## Good To Go

## **General Midi**

Good to go, good to go Good to go, good to go Fresh kicks all day, new fits, alright Drop hits all day, then party all night Good to go, good to go Good to go, good to go Fresh kicks all day, new fits, alright 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 number 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 of 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 Good to go, good to go Fresh kicks all day, new fits, alright Drop hits all day, then party all night Good to go, good to go Good to go, good to go

Drop hits all day, then party all night
Well, boy, you wanna do this shit, well, let's get to it
You already know I'ma run right through it
I'm just like fluid, artifact like water
Come on, be real, I go a lil' harder
Hide ya girlfriend, wife or daughter
Put it on a plate, I'ma serve ya order
Line 'em up, put 'em in place for the slaughta

Fresh kicks all day, new fits, alright

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 Good to go, good to go Good to go, good to go Fresh kicks all day, new fits, alright Drop hits all day, then party all night Good to go, good to go Good to go, good to go Fresh kicks all day, new fits, alright Drop hits all day, then party all night 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) Yeah, 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 wad up his plans like Aquaman Make a rapper run back to the studio Retrace his steps like he dropped a gram I'll be damned, have ease, baby You don't wanna run if ya rhythm ain't ready Sin syllables, beats edible Incredible, inevitably, blow Good to go, good to go Good to go, good to go Fresh kicks all day, new fits, alright Drop hits all day, then party all night Good to go, good to go Good to go, good to go Fresh kicks all day, new fits, alright Drop hits all day, then party all night

> Yelawolf, Bun B, good to go UGK is, good to go R.I.P. Pimp C, ghetto vision

Alabama, Texas connection Yippie yeller, holler at G It's good to go

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