

MotoLyrics
Biggest, regularly updated and free lyrics database

Bow Wow "Going"

Visit "Going" on MotoLyrics.com

[Hook]

Going, going, going, I'm going, going Fit the bottles here but the club open I'ma keep going, going, going, going Section full of bad bitches in here all these hoes going They going, they going, they going, they going Quarter pound of kush in the club so you know a nigga blowing I'm blowing, I'm blowing, I'm blowing And this jury got me glowing, You ain't going hard like a nigga going

I'm going hard, I'm rollervard Drive my range dripping out the park Man don't ride don't rub my kill 15 chains that's over kill Roxies that's her drug of choice Mollies that's my favorite pill Home boy just making noise Gucci Mane been making spills ... like a trampoline, blind long as a limousine I'm Gucci man, the karma king, your baby mom's a drama queen Keep that shit a hundred would you To just smoked 100 swishers, Hit the club 100 pictures, that's for all the married niggas Mariana diamond dozen, doesn't look like maserilla The red bottoms on your bitch, she lost one now she

Cinderella God these labels steady cooling off, brick squad stay they hot as ever And they 2 years and never kissed her,

I hope that bitch don't think I dissed her

[Hook]

Going, going, going, I'm going, going Fit the bottles here but the club open I'ma keep going, going, going, going Section full of bad bitches in here all these hoes going They going, they going, they going, they going Quarter pound of kush in the club so you know a nigga blowing I'm blowing, I'm blowing, I'm blowing And this jury got me glowing, You ain't going hard like a nigga going

Walk into the bank, tell them I'm cashing out
Can't write it on a check too large of it amount
Pull out the rarri, that's 3 80
I'm riding in the A and I'm stunting crazy, yeah
Got a bad bitch and Shawty stay up in the K
She suck me good and then she count my paper
That fuck you hating niggas cause we shitting on them
Like I can give a fuck cause all the bitches want them
10 promoters, it's 100 in the show
Who got the weed, light up the drough
My nigga goose and pole him a...
Tennessee how low, I can make this bitch go
My niggas, don't talk shit, they just aim at your yankee
fit
I call her over, I call once, I kick her out and don't call

[Hook]

the bitch

Going, going, going, I'm going, going
Fit the bottles here but the club open
I'ma keep going, going, going, going
Section full of bad bitches in here all these hoes going
They going, they going, they going, they going
Quarter pound of kush in the club so you know a nigga
blowing
I'm blowing, I'm blowing, I'm blowing
And this jury got me glowing,
You ain't going hard like a nigga going

La 15 stacks I blew it all in 19's
Say she from Memphis and she heading on the mall
I'm in the club with all my jury
And I'm with all my niggas, I don't need security
Backseat of the phantom and my seat designer
All about getting money and building my empire
Ain't when you get no money cause the time now
Ask your man bout bow wow nigga, you ain't bout
I'm from the... they never seen no clean mouse
I send them youngings in your spot
They came to clean your house
This is south side, be... got a mean bounce
Bad bitches in my suit, they got a mean mouth

[Hook]

Going, going, going, I'm going, going Fit the bottles here but the club open

I'ma keep going, going, going
Section full of bad bitches in here all these hoes going
They going, they going, they going, they going
Quarter pound of kush in the club so you know a nigga
blowing
I'm blowing, I'm blowing, I'm blowing
And this jury got me glowing,
You ain't going hard like a nigga going

Visit **Bow Wow** page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

<u>MotoLyrics.com</u> | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.