

# Go DJ

## DJ Zinc

Yea, yea, yea  
Grown ups in between, children and babies  
Right about now it's yo boy, ya heard, back again  
DJ Mannie  
Fresh, Fresh  
Fresh, Fresh  
Go DJ, that's my DJ  
Go DJ, that's my DJ  
Go DJ, that's my DJ  
Go DJ, yea  
Wit Weezy We, step up to the mic dude do watcha do, ya heard  
Ladies and gentlemen, what you have here is brought to you  
Courtesy of the young man, young Carter  
And the great man Mannie Fresh  
So what I want y'all out there to do for me is say this  
Say go DJ, 'cause that's my DJ  
Say go DJ, 'cause that's my DJ  
Say go DJ, 'cause that's my DJ  
Say go DJ, 'cause that's my, 'cause that's my, 'cause that's my  
Murder one on one, the hottest nigga under the sun  
I come from under the tummy, bustin' a tommy  
Or come from under your garments, yo chest and your arm hit  
Pow, one to the head now you know he dead  
Now, you know I play it, like a pro in the game  
Naw, better yet a veteran a hall of fame  
I got that medicine, I'm better than all the names  
Ay it's Cash Money Records man a lawless gang  
Put some water on the track, Fresh for all his frame  
Wear a helmet when you bang it man and guard yo brain  
'Cause the flow is spasmodic what they call insane  
That ain't even a muthafuckin' aim I get dough boy  
And you already know that pimpin'  
18 how I'm livin' young'n show that Bentley  
Stunna my Pa so you know that's in me  
Gotti my mentor so don't go there wit me  
Say go DJ, 'cause that's my DJ  
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Say go DJ, 'cause that's my, 'cause that's my, 'cause that's my  
And I move like the Coupe through traffic  
Rush hour GT Bent' roof is absent

Ya bitch present wit the music blastin'  
And she keep askin' how it shoot if it's plastic  
I tell her you see if ya boy run up,  
She said back and cut the Carter back up, oh fa sho  
Ay Big Mike they betta step thangs it's already up  
Before they step to a sergeant's son, I got army guns  
You niggas never harmin' young, fly wizzy my opponents done  
I'm done talking and I ain't just begun, I been runnin' my city like  
Diddy ya chump, I fly by ya in a foreign whip, on the throttle wit a  
Model bony bitch, paraphony tips, her hair is long and shit, to her thong  
And shit, well here we go so hold on to this, uh lets go  
Hold on let me hit the blunt

So go, so go  
This is the, this is the, this is the  
This is the, this is the, this is the  
This is the Carter  
Say go DJ, 'cause that's my DJ  
Say go DJ, 'cause that's my DJ  
Say go DJ, 'cause that's my DJ  
Say go DJ, 'cause that's my, 'cause that's my, 'cause that's my  
Birdman put them niggas in a trash can  
Leave 'em outside of your door I'm your trash man  
I'm steady lightin' another hash and ridin' in my Jag  
You will need a gas mask man  
You snakes, stop hidin' in the grass  
Sooner or later I'll cut it knock the blades in yo ass  
You homo niggas getting Aids in the ass  
While the homie here tryna get paid in advance  
I'm stayin' on my grizzy I'ma bona fide hustler  
Play me or play wit me then I'm goin' find your mother  
Niggas wanna eat 'cause they ain't ate nothin'  
But niggas wanna leave when you say you out of mustard  
So I'ma walk into the restaurant alone, leavin' out  
Leavin' behind just residue and bones  
In your residents with Rugers to your dome  
Like where the fuck you holdin' the coke, holdin' your throat, choke  
This, this, this, this, this, this, this, this, this, this  
This is the Carter

Say go DJ, 'cause that's my DJ  
Say go DJ, 'cause that's my DJ  
Say go DJ, 'cause that's my DJ  
Say go DJ, 'cause that's my 'cause that's my  
Go DJ, DJ, DJ

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