

# Here We Go

Young Dolph

Paper Route Frank (Montana Corleone made this one)  
Yeah, what up? (Ayy, Sosa, man, this beat crazy)

The first thing I did, I went and got me a zip (Bitch)  
The second thing I did, I went and took me a trip  
He owed me money, I said don't ball, just shoot the shit up off the rip (Bit  
ch)  
Shorty got the best massage, she do it with her lips (Shit)  
Sittin' in my office smokin' blunts like I'm Bill Clinton  
My side bitch start catchin' feelings, I had to tell her chill (Lewinsky)  
She sick (Ugh), ill (Ill), murder (Woah), kill (Kill)  
All of my trap money go to my kids, it's in my will (Let's go)  
Lodi, dodi, dodi (Dodi), no, I didn't go to college (Nah)  
But I might wake up tomorrow, go buy another 'Rari (Yeah)  
My side bitch drive a Mase' (Yeah)  
She a pretty girl and all she wanna do is party (Yeah)  
Super-bad bitch and she know she an alcoholic (Hey)  
Hold up, who that callin'? (Brrt)  
Fuck that, back to ballin' (Fuck that), lil' mama from New Orleans (Creole)  
Bury me in a Dolce & Gabbana coffin (Gabbana)  
We in competition on who can pour the drank the rawest (Rawest)  
Four hundred racks for a coupe, didn't test drive it, I just bought it (What  
?)  
A nigga say they fuckin' with the kid, shit, I doubt it  
Crossed a bad bitch out for another one, GPS re-routin'  
Now she sittin' at home like a bad-ass kid poutin' (Uh-huh)

Here we go, here we go, here we go (Hey, hey)  
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Here we go, here we go, here we go (Hey, hey)  
Here we go, here we motherfuckin' go (Bitch, bitch)

Free all my lil' niggas locked down up in that cell  
All my straps out 'cause all my lil' niggas villains  
Don't dodge no smoke, no questions asked when steppers steppin'  
Just like Little Caesars with my gang, we Hot-N-Ready  
Carbon 15, but it came with the drum on it  
Young niggas gone off the Perc' goin' dumb on 'em  
Just bought a Glock, that bitch came with a switch on it  
Sent my lil' nigga, I bet he don't miss on it  
I stack up that bread like some motherfuckin' Pringles  
I used to be robbin' and starvin' and dealin'  
I was just breakin' in houses and stealin'  
Now the boy ridin' on the road to the riches  
Look how I'm rappin', don't get it confused  
'Til I mask up and go pull me a move  
I do my show on the stage with the tools  
Move and no question big daddy gon' shoot  
Big dawg in my hood, man, they call me the truth  
I'll make you famous, shit out here look cool  
My niggas sick, man, I feel like the flu  
Put a opp face on the motherfuckin' news

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They ain't let us in, so we kickin' down the back door  
We ain't never stop for the po-po (Nah)  
Walk in the spot, you see two hundred Ps  
Yeah, my tribe goin' loco  
Crazy, yeah, we trappin' hard like the eighties  
My young niggas strapped like the navy  
I'm a go-getter, I don't have no patience  
I'm the type of nigga go get it, what I'm waitin' on?  
Yeah, went and got a plug and now my money long (Money long)  
These niggas can't fuck with me, I'm in the zone (Zone)  
These niggas can't fuck with me, I keep my chrome (Chrome)  
I keep me a foreign bitch, bad to the bone (Bone)  
Man, for real (Bitch), yeah, yeah  
First I got a zip  
Then I made a couple flips and took a trip  
All these icy bitches lovin' how I drip (Icy, drip)  
I keep switchin' foreign whips with a big Glock on my hip  
Extend the clip, get up out my way, fuck how you feel (Yeah)  
I'm in the fast lane road-runnin' to the mils (To the Ms)

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