope since rocksteady  
Aaaaaah, I got the glow of the golden child  
C sick, Queens, nigga should have been the poster child  
Get caught up in my current, y'all niggas ain't swimmers  
It's a major difference between me and beginners  
Competitive 6 thrower, the G-spots know me  
Your MCM call me big homie  
15 hundred for the Gucci attire  
If the bag is right I make your hot shit fire (smoke)

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