

# Yao Ming (Remix)

David Banner

I'm a king yes I'm a dime, nigger what you want?  
And I'm off to yeager bombs, and I'm your daddy cause I pay your mum  
And it's hard to hate on niggers, when you the most hated on  
You know what? I don't give a fuck, your girls pussy's my cologne  
And she's on my private jet, she says she wanna try that mile high  
Jungle better be shaved cause I ain't fucking wildlife  
And she's smoking loud right, can you here me now?  
But she still be super high when my plane be touching down  
Can't tell me stop it cause I'm gon' cop it  
Anything you got my goonz gone rob it  
Nigger it's my time and you can't clock it  
And I'm throwing racks, tell that nigger pop it  
And she the best dancer going hammer  
And this new girl way better  
What's my name? you know the answer  
Who did the beat?

And bitch I'm tall as yao ming  
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Look at my daddy, look at my daddy  
Look at my daddy, look at my daddy  
Yao ming  
Look at my daddy, look at my daddy  
Look at my daddy, look at my daddy

It's all about my business, start collecting interests  
Fill my own wishlist so everyday it's Christmas  
I don't have no time to wait, I need my money with the quickness  
Ain't nothing like fast money, can I get a witness  
They say that I've been gone, now say what you mean  
Bitch, if I fell off I landed on the movie screen  
They think I'm off the scene, but it ain't what it seems  
They wonder why my self-esteem is called that Yao Ming  
My money coming in, that shit coming out  
You can gon' bump your guns, I put this pistol in your mouth  
Mississippi motherfucker, ho I'm from the south  
If you ain't talking 'bout no money, then bitch don't open up your mouth

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It's mister pretty muthafucka  
Bitch I am the trill man  
Spit that gangsta boogie  
In my zone, but they still dance  
Them raiders be like haters  
We the trill clan, no the real clan  
Think where you got your style from  
You niggas old as my lil man  
Cause I'm ready to go  
She next to blow  
Like her fat ass, baby flexible

Got a gallery with collectibles  
I pay my taxes, eat my vegetables  
I'm texas throwed, my necklace gold  
Keep a bad bitch, couple naked hoes  
A couple of deals with no records sold  
That comma comma decimal  
Grippin and spittin that tech  
Come for respect  
Trippin, I'm flippin your neck  
All on my set when I'm pitchin' and flippin' that wet  
Then the dealers feelin' a threat  
Shawty dancin' got a whole lot of ass on her  
She don't like to jig it, nigga I'm a pass on her  
I said I'm off of the hook  
She open off of my looks  
I got her braiding my hair  
I got her rolling my kush  
I told her I am a crook  
Because her heart's what I took  
Holla if you need a job lil mama  
It's off of the books

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