

GO!

Santigold

Yeah

Girl, I'm running through your city
Eyes wide open, I think you can call me Diddy (call)
My mother told me never, ever pity
Boy meets world, introduction wasn't pretty (Shawn)
But I suppose, baking soda in my fridge cause it smells funny
Compliment the rotten milk with some stale honey
Bungee cords, rat pack, stack the law
Running through the stunning door, like I told you once before

Blake Griffin whenever I stay spittin'
Hot bake kitchens and ovens with straight mittens
That means I'm really hot
I rap and make hits
And I'll never stop
Somebody call the cops

People want my power
And they want my station
Stormed my winter palace
But they couldn't take it
All the way to Paris
Run my reputation
Try to pull my status
But they couldn't fake it

Tryin' to pull a bull on your gas won't go
Grande chicken in your ass, oh no
Man, lookin' for your ticket, let's all go
Buddies still a minute but your gas won't go
When you look on, you look on, you raise it
But I'm too gone, I'm too gone, that ass, oh no
When you get on, you get on, you shake it
Man, you took on, you took on, too much, don't blow

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Can I get a witness, a crow so low
Everybody itching for a throat to throat
And you can be the widget to my turbo
Edit see your status not a closer look

Do you forget, you forget, the basics,
On a goal on, a goal on, you must go slow
Tryin' to skip all the, skip all the bases
But you're slippin', you're slidin', can't make it go

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How hard we found
Another instrument to crash you, crash you, crash you
I need another instrument to crash you, crash you, crash you
Ha, ha, crash, ha, ha, crash

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