

Yes Lord

Foolio

I told my shooter keep it cool, he gon' get a lil check

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You either kill for Lil 6 or you either get respect
I ain't stressin' 'bout no bitch, I'll never double test
He went from blood to a crip so I know he double set
Yes lord, yes lord, yes lord, hah, yes lord
I ain't stressin' 'bout no bitch, I'll never double test
Yes lord, hah, 6

Takin' losses, we some bosses, but I'm steady movin' cautious
Devil ridin' on my back, I told that boy get up off me
I dressed up like some ketchup and some mustard 'cause I'm sauc
in'

Lost Kendre to this shit, it turned me to alcoholic
Your mama at your football game supportin' her lil baby
My mama droppin' tears walkin' out my visitation
'Cause my lawyer said I'm fucked and I just might not make it
And the judge said probation, took that shit, no hesitation
Yes lord (yes lord), yes lord
Yes lord, the judge said I'm fucked, in the streets I might mak
e it

In the movie gettin' groovy but you know I got my tooly
In the Rari, me and Soldier used to ride in Suzukis
Niggas bitches, got on thongs, I can see that nigga's coochie
Told my mama wish me well like I'm hollerin', singin' Lucci
Ain't no fakin', if it's that then we just gon' let it be
Used to hang on the block, on the 6 a hundred deep
Fifty niggas turned rat, twenty-five RIP
And the other twenty-five, they gon' put in work for me, hah
Yes lord, yes lord, yes lord
And the other twenty-
five, they gon' put in work for me, yes lord

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