

# G.t.f.o.

## Down With Webster

Shaking that ass but you claim you ain't a ho  
You can GTFO, you can GTFO  
And you don't wanna come and break your neck at the show  
You can GTFO, you can GTFO  
You don't like me drinking and blowing out smoke  
You can GTFO, you can GTFO (hey)  
Well all of you can go on and GTFO  
Yeah all of you can go on and GTFO  
Tour bus, club house  
10 girls, one couch  
Falling everywhere like somebody pulled the rug out  
Chilling in the hoodie with the bottle in my front pouch  
Time to spark it up, if you don't like it get the fuck out  
Wear my shades indoors  
No I'm not a car shark  
I can be your whole world  
Just put me in your star chart  
Coming to the fit  
And tell your boy to leave the car parts  
Could pull strings but this ain't no guitar part  
Jumping like parkour, getting what I asked for  
Tripping out in here girl, I hope you brought your passport  
Watch me knock the game out like it had a glass jaw  
Home of the Raptors, all up in your ass hard  
Beer just bubbling up like a fast pour  
2000 people never heard of me before  
Fist pumping like those dudes on the Jersey Shore  
Just living my dreams no avatar  
Shaking that ass but you claim you ain't a ho  
You can GTFO, you can GTFO  
  
And you don't wanna come and break your neck at the show  
You can GTFO, you can GTFO  
You don't like me drinking and blowing out smoke  
You can GTFO, you can GTFO (hey)  
Well all of you can go on and GTFO  
Yeah all of you can go on and GTFO  
Don't come chirping in my ear trying to speak things  
You should really go and focus on your cheap drinks

I'm listening to T-Pain  
But I'm so damn drunk I don't know what he's saying  
Bitch, I'm trying to free game  
Party till police came  
Had to run away, now I got knee pain  
I'm stuck I don't even know the street name  
All black neighbourhood looking like a bleach stain  
It don't really matter though, what's up?  
You don't wanna come and join a jam, you suck  
First name Phillip  
Last name Cups  
Middle name Lots of Full Time Fuck  
And these rappers wanna act like they sign my deal  
Boyfriends twisting up their face, blue steel  
Haters wanna say that the vibes not real  
We're coming to your town, yeah it is, how you feel?  
Hey, hey, we're drinking over here!  
Hey you, you with the, with that thing on.  
Put your hand in the air, other hand up,  
And make, make a W.  
What the fuck is that, an M?  
Ha ha alright you win, that's awesome!  
Fuck this shit.

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