

Vado

"My Team Go"

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(Intro)

Most hated

(Hook)

My team go, my team go,
We the hottest in the town, let your team know
You don't wanna fuck around when them things blow
We ain't gotta break em down we let the things go.

(Verse)

I had a few celebs fore I seen a mill
Was out the Memphis with the mack when I've seen the
mill
Wasn't eating off the rap I ain't seen the mill
I knew my cars off the back, I ain't need the deal.
Keep the steel on the lap, see slug nigga
No need for us to dab more than once nigga
I'm in the club, I play the back I don't front nigga
Kick you to the other side like a punk nigga
They told me a little but learned plenty
The way I rap it's clear that bottom first pennies
Shirt slimmy the Louie Vuitton worth many
I'll picture perfect Mister perfect, Kirk Henny
Wasn't working, now I work and serve many
Up in the work and cut the burn the murk any
Either roll or don't roll
Just made a hundred K on the road, no show.

(Hook)

My team go, my team go,
We the hottest in the town, let your team know
You don't wanna fuck around when them things blow
We ain't gotta break em down we let them things go.
My team go, my team go,
Six series till they find me in that beam low
Chicks near me with it like they never seen dough
Wrist clearly litted, we're making a gleam show

(Verse)

Who don't floss, you blow gloss,
On this leaver the two piece of that Hugo Boss,

Jumping the 9.11 call the new Volv Porsche
Before you can ask a question, yea that's too dope
cause
Just lit the cigar, riding through Campton bumping
Kendrick Lamar,
My makers senses the mar, I'm doped up, think I'm
hearing Jimmy Hendrix's guitar (spaced out!)
I messed off, you a safe left
Red bean on em when we play tag
I hate it when the palm nigga say swag
I'm stunting on em every day that's why he stay mad
Versace swag sack have Medusa head,
Medusa head I lay em all got my shooter said
Nothing fake about me that's why my old jeweler dead
Even though they talk about me, shit I'm used to head

(Hook)

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(Verse)

You hate that chopper well,
Is off a lock you jail it on the block hot as hell,
Front pan I'm Iron Man when the glock was hell,
A lot of rastas sell, back pocket, pocket scale
And my cool jades but I ain't do rock the bells
I'm with the bricks squad like that click walker yell
The soldier knows if you don't like that sour smell
I burn my building down same way the towers fell.

(Hook)

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