

Big Pokey & Chris Ward f/ H.A.W.K., Mike D

"Go, Go, Go"

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[Hook - 2X]

One, if you got skills then show it
Two, the time is now so don't blow it
Three, you say you're fire then spit your flow
Nigga go nigga go, nigga go nigga go

[Chris Ward]

Flow sick, they'll make daddy's little daughter hurl
Hard enough, to make a 25 cent quarter curl
Fire flames I spit, I burn down water world
Oops my bad, I think just burned down Water World
I'm a hard working man, with soft hands
Cause I move a bit of that hard work, in soft sand
I got ties to the streets, both the North and South land
How many times have you seen me, running my mouth
man
I'm a hella-a-fied soloist, bonified vocalist
Iced out Rolo-list, when I rap the booth know I'm pissed
I can't lie I'm thoed at this, and unpredictable
Like Mystikal in 9-7, boys call me Crystikal
Ha-ha-ha, hol' up Crystikal Ward
(that boy thoed), uh
Catch me hopping out of something, slamming suicidal
do's
Anytime any place, spitting suicidal flows
C. Ward the spokesman, that's the title I hold
I'm deep in these streets nigga, like gutters and pot
holes

[Hook - 2X]

[H.A.W.K.]

Yeah who, nigga it's H-A-Dub
Buck shot slugs, Dead End thug
To whom it may concern, nigga it's my turn
You boys gon learn, when H.A.W.K. spit it's burn baby
burn
I'ma go nigga go, or I'ma wreck your flow
Checkmate hoe, then X you out like tic-tac-toe
I'll steal the show, make motherfuckers want some mo'
For a mill or mo', I'll send one through your afro

The flow is figga fo', so surrender hoe
I'm a gladiator bitch, like Russell Crowe
And now you know, I spit thangs for my lil' bro
And the object of the game, is to get that do'
I ain't lying, the metaphors are death defying
There's no denying, I was born with the heart of a lion
Keep on trying, you could compete with this verbal
assault
And you're gonna feel the wrath, of Incredible H.A.W.K.

[Hook - 2X]

[Mike D]

I don't know, what made these devils give me a F-I
I can't keep my hands, off them birds that don't fly
Just left the Penn, where birds they don't fly
Corle's back home, and daddy I'm on fire
And I keep's me, a heater for cheaters
With rhymes, that'll run right through your wife beater
Suddenly catch me, in a Benz two seater
Riding with a long hair, Spanish speaking senorita
Don't get managed, and make 'em skeet your needle
I got killers in the booth, that'll snatch you out your
sneakers
I'm telling you boy, I'm above the law
Ain't been out sixty days, it's like oh my God
I'm already stunting, whipping out boys
Lac in the drive way, sitting on yard
Really got at me, hit me with a quad
This can't be reality, no sir boy

[Big Pokey]

Last it up, come from my hip ass is fucked
Three inches above your waist, tear your gut
My barrel is up, beam on you one in the head
I yank triggas on punk niggaz, and put 'em to bed
This for my FED niggaz, all my living and my dead
niggaz
Scared niggaz, they raping the box
Trying to spread with a nigga, but he raping the pot
Next you gon be hanging his drawas, and drying 'em
out
I'd rather get shot, caught slipping vest at the crib
Hit in the arms, trying to block my chest and my ribs
Testing my skills, that's just like testing my steal
I'm in the booth acting a donkey, and blessing the real
It's a crock bull loose, and he roaming the street
Last week meat in his teeth, clutching his gat
Man ever pissed, cause his stomach touching his back
We fin's to do this hoe, like we did it down in Iraq
Nigga for stacks, house is full of mili's and macks

Watching the playoffs dog, that's how gorillas relax
Gorillas react, on sight see it and merk it
Catch a square with a line, on this turf and working
I nerf'd him, skip flagged ball and turfed him
Formed M-O-B dog, and it all was worth it

[Hook - 2X]

Nigga go nigga go, nigga go nigga go

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