

## Yes Lord

## Audio Push

I got my realest niggas in the house  
We ridin'  
Head first, said it's hard, you're still looking for  
No heart ache  
No, no, oh

Till the world with my real niggas  
Yes Lord  
Living the life you other niggas would kill for  
Burning money, like it ain't nothin'  
Yes Lord  
Living the life you other niggas would kill for  
Champagne for all the pain  
Yes Lord  
Trapped in a life you other niggas would kill for  
Running town with my real niggas  
Yes Lord  
Pray to God that this the life  
That we made for

(One time)

(Alright)

Click- clack when the heat clap, do you need that?  
I killed the beat, R.I.P, no repass  
Never taken my girl shopping, new shoes  
She don't need that, she only in  
One position, I guess I could buy her knee pads  
Gettin' this paper, my manager chargin' 10 racks for the bookin'  
Pot on the stove, that's that yola  
That's never top ramen we cookin'  
Young and from Cali, but rappin' like  
All of them OG's in Brooklyn  
You mad cause your chick in my crib  
And you thought that she'd never be taken  
But nigga, you dealin' with greats  
All my niggas go ape  
I got G's behind me, Like (like) letter (letter) H (H)  
And it's real niggas, no fakes over here  
Go-getters, no brakes over here  
Straight shots, no chase over here  
Broke niggas go way over there!

(Yeah)

Early morning smoking, know a nigga living  
I don't really care what cit'  
I'm goin' way, way down in the jungle  
Deep, when most of my niggas is dead  
Every day I avenge my nigga, off in the LV shoes, I walk  
They classify me as a nigga  
Just based off the way I talk  
All my night I live a legend  
When I rapped my out of the ghetto where  
If niggas don't know you, they won't say hello  
And as killer bee kill, better keep that mellow  
Bad ass Cleveland hoes is right, Ass so fat  
But that money on my mind

Long ass hair, land lord don't care  
Niggas just need them ends on time  
Catch me close to PCA's, Breathing all that THC  
Bitch I'm with probably got a man but  
We both know that he ain't me  
Sip that lean with ice, and a nigga so nice  
Go ahead girl roll them dice, what's the chance  
You drop them pants, give it up to a nigga  
That could change your life?  
Heavy on the reigns, I'm the city God  
Nigga don't change and you know a nigga hoggin' up lanes  
Prolly in the Benz with the engine, prolly in the Range  
Cause you know a nigga stay with them things  
Californicating on the weekly, chiefing on the daily  
Chip is crazy, crazy mean  
And stunting on these haters, baby

Aww man, here he come  
It's mister cocky, mister know-it-all  
Kawasaki-aki, papi  
Prolly finna blow it off  
Pocket full of money and you mad  
I wanna show it off, real niggas? (laugh)  
Your name ain't one I know at all!  
Always grindin', prolly workin  
You is broke, your pockets hurtin  
Yo' girl come [?], RnB  
That Rodney Jerkins, might be cause we the best  
Or, we the hottest this year and the next 4  
Either way, it's the same answer: Am I that nigga?  
Yes Lord!  
What I'm talking bout next 4? Next 8  
We gon' be the hottest here till the next decade  
Tock-tock ticking, bought a broad with a neck brace  
More love, more love, less hate  
I'm Mike Jackson, J5  
Code red, stay fired  
I'm smokin' Yes Lord, sippin Praise God  
And excuse me while I stage dive  
Cause I'm