

David Banner "Gots To Go"

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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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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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