

Good To Go

Yelawolf

Good to go, good to go
Good to go, good to go
Fresh kicks (all day) new fits (all right)
Drop hits (all day) then party (all night)
Good to go, good to go
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Fresh kicks (all day) new fits (all right)
Drop hits (all day) then party (all night) Walk wit a limp, and I talk wit a lingo
Party with a buncha bad girls in a Pinto
Run up on a motherfucker wit a dull pencil
Sharpen up a #2 on his new Benzo
Hit the brakes, all the way, you can do an endo
Put the bass in your face, you can feel the tempo
Yela's in your face, grab a stencil
You should wanna get a copy the style, I'll lend yo ass, the man so bad
From Alabama with banjo cocked back
Swing bass like I'm Rambo fix that
I don't wanna hear shit buddy that's that
Can't get the buzz, go run back to the bar pick another drink get ready to go
Send me ya telephone number bitch, maybe when I'm ready to roll I'll hit you wit the totem pole
But right now I'm Good to go, good to go
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Drop hits (all day) then party (all night)
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Fresh kicks (all day) new fits (all right)
Drop hits (all day) then party (all night) Well boy you wanna do this shit, well lets get to it
You already know I'ma run right through it
I'm just like fluid, matter a fact like water
Come a bit realer, go a lil' harder
Hide ya girlfriend, wife or daughter
Put it on a plate I'mma serve ya order
Line em up, put em in place for the slaughta
Game over by the end of 1st quarter
Wake up hata rise and shine
I'm a start when you ridin' pine
I got yo main girl ridin' mine
Her face in my lap as I recline

It's grindin' time and I declare
I'll run my fingers through her hair
I run these streets like marathon
You can't touch me like Hammer, gone
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Don't you know I got Bun B in my front seat and we got these (Poppers
on the Chrome)
One time for ya boy Pimp C (Pocket full of stones)
I gotta pocket full of stones cause I fell off my dirt bike in cargo pants
I rock a microphone literally, lit up the track lyrically wit bottles cans
Pop a band, put a stack on it I'll water this plant like Aquaman
Make a rapper run back to the studio retrace his steps like he dropped a gram
I'll be damned, catfish Billy, you don't wanna run if ya rhythm ain't ready
Sin syllables, beats edible, incredible, inevitably, go!
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Songwriters

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