

Mannie Fresh f/ Baby

"Go With Me"

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I'ma ball ba-ba-ball ba-ball ba-ball ball

[Verse 1]

This is it y'all

The shit y'all

Niggaz grab your dicks y'all

Ladies in your best outfits y'all

Killa fa shilla

Slash pimp plus dealer

Nobody realer

On the manilla

Just call me cute face

Chubby waist

Back back gimme space

Not another motherfucking celebrity murder case

Pimpin', Kobe in trouble

Michael back in his bubble

And my baby mama back

To actin just like the devil

I just can't believe

They smoked up all of my weed

Pmipin' they just don't want

To see me achieve

Man nothing at all

Got my back on the wall

But I'ma ball ba-ba-ball ba-ball ba-ball ball (Yeah)

[Chorus]

Come on and go with me

Walk through the store with me

And you can get about a hundred pair of shoes

She

Really looking good

She represent her hood

I'm digging her she digging me

And it's understood

That we could be a couple

My name up in her butthole

Check me out

Wipe me down

I'm a pimp nukka

Chevrolet doors
Put some mink on them floors
She put the Gucci sandals
With the jeans
Diamonds all on her toes

[Verse 2]

I know you lovin my car
Holly-hood superstar
And it's golds to these hoes
Who don't know who I are
I'm the leader my group
Keep some weed in my coupe
And I only let the baddest bitches
Up in my loot
Hey check out my shoes
And I still ride them trues
You can call me a crip
Cause I give hoes the blues
And I got your baby mother
And I front her little brother half
OZ's from my keys
And he let me cut her
Right down the middle
And she lovin my pickle
When we ride around town
On the back of my 'sikul
Thirteen hundred fo sho
Thought you niggaz should know
Wipe me down young pimpin
When you walk through the door
Push the five series, six series
Seven and eight
All different colors man
How you gonna hate
What the fuck
Put my finger up
And I'ma stand tall
Ball ba-ba-ball ba-ball ba-ball ball

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Baby]

See I feel ya Fresh
Aint nothing but the hand
Let's go through these niggaz neighborhood
In sedan DeVilles
Nigga
With that gun in my hand
Blowin that mary jane nigga
With the ice like damn (DAMN!)

If you know what I'm sayin
I'm the Birdman bitch
I'm in that Caddy on them twenty two's
Alligator seats
The Benz or the Beamer coupe
It's all easy
Lil Weezy just came through (what's up shorty?)
It's nothin to a playa, bitch
Just do you
And stop hatin before I hit you with this chrome piece
Nigga because the block is mine
And I don't give a motherfuck
I'ma tote my iron (Believe that)
Or better yet
I hit the hood and grind
In candy paint
Wipe me down
Red gold on shine
Well I'm a hood rich real nigga
Flyer than ever
Stunna and Mannie Fresh
We gon get this cheddar (One)

[Chorus]

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