

Go Hard

Kevin Gates

Get Em
Aw man, that bitch she go hard
Put it on me I'm like "Oh Lord"
No panties, baby, no bra
Aw man, that bitch she go hard
I can see her with her clothes off
Aw man, that bitch she go hard
Beat the pussy, till' she doze off
Aw man, that bitch she go hard

Turn on your headlights, pull in your garage
Somewhat explicit in my metaphors
On top this piano, but keys open doors
Party ammunition, naked all night long, we can go
Spin around, I been around in and out bitch I clown
How many rounds in this bound this bitch out for the count
Ain't no crying now, this ain't no crime that we committed, "ho
l' up wait it's boutta, can I leave it in"

Studio she making love to my microphone (check)
Naked while caressing her she likes my cologne (yes)
Dinner and a movie who the fuck am I
That activity may fly with another type
Kissin, touchin, huggin, take our time and we ain't no rushing
When we finish I might call you later on, don't call my phone
Opposite of never go soft, Ray Nagin penetration mean I go raw

Fuck you right, fuck you right, I fuck you right
Fucking right, I spend a hundred thousand bucks tonight
Real nigga, I got money and some good dick
Hundred million albums sold, still on that hood shit
Fuck in the phantom, even though I got a bunch of cribs
Stick and move, when it get in you make it punch your ribs
That's rico love, no picture please, this expensive dreams, and
explicit screens
You get the theme