

## Vanilla Ice

### "Let's Go"

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[Lil Jon]

Yeah (yeaaaaahhhh!)

There's a lot of fuck niggaz in the club tonight (fuck 'em fuck 'em fuck 'em)

But its gonna be aight (yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)

Cause me and my click we don't give a fuck nigga

Trick Daddy, Jim Johnson, Big D, Lil Jon

[Hook: Lil Jon]

Let's Gooooo! (Let's gooooo!)

If you want it you can get it let me know (let me know)

I'm bout to fuck a nigga up

Let's gooooo (Let's gooooo!)

If you want it you can get it let me know (let me know)

I'm bout to fuck a nigga up

Let's gooooo (Let's gooooo!)

[Verse 1: Trick Daddy]

If you want some, come get some

Cause where I'm from we tote big guns

And everybody know somebody that

Know somebody that know somethin' bout it

And I want answers now

Who, what, where, when and why

See, a lot of dudes like to act a fool

And all get all loud but that ain't my style

Now, he who he gonna get and what he gonna do

Run up on me if he want to

Out there impressin' his homies

But he stood up in front of his momma

I mop up the flo' with him

And I kick in the door and let the fo-fo get him

I got fools that'll go get him

This for him, his crew and the dudes that run with him

[Hook]

[Verse 2: Twista]

Gotta spit it for the murderers and the killers and the thugsters

That be fuckin' up the ballers and the dealers and the

hustlers  
Got me comin' at you bogus in the V.I.  
While they bumpin' Lil Jon, I'ma brush ya  
It's the psycho nigga Twista from Chicago  
Rollin' with the Miami nigga, that'll crush ya  
We already been lookin' for drama  
If a nigga try to get into with us then we gotta get him  
Feelin' fury from my tough shit that cant never be true  
and no penicillin  
I'm telling you Trick I'm fit to steal him  
Got me swingin' Crissy and Hennessy bottles in the  
club  
In the club with my thug homies goin' for ya scrilla  
Don't get it twisted with that "Overnight Celebrity"  
You better be scared Of me, in my city I'm a killer

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Trick Daddy]

I ain't that rappin' type arright  
And I that actin' type arright  
That soft ain't in my script  
I'm a playa, you, you just a square  
See, once that Hennessy into me  
The whole industry is my enemy (My enemy)  
If you ain't no kin to me or friend to me  
Bitch, don't pretend to be  
Yeah, I'm strictly for the thugs  
I'm part of the streets and straight out the hood  
Got moments ghetto (Ghetto)  
And I don't even needs the gats for you weasly cats  
I'm straight out the county of Dade  
3-0-5, nigga M-I-A  
Never gone south of the border  
America's most wanted, you gon' get slaughtered

[Hook] - repeat 2X

[Outro: Trick Daddy]

The AK go chop, chop, chop, chop  
The SK go fire, fire, fire, fire  
The AK go chop, chop, chop, chop  
The SK go fire, fire, fire, fire

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