

Go With Me

Mannie Fresh

I'ma ball ba-ba-ball ba-ball ba-ball ball

This is it y'all
The shit y'all
Niggaz grab your dicks y'all
Ladies in your best outfits y'all
Killa fa shilla
Slash pimp plus dealer
Nobody realer
On the manilla
Just call me cute face
Chubby waist
Back back gimme space
Not another motherfucking celebrity murder case
Pimpin', Kobe in trouble
Michael back in his bubble
And my baby mama back
To actin just like the devil
I just can't believe
They smoked up all of my weed
Pmipin' they just don't want
To see me achieve
Man nothing at all
Got my back on the wall
But I'ma ball ba-ba-ball ba-ball ba-ball ball (Yeah)

Come on and go with me
Walk through the store with me
And you can get about a hundred pair of shoes
She
Really looking good
She represent her hood
I'm digging her she digging me
And it's understood
That we could be a couple
My name up in her butthole
Check me out
Wipe me down
I'm a pimp nukka
Chevrolet doors
Put some mink on them floors
She put the Gucci sandals
With the jeans
Diamonds all on her toes

I know you lovin my car
Holly-hood superstar
And it's golds to these hoes
Who don't know who I are
I'm the leader my group
Keep some weed in my coupe
And I only let the baddest bitches
Up in my loot
Hey check out my shoes
And I still ride them trues
You can call me a crip
Cause I give hoes the blues

And I got your baby mother
And I front her little brother half
OZ's from my keys
And he let me cut her
Right down the middle
And she lovin my pickle
When we ride around town
On the back of my 'sikul
Thirteen hundred fo sho
Thought you niggaz should know
Wipe me down young pimpin
When you walk through the door
Push the five series, six series
Seven and eight
All different colors man
How you gonna hate
What the fuck
Put my finger up
And I'ma stand tall
Ball ba-ba-ball ba-ball ba-ball ball

See I feel ya Fresh
Aint nothing but the hand
Let's go through these niggaz neighborhood
In sedan DeVilles
Nigga
With that gun in my hand
Blowin that mary jane nigga
With the ice like damn (DAMN!)
If you know what I'm sayin
I'm the Birdman bitch
I'm in that Caddy on them twenty two's
Alligator seats
The Benz or the Beamer coupe
It's all easy
Lil Weezy just came through (what's up shorty?)
It's nothin to a playa, bitch
Just do you
And stop hatin before I hit you with this chrome piece
Nigga because the block is mine
And I don't give a motherfuck
I'ma tote my iron (Believe that)
Or better yet
I hit the hood and grind
In candy paint
Wipe me down
Red gold on shine
Well I'm a hood rich real nigga
Flyer than ever
Stunna and Mannie Fresh
We gon get this cheddar (One)

[Chorus]