

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

Weeeeeeee...

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