

Yeah Yeah

HoodRich Pablo Juan

Aye, Southside
Guwop (Gucci)
Eskimo shit, homie
Evil Genius, Wop
It's Gucci
Shoutout my partner Rozay
Eskimo shit, nigga
What, nigga, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Give 'em hell
Got lil baby from the Chi, she be Chanel
flow, I swear she rock them solid tips (brr brr)
Said she fuck with Z Money, he signed his self (Z Money, it's Guwop)
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Oh well
They call me Guwop, I got so much clientele (skr skr)
Fresh as hell, in East Atlanta, I'm the mayor (EA)
I signed Pablo, he told me, "Go get Mal and Quill" (Blo, Mal)
'Cause we so trill (Quill, Wop)
Yeah, fuck 12, I'm a Eskimo myself (brr brr)
Can't sign no snitch ass nigga, that would hurt my rep (no)
Found out he pussy, told him keep the cash and dip

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Real niggas only, y'all niggas, y'all some hoes
Yeah, nigga, we froze, yeah, nigga, we Eskimos (1017 shit)
Yeah, they didn't know that we used to be poor
Yeah, drippin' designer, ooh, from my head to my toe
Fuck on your ho, go get the dough (go get it)
Then I go get me some mo' (I need it)
Used to trap dope at the stove (I used to)
Ooh, whippin' the dope
Yeah, Dolce Gabana peacoat (dingy)
I'm ballin' like Gucci the coach (I'm ballin')
Step on these niggas, you just a lil roach (lil roach)
Yeah, rich nigga like Lil Boat (rich nigga)
Water on my neck the coast (water)
Look in my eyes and they say don't approach (look at me, nigga)
Cookin' the chickens on the pot like roasts (boom)
All my hundreds blue just like my Locs (blue hundreds)
All my bitches bad, they do the most (she bad)
I be poppin' tags to jump in the Ghost
Gotta watch your swag, they takin' down notes
Swear bitches like the jewellery, make 'em vote

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Iceberg, yeah

I see you hang from over here
Hatin' nigga (pussy), that chopper hit your ass from over here
All these hoes on my dick 'cause I signed me a deal
Better sign to Big Wop if you want you a mil'
Bust down on my left wrist, I should've bought a crib (ice)
The pack just touched down, that's a football field
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, hell yeah
Pocket full of crisp blue hundreds, need a wheelchair
We ain't had shit, we were waitin' on some welfare
Now we up, bitch, we got racks tucked everywhere
Wifey made it, diamonds crystal clear, yeah
Got so much cash, this shit not fair
I fucked the bitch once, but I ain't bought no hair
We can take a trip, might fly on the
Hop out the bitch and I'm fresh in Moncler
Yeah, ride with the stick on the front door
Yeah, 75 on my neck and I ain't near done yet
Try to reach for my shit, wouldn't dare
Can't show no love to no nigga, wouldn't dare
All the bullshit goin' in and out one ear
They broke, I don't care

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah