

Here I Go

Hustle Gang

[Verse 1:]

Niggas try me, catch fifty first
Choppa so big nigga hit reverse
I'm a draw down on you and your partner so perfect
You gon' think this shit rehearsed
I can spit the verse but can't handle the repercussions
AK clips and Russians
Blood is rushing, cold-ass Swiss accounts
So you know the coats is Tuscan
Lady Ramkin, nigga, I'm a bear
Backwoods, weed, nigga, put it in the air
Black mead cover up the living room chair
Chinchillas cover up my bitches over there
Westside, I can make a killing over there
Eastside, I can't pimp without Slim
Spodee on deck, can't kill it without him
Three crazy, front pocket on dip, blow

[Hook:]

I was kickin' my shit, just cooling, 'bout to smoke another O
Kickin' my feet up, y'all niggas cheaters, probably rollin' with your ho
Now all these folks got somethin' to say about where I be and where I go
I heard niggas was lookin' for me, pussy nigga, here I go
Here I go, here I go (pussy nigga, here I go)
Here I go, here I go

[Verse 2:]

Probably with your bitch - big butt, can't fit up in the Six
A hundred whole bucks'll get you two purple zips
A hundred whole bands made the AP glitch
She don't wanna fuck me, she wanna fuck my wrist
Tell her like Young Dro: "fuck that bitch" (I said fuck that bitch)
Bought a 357, went back to the neighbourhood, bought that bitch

[Verse 3:]

You niggas better go on with the buster shit
I send 50 then empty out another clip
I'm Westside ridin' my hooptie still
On the phone seeing where my little cousin is
(I'm on the Southside right now)
(It ain't nothin' in the whip but some dope and some tools)
And nigga we so deep, so don't even
If it ain't on me, I'm strapped like a fool, biotch!
(I know a nigga that cut work, bitch)
(Ride with bricks like it's no risk)
(Buddy, yay cost two bands)
I'm so ma'fuckin' focussed
But these niggas said they G?
They some pussies to me
Ten years in the game, still ain't richer than me
You don't like what I'm saying?
Hail Marys in your face right now
Yeah, nigga, you've got love for me

[Hook]

[Verse 4:]

I'm made for this - steak and lobster, my table's dish
Been kickin' this flavour shit
No Lacoste but this 'gator, bitch (watch out, bitch)
Dro is my brother from another mother, we made the clique
Me and Slim from Decatur, trick
Fuck with us, get your tater split
I spit rhymes like I'm 6'9 and my cadences
Leave pricks tryna depict lines
Clique tryna portray this shit (bitch)
Bitch I'm big time, don't play with this
I've got six 9s, when I clip mine
Your whole clique dying, Arcadians (yeah...)
Keep it 300, nigga
I you want the ho, you'd better come and get her
It's a pimp in here, I ain't no baby sitter
I've got 30 shoes with 'gator in 'em (checks)
Pussy-ass niggas so lame, go all bare for the limelight (limelight)
Fuck what you heard, that chopper'll get a ma'fucka's mind right

[Hook]

[Verse 4:]

They be swinging on a trapper like a lumberjack
I'm doper than a drum full of crack
I get it popping light a lightning bolt
Yeah, motherfucker, I got my thunder back
My looks made your sister wanna ride the dick
My beats made your brother wanna bow to rap
My smoke strong, made your daddy wanna roll a blunt
Your mama holler: "Ain't nobody got time for that!"
Turn from a human to a wolf on the song
Bitch I rip these shows, you can ask these hoes
They be standin' in the front screaming: "We want more!"
I was at it for an hour
She couldn't catch her breath, but she still want more
After the show, I handle my motherfuckin' business
Need I say more?
T.I. sent me a song and said: "OG, merk that bitch!"
He said it real familiar, and it was real familiar
So I lit up and hurt that bitch
Give a fuck? Never, sir
Don't give a shit, suck my dick
Give a damn, here I am - you lookin' for me, bitch?!

[Hook]