

# Hell Yeah

FBG Duck

Turn up, turn up, yeah  
Like this flexin' shit a hobby, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Eh, yeah, yeah  
Do I think they really get it poppin' for me? Hell yeah

I be flexin' like this flexin' shit a hobby, yeah (This shit a hobby, ooh)  
And I heard niggas out here plottin' on me, yeah, yeah (Yeah?)  
Shooters that'll take care of my problems, yeah (Brrrt, woo)  
Do I think they really get it poppin' for me? Hell yeah  
Niggas out here cuffin' all the thotties, yeah (Bitch, shit)  
(FBG shit)  
Brodie, you just get some head from that bitch? (Sure) Yeah, yeah (Hell yeah  
)  
Industry keep signin' pussy rappers, yeah (Pussy, pussy, pussy)  
(FBG, bitch)  
They must know we some real street niggas, hell yeah

Industry keep signin' pussy rappers, yeah  
Shit got me madder than a bitch 'cause that's a damn shame  
Woke up shit was like this, bro, what happened?  
They don't belong here, they just playin' with the damn gang  
Niggas talkin' out their mouth retarded  
Please don't get it started like we won't shoot up the party  
We ain't come to hurt no fuckin' body, but, yeah  
You gon' fuck around and make me catch a fuckin' body, ah  
Free my brother Brick, he'll be home soon, yeah  
Thought I told you, bitch, we not kickin' it, no kung fu  
We got guns, too, don't make the wrong move, yeah  
Bitch, I'm Deebo with two handguns, what you gon' do?

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Got some shooters that'll put you in the garbage, yeah  
Do I really trust them fuckin' shooters? Yeah, yeah  
Bitch, I double dare a nigga play, he'll be dead here  
I'm talmbout shells everywhere, bitch, I never cared  
Told my mama, "I'm that nigga, girl, don't worry," yeah  
Couldn't be a broke nigga, had to run my paper up  
Had to move pussy niggas out the circle, yeah  
I did that when I found out them niggas fake as fuck  
Flexin' like this flexin' shit a hobby, yeah  
Jumpin' in and out of foreigners, damn near fucked my ankle up  
Lil' bitch said I'm broke without a dollar, yeah  
She just mad 'cause Billy ain't let the dirty bitch hang with us

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