

Go In, Go Off

Remy Ma

I mean what yall want me to do?
Yall want me to go off? Or do yall want me to go in?

I got a Ace and a 9
And I'm still like hit me
She don't write her rhymes, he fed her lines like Britney
I don't need a shooter, I'm the shooter
Come get me
Got a 9mm resting on my right kidney
This for everybody that was claiming that they miss me
My footwear crispy, flyer than a frisbee
Keep a Papermade and some college rule with me
But can still come off the head, like a 59/50
Get that heroin from Houston, so I call it Whitney
It makes the pheens scream, so I call the pheens Sidney
Shoot at cha' crib, and I don't mean where ya live see
I mean the crib where ya motherfucking kids sleep
You a square like that ugly ass Benz jeep
I'm more hood than the Ku Klux Klanche
I'ma sit on the throne, since hoes can't stand me
Ain't leaving till they call to outs me 7 Grammy's
Can't nobody tell me, I don't does this
I need some Hammer pants, cuz can't no bitch touch this
Caught yall red handed, all yall bitches is busted
My flow sick, yours is disgusting
My mic sounds nice, I just had to dust it
The rap game twisted, I'm here to adjust it
I know yall flustered ,Yall panties is bunching
Yall know Remy wrap hoes for breakfast, dinner, lunch
But, if yall play nice with me in the sandbox
I'll let yall pussies breathe
No need for Tampons
But if you wanna bleed ma welcome to JamRock
I just did six years, bitch I'm nice with a can top
All yall hoes coochi none of yall won't pop
Why yall was in Gucci, she was in gun shops
Get accidentally shot, she keep her gun cocked
She got so many sons bitch she need sunblock
Sunglasses, and UV protection
She come so hard, they should call it erection
Yeah, that girl dope this a lethal injection
She fucking with the kids they all getting molested
They say Rem is the best
These other bitches is cool
But, Rem ain't eat em up these other bitches is food
Just speak your price, she'll easily finish her
Shes so nice, she spit like Chris and em'
Chris "KRS-One", Christopher "Big Pun"
Yes, Sheezus Christ, she'll just Christian em
Bitches so thirsty, need for me to quenching em
They all washed up, so really she just rinsing em
Out in Beverly Hills, She be Fresh Prince'n em
Hoes don't exist to her, She don't even mention em
Bitches can't play with her, they coach is straight benching em
Tell them hoes hang it up, The girl is straight lynching her
They say I'm Project pretty, ghetto, high, siddity
And every hood chick wannabe like Remy

They say I walk and I talk like New York City
Ok, motherfucker so what's really?
These bitches ain't doing nothing, I gets busy
Cheap deck a ho can get smacked silly
But on the contrary , I packs the mack Milli
And believe when my gun pop, it's gone be a head shot
They locked me up, yeah they gave Rem a pen
But they fucked up when they gave Rem a pen
No studio, so I was holding them
But as soon as I got out
I started going fucking in bitch!