

# Let's Go

## Styles P

{YEAHHH-YOWWW!!} Let's go!

Yeah, yeah, ohhhhh-whoa

I break it down like, ohhhhh-whoa

{YEAHHH-YOWWW!!} Yeah, yeah, yeah

I break it down like, ohhhhh-whoa

Ohhhhh-whoa, let's go!

Just wanna have fun, just wanna laugh hard

Passed out in the front yard or the back yard

Have me a ball right, stayed up all night

Thinkin to myself that the party was all right

Woke up with a hangover, who called the gang over?

Porsche, Corvette, Tahoe and the Range Rover

Pulled up in my driveway

I'm stuck so I look at 'em sideways

I need about an hour or less

To eat somethin then, run and take a shower and get fresh

Yeah, and then, all day long we on the hunt for the money

And, all night long we on the hunt for the money

Late night, probably in the club with a honey

She said make it rain, but she can't get nothin from me

Let the roof burn, I bet tomorrow night it'd be sunny

Can you dig it? Said a joke but she ain't think it was funny, y'know?

In the club girl (yeah) V.I.P. and (yeah)

Poppin bottles (yeah) Hennessy and (yeah)

LET'S GO! Ohhhhh-whoa

I break it down like, ohhhhh-whoa

On a island (yeah) jet-skiin (yeah)

Me and you girl (yeah) for the weekend (yeah)

LET'S GO! Ohhhhh-whoa

I break it down like, ohhhhh-whoa

Big pimpin, big pimpin, yeahhhh

I just wanna get me a cup, go and sticky it up

For the young boys, blicky{?} it up

Where the after party? Know I got the piff in the truck

I'm a man stuck, and I'm the one that's gettin them up

But I'm tired, can't shake that last cup

Said the cops is comin, that'll wake that ass up

Back to the block just to make that fast buck

Then I'm in the studio spittin them bars

I ain't talkin 'bout coffee but I'm gettin them (Star-bucks)

Used to be, in and out of jail, you could blame it on hard luck

But now I'm doin good, it's the gangster that God trust

Picture me up in the big crib

(Party and Bullshit) just like Big did

Sure then, hard y'know, just like a skid bid

Why you think they scared of me up in the business?

And when I go out, it's to party and dance

Don't you think about the heat, it's just part of the pants

Cause I come from the streets where e'rybody is amped

So my man talk to 'em, give 'em a chance

See, I need two more Hennessy shots, bartender

Two more shots of Patrŷn to get up in her

Ohhhhhh-whoa (ha ha, we takin shots)  
Ohhhhhh-whoa, to get up in her like  
One for the money, two for the dough  
Three for the DJ, fo' for the TKO-ohhhhhh  
Ohhhhhh-whoa, ohhhhhh-whoa