

Madlib f/ Guilty Simpson

"Go"

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[Verse One: Guilty Simpson] Oh you hard now? I laugh at that I must be on Punk'd, where Ashton at? Step up in the party with a plastic gat Glock that I carry for the grab and snatch Shine like the gym, untied tims, bad bitch pulling on my limbs Telling all her friends it's him! Feeling like a Don Grab her by the hand and get a quickie in the john We raise hell and make bail And put illegal products on weight scales Place a few phone calls and make sales I pray to god my lifestyle escapes hell Stoneface Running my affairs at my own pace 'till my bankroll's straight I want the mutherfucking icing and the whole cake You just a crooked ass nigga trying to go straight [Chorus] x 2 Get your pistols (Go...Go) Launch your missile (Go...Go) Settle your issues (Go...Go) I got a feeling somebody's gonna die tonight [Verse Two: Guilty Simpson] You want lyrics? Try these fam You a joke like Black Man, White Man and Chinese Man In fact you're more like them Knock-Knock shits Your temp's 98, you're not that sick I spit venom on your favorite denim I burn like the slugs that I'm spraying up in 'em That's how it is everyday in the Mitten Lay my verse, lay down and lay in the kitten My hunger's intense I'm from the underground coming under your fence Patting on your pockets nigga come with the rent, a forfeit It's not for the weak in heart, call quits But desert eagle got a beak that'll make you get a body leak Who got a beef? Get ate by piranha teeth Yeah the click's like that Move in packs and move them packs [Chorus] x2

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