

Let's Go (feat Twista & Lil' Jon)

Trick Daddy

Yeah (Yeah!)

There's a lotta fuck niggas in the club tonight,
(fuck em, fuck em, fuck em)

But its gonna be alright, (yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)

Cause me and my clique we don't give a fuck nigga.

Trick Daddy, Jim Johnson, Big D, Lil Jon[Chorus]

Lets go! (Lets go!)

If you want it you can get it let me know (let me know),
I'm bout to fuck a nigga up, lets go! (lets go!)

If you want it you can get it let me know (let me know),
I'm bout to fuck a nigga up, lets go! (lets go!) If you want some, come get some,

Cause where I'm from we tote big guns,
And everybody know somebody that
Know somebody that know somethin' bout it,
And I want answers now who, what, where,
When and why,

See, a lotta dudes like to act a fool
And all get all loud but that ain't my style,
And he who he gonna get and what he gonna do,
Run up on me if he want to,
Out there impressin' his homies,
But he stood up in front of his mama,
I mop up the flo' wit em,
And I kick in the door and let the .44 get em,
I got fools that'll go get em,

That's for him, his crew and the dudes that run wit em.[Chorus] Gotta spit for the murderas and the
Killas and the thugstas,
That be fuckin' up the ballas and
The dealas and the hustlas,
Got me comin' at you bokas in the
V.I. while they bumpin' Lil' Jon I'm a brush ya,
Its the psycho nigga twista from
Chicago rollin' with the Miami nigga that'll crush ya,
We already been lookin' for drama
If a nigga try to get it to then we still gotta get em,
Feelin' fury from my tough shit that cant never be true
And the penicillin
I'm telling you Trick of in and still em
Got me swingin' Crysie and Hennessy bottles,

In the club with my thug homies goin' for the skrilla,
Don't get it twisted with that
Overnight celebrity you better be scared
Of me in my city I'm a killa.[Chorus]I ain't that rappin' type alright,
And I that actin' type alright,
This sulphane in my script,
I'm a play on you and you just a square,
See, once that Hennessy into
Me the whole industry is my enemy,
If you ain't no ten to me or friend to me,
Bitch don't pretend to be,
I'm strictly for the thugs,
I'm part of the streets and straight out the hood,
That moments ghetto (ghetto),
Got me deep in gats for you wheezy cats,
I'm straight out the county of Dade,
Played on fire nigga M-I-A,
Never gone south of the border,
Americas most wanted you gonna get slaughtered.[Chorus: x2]The AK go chop, chop, chop, chop
The SK go fire, fire, fire, fire
The AK go chop, chop, chop, chop
The SK go fire, fire, fire, fire

Songwriters

HARRIS, CALVIN / HEALY, ELLEN / SMITH, SHAFFERPublished by

Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd., Universal Music Publishing Group,

THE ADMINISTRATION MP, INC., NEWMAN & COMPANY CHARTERED ACCOUNTANTS Song

Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>