

# Yeah Yeah

Lil Gotit

Codeine, molly help a nigga think, yeah  
Washin' off my diamonds in the sink  
(DMC, you global now, nigga)  
Hood Baby, ain't shit sweet  
Bitch, I put you on the plate, my niggas gon' eat (Pluto)

Catchin' vibes in a purple mink, yeah, yeah (Uh)  
Codeine, molly help a nigga think, yeah, yeah (Codeine)  
Take the drugs 'til I can't blink, yeah, yeah (Take the drugs)  
Poppin' Adderall, sippin' drink, yeah, yeah (Pop out)  
Lights off, no TV, bitch, I'm geeked, yeah, yeah (Lights off)  
Can't take another loss from the streets, yeah, yeah (Ayy)  
Maybach coupe on fleek, tall like a Jeep, yeah, yeah (Woah, woah)  
Some of these bitches speak Spanish and some Japanese, yeah, yeah (Woah, woah)

Came out the gutter, get throwed  
Fuck on your ho 'cause she throwed (Woah, woah)  
Sipping on lean, I'm getting throwed (Woah)  
Try my best to overdose (Woah, woah)  
Made three pills get ghost  
Speedin' up my heart (Speed up)  
Two-doors and four-doors (Pluto)  
Fill up my garage (Woah, woah)  
Make these diamonds shine again 'cause I know times was hard, yeah (I know)  
I just lit the average one up, turned her to a star, yeah  
I took a trip to Mexico, my hustle took me far, yeah  
Pushin' up marshmallow coupe, now I feel like a god, yeah  
I went to space, had a coupe in the stars  
Man, I had to walk out and baguette it  
I told my young niggas go real hard  
They came back with a new presi'  
How you came out these trenches?  
How gon' starve and then try to forget it? (Can't)  
Ran my M's up, I'm counting it up and I ain't sweat it yet

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Don't give a fuck 'bout your folks (Woo)  
Hood Baby do what he want (Hood Baby)  
I go hard for these ceilings  
ABG, YSL G.O.A.T.'s (Brr)  
No, I'm not generic, I got on baguettes and [?] machetes  
Fake my death, Makaveli, I'm livin' my life, my family won't tell it  
Suited and booted, we met up with all foreigners, no, you can't tell it  
I'm making two guns with two gun barrels like Belly  
Wouldn't wife you, not [?]  
She getting real mad, she actin' real jealous  
I want all the lettuce

Interfere with that lettuce, my niggas gon' stamp it (Hood talk)  
All kind of talk  
I pulled up on curb [?] kept me a bar  
We let that bitch frrt  
We pull up with birds and snakes on these hoes  
Walk with them K's on our shoulders, Lil Haiti  
We headshottin' shit, we ain't grazing  
In the booth gettin' top from an Asian (Let's go)  
Wanna book a show, hit my agent  
Niggas ain't playin'

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Cartier watches, Skydweller the Rollie, shit, I pay a load  
Don dada, the shottas, they ridin' with me, I'm touring right on the road  
The money I pay for my watch, it came from the trap, it came from the stove  
Yeah, you droppin' salt on me, I'm in LA with your ho  
Oh-oh, heard what y'all do on the real  
You livin' with your friends, oh-oh  
Yeah, they soak drip like sponge  
'Cause my rockstar drip is up  
Balling like Pistons, nigga  
You still on your pivot, nigga  
On a dirtbike in the hood poppin' wheelies, nigga  
We slimy as it gets  
Nah, ain't no dummy, yeah, I went legit  
Finally got diamonds and finally got rich  
Double-R truck what we landin' in  
Done made some money and family  
Blamin' for the talk, get knocked off  
I'm tryna feel the breeze  
Talking 'bout your top dog, know I eat Pedigree  
Yeah, yeah, Slimeball

Woah, woah...