

YA YA

Beyoncé

Hello, girls (Hello, Beyoncé)
Hello, fellas (You're pretty swell)
Those petty ones can't fuck with me (Why?)
'Cause I'm a clever girl, we snappin'
(Pretty please) Toms, please
We wanna welcome you to the Beyoncé "Cowboy Carter: Act II", ah
And a rodeo chitlin circuit
We gon' make it do what it do, ya-ya
Put them hands together

We clappin'
We drummin' (Ya-ya-ya-ya-ya, ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya)
Oh, oh, ya-ya-ya (Oh, ya-ya-ya-ya-ya, ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya)
Oh, ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya (Oh, ya-ya-ya-ya-ya, ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya)
Ya-ya-ya (Oh, ya)
(Ya-ya) B-E-Y-I-N-C-E, yeah

My family lived and died in America, hm
Good ole USA, shit (Good ole USA)
Whole lotta red in that white and blue, huh
History can't be erased, oh-oh
Are you lookin' for a new America? (America)
Are you tired, workin' time and a half for half the pay? Ya-ya (Half the pay, oh-oh)
I just pray that we don't crash, keep my Bible on the dash
We gotta keep the faith
Wildfire burnt his house down
Insurance ain't gon' pay no Fannie Mae, shit
So hold this holster, pour more liquor, please
Hard workin' man ain't got no money in the bank
Huh, the ya-ya
Turn up the vinyl and the radio (Radio)
He can't watch the news nowadays (Nowadays)
Oh, I just pray that he don't crash, keep his pistol on the dash
He gotta keep the faith

She's pickin' up good vibrations
He's lookin' for sweet sensations
Ladies? (Yeah?)
Fuck it

We shakin' (Ya-ya-ya-ya-ya, ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya)
We swimmin' (Ya-ya-ya-ya-ya, ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya)
We jerkin' (Ya-ya-ya-ya-ya, ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya)
We twerkin' (Ya-ya-ya-ya-ya, ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya)
You wanna touch it, don't you? (Ya-ya-ya-ya-ya, ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya)
Come get this genie in a bottle (Ya-ya-ya-ya-ya, ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya)
Come rub it, won't you? (Ya-ya-ya-ya-ya, ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya)
I pop it (Ya-ya-ya-ya-ya, ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya)
I walk it like I talk it (Ya-ya-ya-ya-ya, ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya)
I got your spurs sparkin' (Ya-ya-ya-ya-ya, ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya)
Ya-ya-ya-ya-ya, oh

Let loose
Do what you do, babe, Good God
I don't wanna hear no ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya
I got you daydreamin'

Put your lips on my lips
And strum me like a guitar
La-la-la-la-la-la-la, you got me movin', boy
You got me movin', boy, you got me ooh-in'
You might know what you're doin' (Ooh-ooh)
Put them babies to bed (Oh-oh)
We sweat out the sheets (Oh)
Got you up all night and now, you don't wanna leave
I can soothe your pain, yeah
When I'm long gone you'll call my name, yeah
World of Wind got you insane, yeah
It's givin' me the faith

I'm pickin' up good vibrations, ooh
He's givin' me sweet sensations, oh
B-E-Y-I-N-C-E, ah (Get down)
We gon' bust it down (Ya-ya)
From Texas (From Texas)
To Gary (To Gary)
All the way down to New York City (New York City)
Give me a kiss
Big daddy, you so pretty (So pretty)

Got these slugs in my mouth, when I'm done, I'll take 'em out
(Got these slugs in my mouth, when I'm done, I'll take 'em out)
Baby, if you ain't got no grits, get the fuck up out the South
(If you ain't got no grits, get the fuck up out the South)
Life is comin' at me fast, keep my Bible on the dash
This pistol in my seat, just in case I gotta blast
I just wanna shake my ass (Have a blast)
Oh-oh
I just wanna shake my ass (Have a blast)
Oh-oh
We vibratin', and lover boy, you're so fine
Oh, you got me losin' my mind
But you, I gotta keep the faith
Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh
We gotta keep the faith (Ya-ya-ya-ya-ya)
Oh, go
Oh