Hell Yeah

OMB Peezy

(Mano)
(OG Parker)

Look, upscale hotel, I just walked in with a ratchet
And lil' freak bitch wanna walk in with me 'cause they ain't pick up her bag gage
She trippin'
Wonder why all the real niggas keep dyin' 'cause these fuck niggas missing
And that's why I ain't tryna pick none of these lil' hoes 'cause these fuck niggas dicking
Look, hell yeah, bitch, you fuckin' right I got my pistol with me
Hell yeah, we ain't got time to fight, got a lil' hitter with me
Look, fuck no, can't fall for the trick, bitch, you fake independent
Fuck no, won't hop in the game unless I'm tryna win it

I can't sleep at all when I'm deep in beef, I gotta clear that shit
Can't get set up at all, you set me up, then I gotta kill that bitch
Dreaded up, I should get some wicks
Gon' murk you and whoever you with
And can't everybody go with me
When I'm goin' to hit a lick, yeah
Yeah, I might leave some shit there
I come from the bricks, yeah
You just come to give me head
You ain't layin' in my bed
Get that top, then hit the road
No, I can't go up the road
I'll never sell my soul
Done seen lot of niggas fold
Seen a lot of niggas change
When they get behind them chains
They say they fuckin' mama name
Just not to be the one to blame
You know you better have some motherfuckin' aim, boy
'Cause them lil' niggas, they can't wait to bust your brain, boy, yeah

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Question asked, we shh, shh
Catch 'em slippin', frrt, frrt
Shoot it 'til it click, click
Niggas really bitches
Play, we gon' fuck up your day and post outside your mama house
Slide for me, I'll slide for you, you go to jail, I'll bond you out (We get you out of there)
These niggas know who not to fuck with, we be clutchin' buttons (Brrt)
These niggas, they got me disgusted, way too much dick suckin' (Hoes)

These bitches know they can't get nothin' but a hard time
You see how these pointers shine, bitch, that come from hard grind
Still trappin', still active, can't help it, that's how we live
Can't fuck with you if you ratted, free my niggas doin' bids (Real)
Get the addy, we gon' catch 'em, killers gon' ride past his crib
Call the AR girl fight, them chopper shots knock off his wig

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