

# 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 <https://www.songlyrics.band/>