

U-God

"Go Get Pretty Like Me"

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[Intro: U-God]

Yeah, this one right here
Is for those fly motherfuckers
All those motherfuckers get money
All those money makers
When you look in the mirror
And you confident, your cologne is on right
You smelling good, youknowwhatimsayin'
You ready to go out on the town, knowwhatimsayin'
It's all like this, go get pretty like me

[U-God]

I rock Dolce and Gabbana, Pierre Cardan frames
Please, sunset windblows, pictures in the breeze
Diamond cufflinks on, banging on my sleeve
The studded engraved, solid gold L.A.'s
Turn up my nose, to all those people that hate
Cuz I create the dinner plates, the things they cant
Mona Lisa's on my wall, I splash the Rem', brand
Then dance the tango, with a rose in my teeth
See this Spanish fly mami, with a rosary bead
Hold her close to me, then I scuff my Gucci loafers
Through money on the oochie, she fuck me in the
Rover
I bent her over, the butter soft ostrich
After that, we had, some, sushi with some chopsticks
We blew the Grand Canyon, the mansion with the
tropics
The house was made of marble, waterfall, walk-in
closets
She had the red hots, had me coming out my boxers

[Chorus: U-God]

There's no one in the city like me
No one gets gritty like me, homey
Big wheels spinnin' on D's
Go get pretty like me, Goldie
You're messin' with a real O.G.
Ya'll niggaz, y'all gon' see, homey
No one gets gritty like me, Goldie
Go get pretty like me

[U-God]

In the Rolls, vintage clothes like the mobster
Take my hat off, hit the mic stand like Sinatra
Seats at the opera, whose the man behind the suit
Fireplace, on the mantle, the head of a moose
Analyze the truth, still slicin' all you snakes
The lady killer, license plate, icing on the cake
Drop, anchors of weight, more paper, acres of states
Exquisite taste, cigars dipped, in that
You're strong back, Dom raps, time to bomb back
In fact, I'm giving hoes a back hand slap
Ain't that, one of the ten commandments of rap
My feet tap like Sammy, drop your donation
Black and white bitches, Puerto Ricans and Haitians
With Playboy titties, in heavy rotation
Getting that paper, is my motivation
In the palm of my hand, I control the nation, baby

[Chorus]

[Hook 2X: U-God]

Don't fuck with my bitches
Or you'll leave in stitches, homey
Silky silky silk, da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da, Goldie

[Chorus to fade]

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