

Hell Yeah

Warhol.SS

A hundred on her
Bet one back, I put a hundred on her
Bet one back, I put a hundred on her
Ah, ayy, ayy, ayy

Bet one back, I put a hundred on her, ayy
Choppers out, you know we huntin' for him, ayy
Fuck me good, she get baby Birkin, ayy
Hundred thousand, count a hundred more
I told her, "Yeah, yeah, hell yeah," ayy
Thugging through them trenches, boy, it's hell here, ayy
Yeah, yeah, hell yeah, ayy
Million-dollar nigga raised on welfare, ayy

Dollar signs, I'm like, "Hell yeah" (Hell yeah)
Spin the block one more time, leave some shells there (Shells there), ayy
Hell yeah, uh, hell yeah, ayy
We ain't waste no time, ayy, bring the mail here
Chicken chicken, chicken chicken chicken, pockets fetti
I just threw up off two yerky's, it wasn't mom's spaghetti
I got hoes from Atlanta to the Serengeti
And my uncle fried, Glock 9 tucked in the Pelle
Talking Pelle-Pelle, I'm the wavy one
I'm like Max and them, I'm like baby sun (Like Weezy)
Weezy and 'em, talking Hollygrove (Yeah)
Need more room in my section, I got a hundred hoes

Bet one back, I put a hundred on her, ayy
Choppers out, you know we huntin' for him, ayy
Fuck me good, she get baby Birkin, ayy
Hundred thousand, count a hundred more
I told her, "Yeah, yeah, hell yeah," ayy
Thugging through them trenches, boy, it's hell here, ayy
Yeah, yeah, hell yeah, ayy
Million-dollar nigga raised on welfare, ayy

Yeah, yeah, hell yeah, uh
Yeah, yeah, uh, hell yeah, ayy
Yeah, yeah, uh, hell yeah, ayy
Yeah, yeah, uh, hell yeah

Fixed her form, finna fuck her in a chokehold
I ain't got no time for broke hoes, that's a no-no
I'm Cujo, big dog, wocky ain't no Nuvo (Yeah)
We gon' knock this shit up out the park like Albert Pujoles
Ride Aventador, I tried to park it, it was too low
I'm fucking on two best friends, I think I need 'bout two more (Yeah)
All we do is good business, ain't no fucking loopholes
I get high and go to Mars, call me Bruno
Check my phone, I got hoes callin' back-to-back, ayy
When I'm rapping, don't need captions, I need bigger plaques
This brick became a lil' big, need a bigger axe
This bitch getting on my nerves, told the ho relax
We got Morton Groves, I need a factory (Yeah, yeah), uh
Need a thousand pints, uh, that's a fantasy
Lame-ass nigga, boy, you can't be no fan of me
All we do is big-ball, pop shit, profanity (Bitch)

Bet one back, I put a hundred on her, ayy
Choppers out, you know we huntin' for him, ayy
Fuck me good, she get baby Birkin, ayy
Hundred thousand, count a hundred more
I told her, "Yeah, yeah, hell yeah," ayy
Thugging through them trenches, boy, it's hell here, ayy
Yeah, yeah, hell yeah, ayy
Million-dollar nigga raised on welfare, ayy

Yeah, yeah, hell yeah, uh
Yeah, yeah, uh, hell yeah, ayy
Yeah, yeah, uh, hell yeah, ayy
Yeah, yeah, uh, hell yeah