

Yes Sir

French Montana

Trippin', trippin'
Trippin', trippin'
Trippin', trippin'
Trippin', trippin'
Trippin', trippin'
Skrr, trippin'

Bands, bands, bands (Yes sir)
Got them, them, them (Yes sir)
Shawty do it (Do it)
Made it, blew it (Yes sir, yes sir)
Got the bands, bands, bands
Me and Durk in the Lamb, Lamb, Lamb (Yes sir)
Shawty do it (Do it)
Made it, blew it (Yes sir, yes sir)

The handcuff, that Lamb drop, your bitch bop, yes sir (Yes sir)
That pinky ring, that wrist watch, that chain rocky, yes sir (Yes sir)
Them numbers up, them hoes bad, them boys cocky, yes sir (Yes sir)
They want smoke, we got hoops, that dirty-dirty (Yes sir)

Yes sir (Yes sir)
Yes sir (Yes sir)
Yes sir (Yes sir)
Yes sir (Yes sir)
Yes sir (Yes sir)

Talk to a bitch, she say, "Yes sir", I say, "Don't say that", say "Hmm, hmm"
Police ask your ass where the F Durk at? Don't say it, just say, "Hmm, hmm"
She tryna fuck in the back of the Lamb, I tell her, "Hmm, hmm, ain't no room"
" (Let's go)
Fuck one bitch, tryna put me on blast, I say, "Hmm, hmm, it ain't no proof"
(Yeah, yeah)
I popped the Roxys, yeah
Turnt in the streets, too cocky, yeah (Yeah)
He got a Glocky, yeah (Yeah, yeah)
Talkin' shit and I popped him, yeah
She tried to suck it through my Polo, bitch these Jockeys, yeah, yeah
Spend some blood money on Rodeo, I'm too cocky, yeah, yeah
Why you mad about your cousin but still there, yeah?
Why you trickin' on your homies and you still there, yeah?
Uh, uh, yeah
Bitch, don't blow your blessings (Let's get it)
Keep on lyin' on my name, won't get your ass no justice, yeah (Yeah)
Before I take a flight, I take a Perc' confession, yeah (Yeah)
Won't put myself on bands, I bet you get this message, yeah

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Ayy-ayy-ayy
Torch, snatch that (Snatch that)
Porsche, matte black (Skrr)
Hit your ting with Cash App (Han)
What's in the bank? I match that (Match that)
Hit Vegas like the Ratpacks
AR15's we left that
Copped new Range and the hatchback
That ain't your plane, you cap that
That boy, fuego (Fuego)
Steph Curry, draco (Draco)
Pockets full of bankrolls
Haters watchin' every angle
Them blue faces, the small faces, that Johnny Hancock
I copped that hoodie first, on a [?], I put the Lamb drop, yes sir
I be out with the fur (Fur)
From the block to the burb (Burb)
And that drop is convertible, I made a lot of the work (Skrr)
I sip that Act' 'til I'm oozie
I chop your top with that Uzi (Uzi)
And I got stopped by the blues
And I fuck the cop like I'm Tunechi (Montana)

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