

Going Off (feat. Trevor Jackson)

Cal Scruby

V1

Girl you knocking at the wrong door
I ain't home anyways, I've been on tour
Jordan Concords, no Tom Ford
Think it's time for a new wave, is you on board?
I kill 'em from bonjour to encore
Start at the bottom, record in my basement
Now my girl asking how long I'll be gone for
LA on business like this is vacation
Can't even tell her my current location
She checking up on me like I'm on probation
Got me a lawyer to settle my cases
Cuz I don't got time for this whole litigation
Bet I come home to a standing ovation
I sleep and awaken with blunts in rotation
Your shit is old shit, I'm Ne-Yo (Neo) I'm so sick
Got red pills and blue pills like I'm in The Matrix
Am I relevant now?
I don't really give a fuck, am I celibate now?
No I get a lotta brain, I'm intelligent now
So I don't carry cash on me for the hell of it now
And all the hoes give me love, they suppose every plug
Give me drugs that could prolly put an elephant down
So they come around acting all elegant now
And I'm the one they've been telling you 'bout
I'm that dude

HOOK

I'm the one they talk about, reason why they listen
I was just being me now I'm the one they wanna be
Don't know what you talking 'bout, think it's time to go
Yeah it's time to blow and I'm shooting like I'm, shooting like I'm, going off
(He actually says, "shooting like a, shooting like a, gun")

V2

All bets down, bet I rock ya
Young yellow-headed show stopper
Bought a whole flock of Grey Goose vodka
Make em all scream like Phantom of the Opera
Pull up in the Ghost, ain't that scary
Cocaine paint job, leather black cherry
Catch a flight from Chicago to Cabo
Now I'm rapping like I found Drake's Blackberry
Feet in the sand, drink in my hand

Minding my business, no leaking my plans
I don't negotiate, that's inappropriate
Tell your associate "meet my demands"
Thinking of days I just needed a chance
Nights on the road I would sleep in the van
Don't eat alone cuz I feast with the fam
I blew my advance like a week in advance
Speaking of bands, I'm reaching the fans
I don't see no open seats in the stands
Hoes in the front can't squeeze in them pants
Got damn, got her blowing in my ear like Lance
Woah
I must be the King right?
Coming back home for the ring right?
I was only 9 way back in '99
'Bout time Weezy called it "Bling Bling" right? Right?
HOOK

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>