

Yea Yea

Blueface

One, two, three, four, five-trey-five
Ses Fac players make the party more live
Thang— My thang
I keep my mind on the G's, Blanco (Ki-ki-ki, ki)

Without a doubt I get that work in the drought
You know it's blood in, blood out
This ain't no joke, if you run up, you get smoked
Or catch a blade and get poked
The streets got no hope, if you scared, pray to the Pope (Ah)
Family fed by the dope
If you ain't lived it, you won't understand me
Banana boat with them packs in Miami (Ayy, five-trey-five)
I get 'em and go, cartel ties on the low
DEA knocked on my door then deported my pop
I wonder who gave 'em the drop
When I find out, he get popped (Boom, boom)
My 'yotes gon' slide, when they do, you won't survive
Like Popeyes, we leavin' 'em fried (Grrah)
Don't play with my bread, if you ain't heard what I said
Then we go off with his head, oh yeah-yeah

Snuck through the back with the yeah-yeah
You know we got packs of the yeah-yeah
Big tits, but was better as a yeah-yeah
You more like "No", I'm like "Yeah, yeah"
My 'yote got locked for the yeah-yeah
Bail him out, I got stacks of the yeah-yeah
New foreign, I'ma pull up in that, yeah, yeah
Catch me at the top, oh yeah, yeah

Blueface, baby (Yeah, yeah), yeah, aight
Gotta keep a chopstick in my chop (Yeah, yeah)
I just copped a house bigger than the cops in the suburbs
I'm the only nigga on my block (Yeah, yeah)
Never leave the house without that yeah-yeah
Forty knockin' off Gucci headbands (Ooh)
It's not regular, baby, these is baguette-'guettes
Million dollar views and some Moët get her more wet, uh (Ayy, five-trey-five)
Catch me at the top gettin' top (Ooh)
She know I ain't shit, but she still gon' bop (Yeah, yeah)
Pull up, drippin' in the drop (Ooh)
Reach for my chain and you niggas gettin' popped (Yeah, yeah)

Snuck through the back with the yeah-yeah
You know we got packs of the yeah-yeah
Big tits, but was better as a yeah-yeah
You more like "No", I'm like "Yeah, yeah"
My 'yote got locked for the yeah-yeah
Bail him out, I got stacks of the yeah-yeah
New foreign, I'ma pull up in that, yeah, yeah
Catch me at the top, oh yeah, yeah

I'm strapped in this bitch, peep how I walk like I'm Mitch
I already drank me a fifth (Ooh)
I hop in the whip, my 'yote extended the clip (Brr)

I promise my shooters don't miss
Don't talk to the feds, got blood on my Nike Cortez (Huh)
From kickin' and stompin' on heads (Boom)
The lady look guap', I ain't waste my time on no thot
Can't blame her for shootin' her shot
Like "Yeah, yeah" (Ooh, ayy, five-trey-five)
Shawty in the bathroom doin' yeah-yeah
You want the drama, then the homie got the yeah-yeah
In the back you know I got a lot of yeah-yeah
I know you claim you got the same, homie, yeah, yeah (Yeah, yeah)
You like "Mr. Me Too", part two
Whatever I say I have, you say you got, too
Like, homie yeah, yeah, so get the fuck from 'round me
My 'yotes in this bitch, please don't get them rowdy, yeah

Snuck through the back with the yeah-yeah
You know we got packs of the yeah-yeah
Big tits, but was better as a yeah-yeah
You more like "No", I'm like "Yeah, yeah"
My 'yote got locked for the yeah-yeah
Bail him out, I got stacks of the yeah-yeah
New foreign, I'ma pull up in that, yeah, yeah
Catch me at the top, oh yeah, yeah