

## David Ball

### "Gots To Go"

Visit "[Gots To Go](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Feat. Bun B, Devin the Dude

[Chorus: Devin the Dude]

Ain't no tellin' where I might be

I got places to go and people to see

Ain't no tellin' where I'll 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 do' (door)

But, I gots to go, I gots to go

Eh, eh, (I gots to go) eh (go), eh, eh, eh (gotta go)

[Verse 1: David Banner]

Roll up on that tour bus, smokin' a blunt

Then heard a (dunn dunn dunn dunn dunn!) what yo'  
baby momma want?

Nothin' but good fuckin' dick suckin' train runnin'

She lickin' on my nuts, talk to her if she hear me comin'

Watchin' me go

She swallowed cum, you kissed a hoe

Tongue and lip, all

Man you really lickin' my balls

Heard you for my baby momma last night nigga, nah

But she did bring weed, no seeds, sticks all

I'm lyin' when she come over, cock lyin' in her jaw

Niggaz all up in her drawers

And that's yo' baby mother

If it makes you feel better, she's a good dick sucker  
(sucker)

[Chorus: Devin the Dude]

[Verse 2: Devin the Dude]

My Job takes me out of town on all-expense paid

Wakin' up with a hangover 2,000 miles away

It seems easy: weed, women, and wine

Four hours of sleep is all you get - now it's time

To tally hoe to the show, a yo, yo let it go

Bust through the do' (door), rag & flow and grab my  
hoe

And get back in the van with some titties in hand

Let her meet ya new friend, who's willing to spend

The whole night? Another flight another gig another  
city  
Touchin' on somebody's baby momma's titties  
Niggaz in the lobby wonderin' where their women are  
Third floor havin' a "Let's Become a Bitch Seminar"  
Can't get attached, I got a plane to catch  
I wish I could a hit that but I'll be back

[Devin the Dude talking]

Yo, (huh) ain't no tellin' where I'm a be at  
But you know, out the do' (door) uh huh

[Chorus: Devin the Dude]

[Verse 3: Bun B]

Yeeah, man this the king of the chillin' circuit, I'm aight,  
ten in it  
I'm paper chasin' and rap hustlin' it ain't no synonym  
My money ain't a game so I ain't worried bout winnin' it  
I'm worried bout makin' it, stackin' it and spendin' it  
(and spendin' it)  
Ain't no pretendin' it don't make the world move  
Same way you can't pretend my shit don't make yo' girl  
groove  
See, God work in myterious ways but I don't (don't)  
And the devil will make a deal wit yo' ass but I won't  
(won't)  
Now you can have the cleanest paint job on ya trucks  
Six T.V.s, wood wit leather seats, stitched and tucked  
The biggest chrome rims, playa, I don't give a fuck  
If I holla at yo' bitch, guarantee she gettin' buck  
You can yell and you can scream and you can fuss and  
you can fight  
Like it's the worst night in yo' life, to me it's just another  
night  
I ain't carin' bout ya drama (uh uh), or breakin' up ya  
home  
You just a joke for the crew and material for a song,  
main

[Chorus: Devin the Dude]

Visit [David Ball](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.