

## **B.reith**

### **"Go On"**

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verse 1:

Here we go yep yep I know  
you ain't never seen it done like this befo'  
long hair blue eyes yes yes I flow  
yes I sing plus I bring the ill beats that be  
sizzlin' man like bacon grease  
back when I had short hair they called me Jason  
Priestley  
but time passed, I had to mature  
you see I'm tryin' to be the next Ashton Kutcher  
mock my style I dare you yo  
watch me popcorn right out of your stereo  
I spit more rounds than a merry go  
I flip more sounds than a karaoke machine  
B-Team this has been my dream  
since back when Al Green was lean, my scheme  
my plot, rise the top as one of the best  
I'm tryin' to be the white Kanye West you heard me?  
that was a joke in case you didn't get it  
I'm one in a million custom fitted  
if you ain't with it than hit the exit  
don't disrespect this I'll leave you breathless

chorus:

Go on, hey D.J. play that funky song that I like but I can't  
recall the name, I think it goes like "La-da-da, la-da-da-  
da-da" by some guy named B.Right yea I think that was  
his name, play that funky song

verse 2:

It's messed when they can't say your name right  
B.Reeth, B.Right naw B.Reith!  
See the T-H at the end like  
thank you for saying it wrong again  
what do I gotta do to get some respect 'round here  
start frontin' like I'm crazy and throwin' round chairs  
would you quit tellin' people that I'm from Brown Deer  
really man, what you tryin' to do, kill my career?  
It's bad enough they didn't put my name on the roster  
now they're trying to claim that I'm a J.C. Chavez  
imposter  
What? Where's my manager? Wait that's me

at times like these I wish I had a fake i.d.  
so I tell the bouncer, "Hey, where's the bathroom?  
It's an emergency dude I'll be back soon."  
Sneak to the stage, hand my CD to the D.J.  
tell him when I cue him hit play, ready?

chorus:

bridge:

Hey D.J. please won't you give me a chance so I can  
drop this beat and make these people dance. Now um,  
one thing is clear they goin' like what they hear so um,  
lend me your ear and just watch me get my groove on

verse 3:

You know you're broke when you sing for free  
thinkin' that you'll make some money if you bring CD's  
show up, the sound system is soundin' like garbage  
my man where'd you buy this microphone from,  
Target?  
It's funny how the same people that mean mug you  
will come up to you after the show and try to hug you  
now matter how tight you are on the mic  
there's always one hater that's like, "Dude he's alright,  
I'm better though."  
It's sort of sad but I had to laugh  
when I thought this girl wanted my autograph  
I said, "Hey how you doin' what's your name?" "It's  
Margie,  
sorry to bother you but can I borrow that Sharpie?"  
"What? Don't you know who I am girl?"  
"No. Wait, are you that dude from 'That 70's Show?'"  
Shoot, I played it off said, "Yup that's me."  
"Oh my gosh, here, sign this B.Reeth CD!"  
You're kidding me

chorus

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