Good To Go

2 Good to Go

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
Fresh kicks all day, new fits, alright
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

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

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/