

Yes

Big Sean

Ooh-ooh, mmm-mm
Ooh-ooh, woah, woah, yeah

You a yes man, I'm a rich boy (Throw some Ds on her)
I'm a breast man, I'ma skeet on her, make a mess
And she gon' look up to me, I'm who she proud of
I come from where it's hustlers, pimps, players and don dadas

Yeah
Yeah, yeah

New shit might get spooky, had to bring the ways back
Stupid lil' bitch wan' reminisce about some shit from way back
When you slackin' on the job, that's when they try and take that
Niggas really think they cutthroat 'cause they talkin' out they necks
How don't you get out your feelings? Middle fingers to these niggas
They wanna see me turn to the villain, either way though, I'ma kill 'em

When they tried to tell me, "No," I said, "No, motherfucker, yes" (Yes)
Yes (Huh), yes (Huh), yes (Huh), yes (Huh)
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Yes (Tss), yes (Huh), yes (Huh)
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Yes (Huh), yes (Huh), yes (Huh), yes

Fuck you mean? My life real GTA
And I need a payment in ETH
Right now the motherfucker ETA
And I be the champ, nigga, year after year, after year
Yeah, I'm goin' three-peat wave
I ain't droppin' no dime, you boys cheapskates
And I'm stickin' to the course, no PGA
Hoes plottin' on me, that's so cliché
Five-star suite, five-star general, yeah, bitch, and I'm goin' AWOL (AWOL)
How the fuck a young nigga got his whole logo
On a jersey and a nigga don't play ball?
Stupid niggas been like "Where you been?"
All I said, "The fuckin' rocket, bitch, I'm 'bout to go take off" (Take off)
Bitch, I'ma fly my own PJ, fuck you mean?
Top flight security of the world, Craig
Goofy-ass highs
Niggas got my name in they mouth 'cause I'm all in their girl head
I step to the code, niggas can't decode me
If they pushin' my buttons, it's code red
Twenty thousand bitches prayin' that we break up
You that nigga, why you sleepin'? I'm him when I wake up
Yeah, holy matrimony where I stack the cake up
This right here the realest game I probably ever gave up

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Yeah

Yes

I would rather give y'all my soul, I don't have to sell it
Might take a piss off your rap Mount Rushmore after I scale it
Blue strips when I do hit the strip, know we fuckin' it up like Elvis
No broke talk, G.O.A.T. talk
Money talkin' to me, like I don't need no motherfuckin' therapist
Brought it right back to the crib like it's nowhere else to go
I was in North Carolina throwin' up them pyramids with Hov
Confirmation that my ancestors built pyramids, for sure
Nothin' happens by coincidence, it's written in the scrolls
Fuckin' wifey types like hoes
I can't even put on my clothes, bitch, I gotta go
Pockets so deep, it implodes
Who keepin' up with the score? I don't plateau
Niggas back up in that mode
And I don't weigh no pros or no cons 'cause I only know pros
Fuck what you sellin' me
I lay the play down to run this bitch, I think they tellin' me, "No"