Yeeeeee!

Denzel Curry

Yee, yee's what I'm screaming
Sorta like the opera but nigga, I ain't singing
I'm flyer than a angel and a pigeon and a phoenix
I always bring the racket like Serena Venus
I'm from that Carol City but I'm in the Zone 3
Into [?] gunplay but not the one from triple-C, yee
A stick is a Glock and I ain't talking 'bout the three
And Curry is next to blow, no diss to Young [?] (Word)
Yee, cruising down Main Street
Much flyer than jet lag and way harder than concrete (Yeah)
I snap like a fat bitch in Popeye's
Cussing out the cashier for some chicken wings and hot fries
So I don't give a damn when they talk [?] (Yep)
305 to the end of my lifeline
But what's the end? Is it old age or TEC-9?
Or serve time tryna get a dollar from a dime? Same grind

Bitch

Yee, yee's what I'm screaming
Y'all can't bust, y'all just sacks full of semen
I'm just saying yee, yee's what I'm screaming
Y'all can't bust, y'all just sacks full of semen
I'm just saying yee, yee's what I'm screaming
Y'all can't bust, y'all just sacks full of semen
I'm just saying yee, yee's what I'm screaming
Y'all can't bust, y'all just sacks full of semen

Yee
Yee
Yee
Yee
Yee (Man, I just wanna say somethin' [?] money)
(Alright)
So

Darker than an emo bitch's attitude
Feel like a Decepticon, please, baby, excuse my mood
[?] a nigga's shoes
And my flows just bust off like a .22
Or a twelve-gauge
I take it back like braids or a tape line when you get a bae
Hey, wait, I just flow like waves
But nah, I go ahead and just play, play

You got it
Yee
That's all I'm gon' [?]
Yee
Yee

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