

# Yeah 'Eh Yeah 'Eh

Pras

Yo, Mack 10 (dirty cash, Reptile)  
It's always good to have a little change  
In your life ain't that right Pras? (That's right baby)  
Yo, hahaha that's right well let me run it, check it

We do things and hood bangers, g's as we are  
Well even Mack can do a bar with a Refugee All-star  
Pras dance round the border like he Cassius Clay  
While I press round the hood with a big AK  
Stay fresh and unpredictable, they thought they knew me  
They say; how can a thug from Cali bust with a Fugee?  
Cause I write and make... ignite, easy on the treble  
Now turn the bass up and check my Mic level  
As I get down, let mama peekin, but ain't speakin  
I guess this gang-bangin thug... got baby tweakin  
Said your outfit is tight, it's my favorite color Red  
And plus your little black... is cute with your dreads  
Bet you ain't never had a nigga that roll a six-fo  
Hit a switch and then hop into a six double-o  
You know, street niggas make the game twice as nice  
So add a little spice and put a thug in your life

Weeeeeee...  
We got dirty cash for weed yeah 'eh yeah 'eh  
Something for the streets, for all my thugs and freaks yeah 'eh yeah 'eh  
You, oooo, you  
You better get up of your...  
From a hooter, Alcatraz  
Ain't no tellin where you might get blast yeah 'eh yeah 'eh

Yes, yes y'all (yes y'all) it's dirty cash y'all (cash y'all)  
From the East to the West I manifest y'all  
Doin interviews with Harper Bazaar, how bizarre  
You're sit back smokin big Cuban cigars  
Yo, fly guys want getting jackin and fly cars  
If it's up to me, you'll get blast when the hole pars  
Thus far, no one can spar with my little troth  
From the flat bush I'll rip y'all and bust your jaw to Crenshaw  
Flowin with Pras and some splash down to Jamaica  
Meet you at the shock bar, on La Cienega  
Place your bet yo pay your debt  
You cats with the fake crepes, I'll bust you with my Twin-Tack  
For talkin out the side of your neck, aiyyo check  
We can showdown and lowdown when I'm sunset  
Make your move cowboy this ain't Hollywood  
You got no business's in the hood, INGLEWOOD!

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Would wise in ninety dance hall, bounce to this  
Hip-hoppers with the dress, smoke an ounce to this

I spittin hits, lyrically swift, speakin of business  
Reptile, formerly know, Jersey delinquent  
Nasty son of a gun, give up the funds  
We come down hard like a huned and twenty tons  
Refugee Camp, pumpin out the thousand watt amps  
Created more than a monster like the Loch Ness  
All hell's about to break when I'm loose  
Tacklin, like Gorilla Monsoon naggin you like Mom Dukes  
To get a haircut; we put you niggas in a bear hug  
I dare thugs, tellin niggas do it like "Nike Air" slugs  
Take a death dive into the wilderness  
We got you feelin this, to the point your man wanna kill us  
But we ain't laughin, we blackin, rushin, attackin  
Loaded with dirty cash and a Mack 10 [\*echoes\*]

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Come on, come on, blow the smoke in the air  
And puff, puff like you just don't care  
Come on, come on, blow the smoke in the air  
And puff, puff like you just don't care  
Yeah what, what, blow the smoke in the air  
And puff, puff like you just don't care  
I said blow the smoke (blow the smoke)  
Blow the smoke and puff, puff like you just don't care

Uh, yeah, yeah, party people