

# Huddle Formation

## The Go! Team

What happened at the New Wil'ins?  
Bitch, I'm back by popular demand Y'all haters corny with that illuminati mess  
Paparazzi, catch my fly, and my cocky fresh  
I'm so reckless when I rock my Givenchy dress (stylin')  
I'm so possessive so I rock his Roc necklaces  
My daddy Alabama, Momma Louisiana  
You mix that negro with that Creole make a Texas bama  
I like my baby heir with baby hair and afros  
I like my negro nose with Jackson Five nostrils  
Earned all this money but they never take the country out me  
I got a hot sauce in my bag, swag  
Oh yeah, baby, oh yeah I, ohhhhh, oh, yes, I like that  
I did not come to play with you hoes, haha  
I came to slay, bitch  
I like cornbreads and collard greens, bitch  
Oh, yes, you besta believe it Y'all haters corny with that illuminati mess  
Paparazzi, catch my fly, and my cocky fresh  
I'm so reckless when I rock my Givenchy dress (stylin')  
I'm so possessive so I rock his Roc necklaces  
My daddy Alabama, Momma Louisiana  
You mix that negro with that Creole make a Texas bama  
I like my baby heir with baby hair and afros  
I like my negro nose with Jackson Five nostrils  
Earned all this money but they never take the country out me  
I got a hot sauce in my bag, swag  
I see it, I want it, I stunt, yellow-bone it  
I dream it, I work hard, I grind 'til I own it  
I twirl on them haters, albino alligators  
El Camino with the seat low, sippin' Cuervo with no chaser  
Sometimes I go off (I go off), I go hard (I go hard)  
Get what's mine (take what's mine), I'm a star (I'm a star)  
Cause I slay (slay), I slay (hey), I slay (okay), I slay (okay)  
All day (okay), I slay (okay), I slay (okay), I slay (okay)  
We gon' slay (slay), gon' slay (okay), we slay (okay), I slay (okay)  
I slay (okay), okay (okay), I slay (okay), okay, okay, okay, okay  
Okay, okay, ladies, now let's get in formation, cause I slay  
Okay, ladies, now let's get in formation, cause I slay  
Prove to me you got some coordination, cause I slay  
Slay trick, or you get eliminated When he fuck me good I take his ass to Red Lobster, cause I  
slay  
When he fuck me good I take his ass to Red Lobster, cause I slay  
If he hit it right, I might take him on a flight on my chopper, cause I slay

Drop him off at the mall, let him buy some J's, let him shop up, cause I slay  
I might get your song played on the radio station, cause I slay  
I might get your song played on the radio station, cause I slay  
You just might be a black Bill Gates in the making, cause I slay  
I just might be a black Bill Gates in the making I see it, I want it, I stunt, yellow-bone it  
I dream it, I work hard, I grind 'til I own it  
I twirl on them haters, albino alligators  
El Camino with the seat low, sippin' Cuervo with no chaser  
Sometimes I go off (I go off), I go hard (I go hard)  
Get what's mine (take what's mine), I'm a star (I'm a star)  
Cause I slay (slay), I slay (hey), I slay (okay), I slay (okay)  
All day (okay), I slay (okay), I slay (okay), I slay (okay)  
We gon' slay (slay), gon' slay (okay), we slay (okay), I slay (okay)  
I slay (okay), okay (okay), I slay (okay), okay, okay, okay, okay  
Okay, okay, ladies, now let's get in formation, cause I slay  
Okay, ladies, now let's get in formation, cause I slay  
Prove to me you got some coordination, cause I slay  
Slay trick, or you get eliminated Okay, ladies, now let's get in formation, I slay  
Okay, ladies, now let's get in formation  
You know you that bitch when you cause all this conversation  
Always stay gracious, best revenge is your paperGirl, I hear some thunder  
Golly, look at that water, boy, oh lord

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>