

Hell Yea

Travis Porter

Hold them racks up to yo ear (hell yeah)
What them is
Some VVSs they look clear (hell yeah)
Baddest bitches in the spot they over here (hell yeah)
Pop that Perky she like fuckin' on a pill (hell yeah)
I ain't perfect but these diamonds on me is (hell yeah)
I be splurgin' out 'cause I ain't got no chill (hell yeah)
That little bitch a thot can't like she got some skills
(Hell yeah)
For real, for real
For real, for real (hell yeah)

OK we wildin' out, we turnin' up
Yo girl a slut, don't give a fuck
I'm bossin' up, you stalkin' her
You callin' her, I'm blockin' her
I'm fresh as hell in RTA
A brand new chain I bought today
Hold them racks up to my ear
I listen to what them dollars say
Stack it and wrap it and flip it and then go get some mo'
Fuck it I ain't layin' up bitch, I'm tryna go get this dough
This ain't a date, we got a party at the Estates
Is the crib with all the foreigners behind the gate
Hell yeah

She gave me that pussy for \$500
Went and hit her sister up this morning
Shawty ass was fat that shit dumb
Hit her from the back, she don't run
I got hella foreigners in my garage
Yeah here and her sister gave me a ménage
Order me some chicken and some fries
I was all in that pussy she can't deny it

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Drip like (what)
Like a water faucet (damn)
Sick with that mouth, made me nauseous (damn)
Turnt and we back, so proceed with caution
(Turn up, turn up, turn up, turn, up, hol' up)
Oh they thought we lost it
I ain't gotta cap, bitch we been some bosses
Futuristic shit ain't talkin' Leland Austin
Couple spots out in LA, couple houses
Runnin' through them racks, sittin' up in my office

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