

There He Go (feat. Guillotine)

Mystikal

Whatcha gone do, whatcha gone do nigga huh? There he go, there he go, there he go
(Get that mother fucker)

There he go, there he go, there he go
(Get that mother fucker)

There he go, there he go, there he go
(Get that mother fucker) If you gone be down, be down, stay down
Get the fuck from 'round me

Nigga let me know if you got some type of fuckin' problem
We can solve it, wash it up and dissolve it

Up the pistol lay it down on the carpet I ain't come here for no fuckery, don't fuck with me
Niggas sly be ducking like PAC
'Cause I'm a hoodlum like Skull Duggery
You can't get enough of me

Don't worry bout the pain bitch 'cause you gone die suddenly They be playin' taps for your ass at reveille
You ain't gone need no do not disturb
'Cause you gone sleep heavenly

I'm reminisce about my baby, then I wipe my tear

Plottin' revenge on one of these bitch ass nigga out chya I done lost it, I done surpassed mad
I can't keep still 'cause my nerves are bad
I punch the brick wall with my balled up fist

I know I can't rest till I catch that bitch There he go, there he go, there he go
(Get that mother fucker)

There he go, there he go, there he go
(Get that mother fucker)

There he go, there he go, there he go
(Get that mother fucker) There he go, there he go with his ol' lady
Deck out hands down, back turned like its all grave
Why nigga? Now bye bye nigga

Took a long but I got that nigga fine And ya'll gonna have to forgive me
This nigga here can cancel New Years
'Cause he ain't even much gone live to see Christmas
Wrong, wrong! Nigga get your issue

I was beatin' up his kidney with this motherfuckin' 50 The job well done make dick get hard
I bagged that bitch with the pistol then I walked the fuck off
Huh, what goes around comes around my nigga

So why I'm still here I'm a hold down my nigga This for the gangstas and killas, drug dealers and wig splitters
This for my niggas locked down and all the niggas that feel us
This for the projects and ghettos with the scatter sight
And every street nigga that's duckin' them flash lights There he go, there he go, there he go

(Get that mother fucker)
There he go, there he go, there he go
(Get that mother fucker)
There he go, there he go, there he go
(Get that mother fucker)Hum, yeah, this Guillotine bitch, Father Foolishness
I'm still here, what about yo self?
You still runnin' nigga, 'cause we lookin' for yah
Bitch you must believe that a nigga lookin' for yah
So keep runnin', and we will keep comin' as long as you runnin'
We gonna make money, so fuck everything you stand for nigga
Father Foolishness, you owe me

Songwriters

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