

Sevin

"Let's Go"

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[Intro]

Cmon, West coast baby!
What's the business? Yeah
What's crackin?
Capital city, Boy
Y'all know what I mean?
Uh

[Chorus]

Everybody stand up, If ya feelin the spot and ya feelin
the knot, Let's G-O
Getcha getcha g-getcha getcha hands up
Getcha getcha g-getcha getcha hands up
So what ya body scared of? If ya still in the mood and
ya feelin the groove, Let's G-O
Getcha getcha g-getcha getcha hands up
Getcha getcha g-getcha getcha hands up

[Verse 1]

Sauced out, Bossed out, Dawg, We clutchin the game
We tear the block up for the product, We hustle this,
Mane
We pick up and choose different moves, You cuffin a
dame
Glistenin jewels, We dip in crews, You stuck in the
game
Still meadow, Real ghetto, Ain't nothin for fame
Cali boys, Khakis wit the cuffs and the chucks for the
bang
Fresh off the block, Where the pots rock others to slang
And if you trip, Ya get the whole clip stuck to ya brain
Classic whip, Wit the chrome dip huck in the frame
Captivatn strips soon as it touches the lane
Hog mob and i'm in love wit the game
Before I change, I'll put a thang to my jugular frame

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

I'm flamin steel, Hang wit the crips cause the game is
real

And the cutless in the color of the guts is the same as
skrill
Believe tuck is the stainless steel
Should've never gave the yankee dude no game to
deal
We keep grips on the chip, But we came to chill
If ya trip, We pop somethin, And it ain't a pill
Dawg, I'm seven miles west in the sedan deville
And it's blessed from woodgrain degrill
Where we at homie, It's heartless and bangin steel
And wit the pistons, They get active like Ron Artest and
Jermaine O Neal
Even the cops ride and aim to kill
One life, How could I not strive to gain a meal?

[Chorus]

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