

# Good to Go

## Flamman & Abraxas

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  
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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  
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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

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

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

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