

Kyle Bent "Go"

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Chorus: (tell me when to go tar)16x

1 verse: tell me when to go tar, ready when you are,
Girls wave hola, cause they see the mula,
Not to be a show off, I'm 10 times cooler,
Than any of you blow-offs,
Your rap skills are so off,
If you good then I'm rap good but take an "O" off,
And if you superman I got the green like an ogre,
My cold lines got me hotter than coronas in the solar
System,
When I'm finish my verse is in a coma,
So ah,
I must be diagnosed with glaucoma,
I never see these rappers who claim they about to blow
up,
They would treat me different if I was a little older,
For now I gotta kick it in the back like the molars,
Look on every track, I'm the hova,
Spitting crack so them feens finnah be head over,
Heels, cause I'm ill, rapping like I aint sober,
Holding green aint yoda,
Hold up,
Let me get to show ya

Chorus: (tell me when to go tar)16x

2 verse: I heard every one's a rapper I am not to be
confused with,
Amateurs or lames cause they aint part of my
movement,
Your chance of being top in the game I reduce it,
And oh that huge ego that you had I'll remove it,
Started off late but imma finish first place and since
haters gon hate,
Man I don't even worry,
They say I got potential, so I know it got to come, so I
don't even run,
Cause I aint in a hurry,
Look, I aint in a hurry no,
flowing so cold like that flurry snow,
Eating rappers like curry goat,

And well rounded like merry go,
Success follows us where we go,
Want beef I'm giving them burritos,
Bless you when I'm spitting now you holey like a
cheerio,
Remind me who is better than this,
They start ratting when I'm stacking up that cheddar
and Swiss,
Some people hate me but at least they like me better
than Chris,
Cause I'm the ish when I spit my lines fresh like double
mint gum,
Ugh

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3 verse: catch me in my zone,
You know I handle my own,
I'm looking for competition, somebody find me a clone,
You can catch me on the green but no-no I'm not a
gnome,
Finally getting known, buzzing like them honey-combs,
Working real hard I'm just hoping that it's worth it,
When I'm on that instrumental I boogie-board and just
surf it,
See I like to spit it deep, all your lines is at the surface,
All my rhymes make sense and they connect call it
cursive,
I'm from Boston, home of the champions, I rep
Randolph, town of the
Catalyst,
I'm tryna elevate sky-walk like I'm Anakin, spitting out
that gasoline go and
Throw a candle in,
Who's a younging when they calling you the man, huh?
What's segregation when you are a panda, uh,
And that was so irrelevant but I don't care though,
You listening to a legend but you just not aware
though,
Throw it in the air though, (we take you higher)3x face
to face with the
Messiah,
Going to the top, bringing the entire, empire,
And we gon' have more green than rain forest
environments,
You speak lint so I brush it off,
I'm dick Chaney and you just daffy ducking dog,
No rubber when I'm spitting cause they love it raw,
Realest spitter in it, and I'm rapping to some puppet
dolls

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