

Ultimate Force

"I Gotta Go"

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Time for some comedy

Word

I been a little too serious on this album

Bout time to do some comedy

Word up

[VERSE 1: Master Rob]

Well, here we go, on with the show

Now pay attention because you might blow

Ever been in a spot you didn't wanna be

Around nonsense and negativity

Well it happened to be more than twice

(Like three times?)

So listen as I shoot the dice

The other day I went to the Castle

Party was jumpin, bass was pumpin

Strolled through the crowd in my silk suit

In my Bally boots, the girls said I was cute

(That nigga fresh)

Looked over my shoulder, on the left

I saw a sight that made me lose my breath

Sittin at the bar, fresh out the hairdresser

She was lookin good, I wanted to carress her

(Come here, baby)

I said, "Excuse me, my name is Rob"

Now don't think, let me buy you a drink

So we can chit-chat for a few

(You know)

Bacardi and Coke, and I'll have one too

Now back to you, what's your name?

I gotta know cause it's drivin me insane

(My name is Cindy, you think you could win me

Over a drink, please it doesn't send me)

Then she went into her Fendi

Put out a vial, a stem, and when she

Inhaled the smoke, her eyes rolled back

Sittin there smokin lackalack

(She buggin)

So I picked up my drink, got out my chair

She started to pout

But I didn't care cause I was out

Knomsayin Giz?
Smokin them lackalacks and shit
You know?
She wanted me to get with her
Knowmsayin?
I ain't with that
You know

[VERSE 2: Master Rob]

On a Friday night I went to the White Stone
Trains are a drag, so I took a cab
Stepped out the OJ, went inside the complex
I had a cold, so I bought a pack of Contrax
Looked in the corner, there was a fat man
(?) tickets of Batman
So I bought one, it didn't matter a bit
As long as I see the flick
(I'ma see this movie)
Damn it was dark in the theater
Lookin for a seat, steppin on feet
Finally I got to an empty chair
Cigarettes and buddha filled the air
I overheard a conversation behind me
Someone tellin his boy, "I'm gonna find me
A victim that I can stick"
Glanced at the kid, seen a nine and a clip
And he had on a vest, so I knew he wasn't frontin
And from his face he had to be thirty-somethin
Word, he was schemin and plottin
Lookin for jewels, so he could start poppin
Got up from my seat
Put my rope in my shirt cause I roll one deep
Him and his man got up from their seat
Snatched a chain and the kid complained
Then I heard the nine and a loud shot
No time to be nosy, hops, cause I was out

Knowmsayin?
I ain't gettin shot for nobody
Word up
Ain't tryina be nosy in this world

[VERSE 3: Master Rob]

One time I had a show in Virginia
I can't recall the town, but here's what went down
I arrived at the club a little late
Promoter started yellin like Mr. Slate
Yak-yak-yak, he almost got slapped
Throwin bass at my face like a 808
I said, "Don't worry, this show'll go on

Just get the papers ready, word is bond"
The promoter said, "Cool
Go ahead and perform and see me in my room"
I said, "Excuse me, let me tell you somethin, yo
I want the dough or there won't be a show, you know"
I didn't mean to flip
But I gotta get paid in order to rip
Up the mic just like Freddie Krueger
Shootin lyrics like I'm a German Luger
The promoter returned and he said
"I'm short on cash but instead
Let me write you out a check"
He was a better actor than Gregory Peck
I said, "Don't worry, troop, now here's the scoop"
And without a doubt
Yo, I was out

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