

# Good to Go

## Yelawolf

Good to go, good to go  
Good to go, good to go  
Fresh kicks (all day) new fits (all right)  
Drop hits (all day) then party (all night)  
Good to go, good to go  
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Fresh kicks (all day) new fits (all right)  
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 #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 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  
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Drop hits (all day) then party (all night)  
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Fresh kicks (all day) new fits (all right)  
Drop hits (all day) then party (all night) Well boy you wanna do this shit, well lets get to it  
You already know I'ma run right through it  
I'm just like fluid, matter a fact like water  
Come a bit realer, go a lil' harder  
Hide ya girlfriend, wife or daughter  
Put it on a plate I'mma 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)  
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 water this plant like Aquaman  
Make a rapper run back to the studio retrace his steps like he dropped a gram  
I'll be damned, catfish Billy, you don't wanna run if ya rhythm ain't ready  
Sin syllables, beats edible, incredible, inevitably, go!  
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