

hell yeah

Baby Santana

Hell nah, I don't wanna hear your diss
I just spent two bands on Rick
Hurt her heart, I gotta fix that
MMY with the Rick, they mix-match (Mix-match)
I get my lick back, he get popped like a Tic-Tac (Tic)
And her tongue goin' zig-zag
We gon' bring 'em guns out, give 'em hell

Yeah, hell yeah, uh
Yeah, hell yeah, uh
Yeah, hell yeah
And I move the pack through the mail (Yeah)
And this gas good enough to sell, yeah
He tryna be like us and I can tell, yeah
He tried to be like us, but that boy failed, yeah
Uh, yeah, hell yeah

Uh, yeah, hell yeah
U-uh, yeah, hell yeah
U-u-uh, yeah, hell yeah
Uh, yeah, hell yeah
Uh, yeah, hell yeah
U-uh, yeah, hell yeah
U-uh, yeah, hell yeah (Uh, yeah, hell yeah)
(Ayy, ayy, yeah, yeah)

I'm 5'7, I stand on my money, I'm tall
And no, I don't hoop, but I swear, I could ball
And no, I don't love you, girl, I ain't FALL
She do her lil' shuffle, she do the Futsal (Futsal)
I ain't leavin' no witness, don't care what you saw
Promise, I used to be broke
But now that I'm up, I'ma Balenciaga it all (All)
I'm gon' take you to Pluto, promise you gon' keep it true, though
When I'm older, buy a two-door, or a four
I got some money, but I want some more
We up, tell 'em check the score (Yeah)
You hit my phone, you gon' get ignored
Scored on a pint, pharmacy galore (Bop, bop, bop, bop, bop)

Hell nah, I don't wanna hear your diss (Diss)
I just spent two bands on Rick (Rick)
Hurt her heart, I gotta fix that
MMY with the Rick, they mix-match (Mix-match)
I get my lick back (Lick back), he get popped like a Tic-Tac (Tic-Tac)
And her tongue goin' zig-zag
We gon' bring 'em guns out, give 'em hell

Yeah, hell yeah, uh
Yeah, hell yeah, uh
Yeah, hell yeah
And I move the pack through the mail (Yeah)
And this gas good enough to sell, yeah
He tryna be like us and I can tell, yeah (Pink)
He tried to be like us, but that boy failed, yeah
Uh, yeah, hell yeah

Come back, tana