

## Yes Indeed

Dave East

We left him in critical  
Death or a hospital bed is the minimal  
I know some opps that try and act like fans when they see me  
My nigga, I'm plottin' to get rid of you  
Was missin' my man, he fresh out, he just did a bid or two  
I knew this nigga since middle school  
I talked about him when I did my interviews  
I can't wait for you to start, we gon finish you  
Glock was a .40, the vodka was Pinnacle  
Sayin' we cousins, I never was friends with you  
Backyard I swim when my daughter jump in the pool  
Straight to the telly, not making no dinner moves  
Flip out them corners in foreigners, we bend a few  
Don't kiss your wife, had her face in my genitals  
Allergic to niggas, need Benadryl  
Comfortable, I'm where the killers chill  
Couldn't go get him, they send him still  
Wanted 15's, that 30 a bigger pill  
Talkin' bout me like you know me gon get you killed

Bang at a nigga that won't bleed  
I don't do the club 'less the pole with me  
Graveyard shit, got coke or weed  
I know you suck dick, can't smoke with me  
Pineapple Fanta, I mix with a sip or two  
I'm dirty, I failed all my physicals  
Method Man in Belly, I'm in ya living room

My bitch from Costa Rica, she gon get it through  
Bitch I'm a legend, they don't really know what this pen could do  
Championships, I'ma win a few  
Maybach get hot, I'm so low in the rental, just spinnin' through  
I see your bitch, blow a kiss or two  
I don't care what color they come out in, I'ma get 'em blue  
NYPD, like the Men In Blue  
They lock you up and just try to delete all your memory  
My daughter was born off of Hennessy  
I remember bitches act like they ain't remember me  
Kush got me fried, like Kennedy  
You couldn't survive how we got it up in the street  
I get you shot, I am not from the industry  
I get you robbed, I am not from the label  
We ain't have no cable, now watch me on cable  
Young rappers dissin' these legends, I cannot respect it  
We take everything, leave you naked  
You claim you from the game, better believe we gon press you  
Like NAS had a tech in my dresser  
I get some product to measure  
[?], bag up them extras  
I'm bout to charge up like I drive a Tesla  
These rap niggas act just like wrestlers  
Paper come 'round me, I'm scratching, no eczema  
Niggas look down on me cause they ain't never up

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Had niggas in your crib, like they live with you  
We purging, I call all my hittas through  
Lying for followers, I never been with you  
If it's bout a dollar, my niggas gon get at you  
Take off that Yankee, yeah we want your fitted too  
We zip-lock him, you dick hoppin'  
Every week you with a different crew  
You rattin' if you brought the witness through  
Get a buck fifty, like it's ten of two