Yeah, yeah Who got the yayo? (Who got the yayo?) Who got the... Who got the yayo? Who got the yayo? (Who got the yayo?) Who got the... Who got the yayo? Who got the... Who got the... Who got the yayo? Who got the yayo? I need some cut when I'm using the scale I don't sell drugs, it's not really my style But I need a plan if this music'll fail So who got the yayo? Who got the yayo? I know some hustlers I'm cool with in jail I'll be god damn if I work a real job I need thousands of dollars the movement is real So who got the yayo? Who got the plug? Promised my auntie I'd never sell drugs She told me pray if I ever need guidance The truth was my logic, I never got love Workin' my ass off to see where it get me I need some white girl, I need me some Becky Packets of money, I bet that they'll love me Cause none of my honeys don't even respect me Who got the yayo? Show me them niggas Bitch, I've been rapping since HOV was a dealer There's too many rappers that no one can hear 'em And Diddy and Yeezy don't notice a nigga Don't notice a nigga, tell me who next Who got that Yayo? Who got that best? Grandma gon' kill me she find that I'm dealin' But my time is limited who got the stretch? 250, 350, 550, yeah I got some heat when they ride with me, yeah I wanna see what they got for me Nigga now who got the yayo? don't lie to me, yeah Don't get it twisted I move and I ain't lost a step I don't usually get played off the left I got Hitlers like Adolf that hate on a nigga Then take off and then its a pill at the [?] And I'm cooking like Raekwon the Chef Poppa told me don't leave cake on the dresser They playin' not death Pray on a downfall I hope I fall down Then they all keep just smilin' then there go my rep What she gon' say, I need this rap money move out the way If I don't get famous then who got the yay? Who got the yay? Who got the yay? Who got the yayo? Who got the yayo? I need some cut when I'm using the scale I don't sell drugs, it's not really my style But I need a plan if this music'll fail So who got the yayo? Who got the yayo? I know some hustlers I'm cool with in jail

I'll be god damn if I work a real job I need thousands of dollars the movement is real So who got the yayo? Who got the yayo?

Who got the, who got the Who got the yayo? Who got the yayo? [x2]

Ship me some packages who got the mail I'll be god damned if my music'll fail So who got the yayo? Who got the yayo?

Who got the yayo? Who got that coco I don't know shit about chopping no cholo Heard you know niggas that cop for the low-low Be careful them snitches call cops on the low-low And I just be solo, I just be dolo Pushing a hooptie, I'm riding a loso Under the radar, can't look like no target Them niggas was talking but not anymore doe Who got the yayo? Who got the crocket? That Betty Crocker they using then cop it Burying these niggas, put two in a coffin I'm usually exhausted the truth is I'm driving 2000-and fucking-5 miles with no choppers around If I make it from rapping then I can sit down But the truth is this shit is not promised for now So I guess I'll just move in wich-y'all niggas Now gimmie 250, 350, 550, yeah I need some heat when they ride with me, yeah I wanna see what they got for me nigga Now who got the yayo? Don't lie to me, yeah Don't get it twisted I move and I ain't lost a step I can spit like I ain't lost a breath Running this shit with the heat on and ain't broke a sweat What the fuck is you think you gon' get Put the cake on my back, bleeding my ink from this pen In my heart I still think I'mma win If I don't then I guess I'll just trap out the bando Move keys a pianos and lay in the sand What the fuck you gon' say I need the trap money move out the way If I don't get famous then who got the yay? Who got the yay, nigga who got the yay?

Who got the yayo? Who got the yayo?
I need some cut when I'm using the scale
I don't sell drugs, it's not really my style
But I need a plan if this music'll fail
So who got the yayo? Who got the yayo?
I know some hustlers I'm cool with in jail
And I'll be god damn if I work a real job
I need thousands of dollars the movement is real
Nigga who got the yayo? Who got the yayo?

Who got the, who got the Who got the yayo? Who got the yayo?

Ship me some packages who got the mail So who got the yayo? I don't sell drugs, it's not really my style But I need a plan if this music'll fail So who got the yayo?

Who got the, who got the, who got the yayo? Who got the yayo? [x2]

I don't sell drugs, it's not really my style But I need a plan if this music'll fa-Who got the yayo?

I never wanted to sell any drugs Pass the cocaina, cocaine or coquito That power, perico that product is Deebo Might need a lot of them kilos I might need a pound just for me doe Cause I just be stressin' I got some problems I'm guessin I'm crazy you probably think different I'm high on a mission Tomorrow ain't promised So this is just me whippin' pies in the kitchen The pastor keep preachin' I think keep singing that gospel Then I look straight through the bible All of my teachers said rappin' is easy But being successful is harder than I knew And I would just nod I said, "Well I'm gonna try" She looked back at me and stared, "Do what you can" I said, "Well what if I fail?" She said, "Just do it again" Do what you fail, don't let the devil inside you Don't let the ghetto deprive you Pray everyday, but if you lose all of your faith Then you must do what you got to Then you must do what you got to My nigga got get it, go take it go make it you business Cause haters don't listen, now who got the flavor I'm missing, now who got the flavor said

Who got the yayo? Who got the yayo?
I need some cut when I'm using the scale
I don't sell drugs, it's not really my style
But I need a plan if this music'll fail
So who got the yayo? Who got the yayo?
I know some hustlers I'm cool with in jail
And I'll be god damn if I work a real job
I need thousands of dollars the movement is real
Nigga who got the yayo? Who got the yayo?
Who got the, who got the, who got the yayo?
Who got the yayo?