

We was posted by the Y  
We was scopin' out the Y  
Yeah  
We was thuggin' at the YMCA, hey  
Scopin' and pokin'  
At the YMCA, ayy, yeah

Want you to love me 'cause I'm runnin' low  
Do you say fuck me when I tell you no?  
We was back then at the YMCA  
Now we in a black Benz on I-10, we piled up on a play  
You can go ask Fred, Greg, Marcus, and Tracy 'nem  
We made eighty bands off scopin' out at the YMCA  
I'm wonderin' why you need to surprise me 'cause that's how you feel  
Did I really expect them boys to keep it real?  
This for the street niggas after paper  
Young niggas tryna snap, we tryna pull a caper  
I done got too comfortable in this hotel  
Shout out T-Stunna, D-Size, Sunrise, and that whole dell  
My lil' niggas thirteen, we fuck with Odell  
26136, we rep them ZML  
Know you see my wrist, I hate to say I told you  
I dreamed of this back at the Boys & Girls Club  
Hope you don't hate me 'cause I got you nothing  
Ain't send me nothing special, so I just said fuck you, baby  
Reach for my waist, you already know what I be saying  
I bet I could call me some young niggas right now that all been layin'  
In the booth, I do my thing, but I'm a fool with that poker  
Got baby on a leash, that's why I buy her chokers  
I been alright ever since they let me go  
So fuck it, I went all white, I feel like Sammy Sosa  
I miss my cousin too much and it hurt, boy  
We was in Hawaii, I was tryna surfboard  
Back then at the Y, we tryna steal a purse  
Don't need nobody thinkin' I'm tryna get 'em murked  
I'm just tryin' not to catch a body  
She want some money, I told her I ain't got it  
We was back then at the YMCA  
Now we in a black Benz on I-10, we piled up on a play  
Hmm, them jiggas kickin' in, I got it done  
Everybody 'round, them niggas got a gun  
Ain't trippin', baby, I know you havin' fun  
Ooh, ooh  
I ain't really sayin' you gotta be a one of one  
But you gotta go beyond and show me that you love me, baby  
Come and fuck me for this whole week straight  
Turn your phone off, tell your people 'dem we straight  
We was back then at the YMCA  
Now we in a black Benz on I-10, we piled up on a play  
Put your man on do not disturb tonight  
So he won't disturb us  
We was back then at the YMCA  
Now we in a black Benz on I-10, we piled up on a play  
All of the baby Snipes, they come up like how we grew up back in the day  
Don't think my lil' niggas some lil' niggas, get shot up all in your face (F  
acts, that's on the baby Snipers)  
We was thuggin' at the Y

Scopin' and pokin'

At the YMCA

We gon' do this, like, we gon' do this video at the YMCA

We get enough of them lil', lil' white people doin' the lil' YMCA thing

Know what I'm sayin'?

Glee, glee

Real gleeful, real Z-ful

Heaven's obligatory

It's all kinda extras and Yerc-ular shit goin' on, yeah