

# Gots To Go

David Banner

Ain't no tellin' where I might be  
I got places to go and people to see  
Ain't no tellin' where I'll end up  
I got shows to rock and hoes to fuck  
Ain't no tellin' where I might go  
Coast to Coast or just next do' (door)  
But, I gots to go, I gots to go  
Eh, eh, (I gots to go) eh (go), eh, eh, eh (gotta go)

Roll up on that tour bus, smokin' a blunt  
Then heard a (dunn dunn dunn dunn dunn!) what yo' baby momma want?  
Nothin' but good fuckin' dick suckin' train runnin'  
She lickin' on my nuts, talk to her if she hear me comin'  
Watchin' me go  
She swallowed cum, you kissed a hoe  
Tongue and lip, all  
Man you really lickin' my balls  
Heard you for my baby momma last night nigga, nah  
But she did bring weed, no seeds, sticks all  
I'm lyin' when she come over, cock lyin' in her jaw  
Niggaz all up in her drawers  
And that's yo' baby mother  
If it makes you feel better, she's a good dick sucker (sucker)

My Job takes me out of town on all-expense paid  
Wakin' up with a hangover 2,000 miles away  
It seems easy: weed, women, and wine  
Four hours of sleep is all you get - now it's time  
To tally hoe to the show, a yo, yo let it go  
Bust through the do' (door), rag & flow and grab my hoe  
And get back in the van with some titties in hand  
Let her meet ya new friend, who's willing to spend  
The whole night? Another flight another gig another city  
Touchin' on somebody's baby momma's titties  
Niggaz in the lobby wonderin' where their women are  
Third floor havin' a "Let's Become a Bitch Seminar"  
Can't get attached, I got a plane to catch  
I wish I could a hit that but I'll be back

Yo, (huh) ain't no tellin' where I'm a be at  
But you know, out the do' (door) uh huh

Yeeah, man this the king of the chillin' circuit, I'm aight, ten in it  
I'm paper chasin' and rap hustlin' it ain't no synonym  
My money ain't a game so I ain't worried bout winnin' it  
I'm worried bout makin' it, stackin' it and spendin' it (and spendin' it)  
Ain't no pretendin' it don't make the world move  
Same way you can't pretend my shit don't make yo' girl groove  
See, God work in myterious ways but I don't (don't)  
And the devil will make a deal wit yo' ass but I won't (won't)  
Now you can have the cleanest paint job on ya trucks  
Six T.V.s, wood wit leather seats, stitched and tucked  
The biggest chrome rims, playa, I don't give a fuck  
If I holla at yo' bitch, guarantee she gettin' buck  
You can yell and you can scream and you can fuss and you can fight  
Like it's the worst night in yo' life, to me it's just another night  
I ain't carin' bout ya drama (uh uh), or breakin' up ya home

You just a joke for the crew and material for a song, main