Go DJ

DJ Vortex

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 spasmatic 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
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

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
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
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

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/