

# Hey You

Drop City Yacht Club

Yeah, yeah, I know I am, know I am  
I'm the motherfuckin' man, fuck your man  
You should probably get a plan B  
Snatch your honey, money, it ain't even funny  
In a room full of Bonnies I'm an F-1 Grand Prix  
Rap where the sand be, Cali till I can't breathe  
Tryna get the bread, 'bout to run up in the pantry  
Fresh, I keep the Yacht Club fancy  
Vans on my damn feet, Vans goin' plan B  
Banana shorts and [?], homie, I'm killin' that  
Lookin' like a young Robert Redford, tell me how real is that?  
Rap giant, you a 5'8" flow  
Think I can't pull your chick? Look at my face, bro  
And you should see the view from our roof  
Sunset blingin' like Slick Rick jewels  
Kick back, smoke blow with the crew  
We too busy goin' out to give a uh about you

I know I am (I know I am)  
Fresh as I wanna be (fresh as I wanna be)  
I don't work hard at it (I don't work hard at it)  
It just come naturally (it just come naturally)  
I know I am (I know I am)  
Fresh as I wanna be (fresh as I wanna be)  
I don't work hard at it (I don't work hard at it)  
It just come naturally (it just come naturally, bitch)

Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Music is the only thing that gets me through the day  
My destiny is calling but the call I'll never take  
I'm lookin' like a baker with this cake up on my plate  
Got my apron on straight like my head is on fate  
It's what I'm headed for, up, I need a shape  
See, bread is all the metaphor that he ain't really making  
I be on my daydream, catchin' good sleep  
See, I wanna count money, man, I'm sick of these sheets  
See, victory is sweet, I got an appetite for she  
'Cause forever seems easy if she will be with me  
But she play with my head still, so let's chill  
It's on the ratio which suits into a tea 'cause she ice cold  
You can be fresh but it's me that is fresher  
Than a day-old, got us on the pay roll  
All I need is a bad bitch who can hum those A-B-Cs  
And leave the D where her lungs go pronto

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Let's say I'm oh so lazy  
The only time I get turnt up is when they pay me  
A cut chemist with chemistry, winkin' at your lady

With a cup of Hennessy literally smooth as a baby's bottom  
The killer shit, you know I got 'em  
They heard this version, turned it up like "who's your ghost rider?"  
Huh, nah, homie, that's me  
I don't work hard at it, it just come naturally  
California resident, I'm who they follow  
So what's the motto? Izzo for president  
We at the [?] Arena sippin' Jameson  
In the sky box, but can you blame it, kids?  
DCYC the kings  
Modellin' the model life like a wallaby  
All finger ring, I'm just doin' my thing  
And I came to lock it up like [?] sing

Hey you  
Hey you  
Hey you  
Okay, cool  
Okay, cool  
That's great, you