

# Everything's a Go

## French Montana

Everything's a go  
And I just washed the wheel, and I Armor all the wheels and it's real  
Everything's a go  
New jeans, new cheese's, new gat, gimme a reason  
Everything's a go  
Squad in the club wit me tryna find a chick to fall in love wit me  
Everything's a go  
Mami hit me on the jack told me meet her at the spot  
And I'm 'bout to call her back, its a go  
Bleek come scoop you, try to seduce you  
Half Black and Chinese, she gave me the fu-fu  
A little bit of that, wan-tan soup  
From the hood, got more chips than wan-tan  
But matter fact, got more cheese than nacho  
Not from rap, when I used to fuck wit Pancho  
I'm in the class, all by myself  
Now you haters wanna crowd my space  
Hundred grand all in your face, motherfucker better fix ya face  
For they butterfly-stitch ya face  
If ya bitch outta line, put the bitch in place  
If the record sound 'Just' get the blaze, nigga  
Put in back, on the block for motherfuckers  
The Roc get hot, let 'em scream "It's the Roc, in ya area"  
You better warn ya folks  
They hate to see a real clique, but now  
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Highest paid act, highest paid to rap  
I advance myself, and pay myself back  
Ha, man you gotta love that  
When them pockets on "E" man you gotta hug that  
Corner like you wanna proposal and lock that

Kill a nigga for the scrilla man I'm not above that

Oh hold on Young, let me get it back  
You got beef in these streets, Lord, let me get a gat  
Boy you now tuned into the greatest  
Can't beat us, join us, can't fade us, hate us  
Nigga it's nothin', my crew and half dozens  
That's 'cause we scramble, like we Vick's half cousins  
Boy and get ya mind right nigga  
We gon' put you on the news, you want lime light nigga  
Channel 2 or Channel 4, you know what 9 like nigga  
Groupie men, we put on UPN  
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One, thug in the club, two, models to go  
Three, bottles of Arma', four, jars of dro  
Five shots to draw, my six hits took off  
Seven you make Heaven, or eight, everything's a go  
Mami got that ice in ya drink  
Long legs short skirt, what you mean, everything's a go  
My thugs out die of the club wit Timbs  
Nine on ya waist, let's roll we gettin' in  
Nigga I'm back for, I'm willin' to clap boy  
You holdin' me back for' go  
I spring into action, Brooklyn I'm back for  
I'm bringin' it back boys 'cause  
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