

The Game

"Gone Ahead"

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She say she got it man but I ain't gonna try to hit that
though
I'm just tryna get you naked and it'll only take a second
But she ain't tryna hit that though
She with her girlfriends and she like me so we textin'
Her ass as big as Texas so behind her back we sexin'
And I swear this girl impressin' cause I just got rid of
my X and
Had to find me a different direction
I should state it all in my section
Last week kept a nigga off stressin'
But now the man moves to the next chick
And I'm spendin' this money on alcohol and I feel it's a
good investment
Cause I got you and your girlfriends over that stinger
Reminisclin' 'bout the good times, they dreamin'
You gon need just some good wine, fallin' tears
Talkin' 'bout who's really down, girl, standup comedian
Now he hand her next nigga her iPhone
But ain't really takin' that personal
You got bottle scum and you're the first to know
You're the first queen that the world know

Let it back girls, let it back girls
Them Loubrutton, Louis, Gucci, break it down girls
Let it back girls, let it back girls
Don't be stuck on hit, pop the cap girl
(It can't hurt) Gone ahead, pop the cap girl
(I wanna see you sweat) Gone ahead, pop the cap girl
(Pop it, pop it) Gone ahead, pop the cap girl
(Pop it, pop it) Gone ahead, pop the cap girl

She from Indiana but she don't like them Pacers
She moved out here for a model scene
So I got 'er chearin' for them Lakers
She a bad girl, you know how I like 'em bad girls
Tryna get the keys to the Porsche truck
But you know I don't like them fast girls
(Yo) Slow down for me
Throw it to the front then bring it back to me
Hit her girlfriends while I watch how she do me

Make 'er wanna get another magnum out of that Louis
If she don't get I'm a hit it all night
Smack it on the left then slide on the right
Think it to myself this pussy tight
She wanna go again, she just my type
She sexy and I like her
The red bottom, I spiked 'er
Keep pullin' these all-nighters
And I might just go ahead and wife 'er
We shot been, a rodeo
I love this girl, I swear lord
Can't wait to get 'er back to the hotel room
cause you know we gon get up that head porch
She turn it, let it back girls

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I see a girl with the coach bag
She makes you foul
Need a referee in her cause she'd know she'd foul
And I know that gotta be the same girl
And I can't get domino plane girl
All the bad bitches up in her
Feel bad for you if you came with your man, girl
And I ain't tryna know your name girl
If you can't fuck with it, that ass got a leak
And I don't know who you came with
Cause you're not gettin' in here with all that weed
You know good and well who I'm talkin' too
No fake shit and I mean that
And your ass been over there hatin' all night
You know damn well I've seen that so

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