Gots To Go

David Banner

Ain't no tellin' where I might be
I got places to go and people to see
Ain't no tellin' where I end up
I got shows to rock and hoes to fuck
Ain't no tellin' where I might go
Coast to coast or just next door but I gots to go
Roll up on the tour bus, smokin' a blunt
Then heard a, duh duh duh duh, what cha baby mama want?
Nothin' but good fuckin', dick suckin', train runnin'
She lickin' on my nuts, cocked to her ear she hear me cummin'
Watchin' me go, she swallowed cum, you kissed the hoe
Tongue and lip, oh man, you really lickin' my ball
Heard you fucked, my baby, mama last night, nigga, no
But she did bring me no seeds, sticks, oh
I'm lyin' when come over cot lyin' in her draws
Nigga, all off in her draws, and that's your, baby, mother
If it makes you feel better
She's a good dick sucker
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Ain't no tellin' where I end up
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Coast to coast or just next door but I got to go
My job takes me outta town, all expense paid
Wakin' up with a hangover two thousand miles away
Is seems easy weed, women and wine
Four hours of sleep is all you get now it's time
To tally hoe to the show, aiyyo, yo let it go
Bust through the door, rockin' dro and grab a hoe
And get back in the van with some titties in hand
Let her meet your new friend who's willing to spend
The whole night, another flight, another gig, another city
Touchin' on somebody's, baby, mama's titties
Niggas, in the lobby, wonderin', where their women are
Third floor having a lesbian bitch seminar
Can't get attached, I got a plane to catch
I wish, I coulda hit that, but I'll be back
Yo ain't no tellin' where I'm gonna be at

But you know I gotta go
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Yeah, it's the game of the chili circuit, I might tendin' in it
I'm paper chasin' and rappin' but it ain't no synonym
My money ain't a game so I ain't worried 'bout winnin' it
I'm worried about makin' it, stackin' it and spendin' it
Ain't no pretending it dont make no world move
Same way you can't pretend my shit don't make your girl groove
See God work in mysterious ways, but I don't
And the devil will make a deal wit yo ass, but I won't
Now you can have the cleanest paint job on your truck
Six TVs, wood with leather seats stitched and tucked
The biggest chrome rims playa I dont give a fuck
If I holla at your bitch, guaranteed she gettin' fucked
You can yell and you can scream and you can fuss and you can fight
Like it's the worst night of your life to me it's just another night
I aint carin' 'bout your drama or breakin' up your home
You just a joke for the crew and material for a song Mayne
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