

Go (feat. D. Flowers)

Maxo Kream

My young niggas tote extentions, still need they mama permission
Bad as hell, on suspension, but thuggin' in the trenches
They hoppin' in my clicque, inheritin' my beef
Heard about when I was thuggin', Maxo see inside the streets
Lil nigga 13, got the older niggas plottin' on 'em
Wrinkled ass tee, even though he got the iron on 'em
Hoppin' out of stolos, uppinn' sticks like pogos
Tre pound and .44s, Algebra, he don't know though
Rob, rob, kick door, pray to god that this lick go
Serve raw indo, 20 deep at the Citgo
My shooters so young, they was born in the millennium
Get the job done, gotta problem, then they killin' em
Got young niggas, young dumb niggas
Go young nigga, go dumb nigga
Got Crip niggas (cuh-rip), got Blood niggas (suuwuu)
Some real killers, some drug dealers
Got crash dummies, they blast with me
They'll stash for me, they'll crash for me
Go young nigga, go dumb nigga
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We the young niggas in the trenches that big brother just mentioned
Don't even post a picture with no money, we comin' to get it
I hit a lick on a sucka, you should've known something was fishy
I fucked that bitch and I blocked
her 'cause she always up in my business
I took out that molar like a dentist, now I got her up in her feelings
On some "Bad Boys" Will Smith shit, I'm on a mission
Fuck the police when they hit the block, we gon' run for them bitches
I should've been in Olympics, the way I be jumpin' them fences
Fuck a detention, I rather fuck with suspension
Niggas been tellin' since elementary, I ain't fuck with no snitches
Hide and go get it I was hunching for bitches
Stealin' from teachers, shootin' dice behind the bleachers
When it come to the beef and the choppa make a nigga Turner like Timmy
Got young niggas,

young dumb niggas
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