

Green Eggs N Ham

YN Jay

(His name's Pablo)

Comin' off the bench droppin' thirty, I'm the sixth man
Yeah, alright
Nigga tried to slide with a Smitty and his shit jammed
Four of Wock' got me leanin' hard, I'ma kick-stand
She like, "Mike, can I please suck your dick? I'm a big fan"
I just got the call that another package gettin' shipped in
He threw a shot, I grabbed it off the glass like I'm Big Ben
Sick I got caught gettin' head from my bitch friend
Pop a nigga, then beat his ass, he was 6'10"
Told the plug I'm tryna buy a brick and he chipped in
I feel like noddin' off, damn, I think that Perc 30 kicked in
The bitch bad but couldn't fuck with her, she got a big head

Ah, made a million dollars off of weed, that's my sixth plan
Damn
Nigga tried to hang a nigga, tried to crucify me like stick man
I know a thick bitch skinny as fuck, but got big legs
Freak bitch came over, but she ain't let me fuck, why you keep playin'?
I just put a switch on a hundred, this bitch keep sprayin'
Nigga spent thirty-five dollars, that's a cheap plan
I just pulled up with hella guns, I'm the heat man
And I got drums, I'm the beat man
Bitch stood up, I took her spot, I'm the seat man
Only spent a couple loose dollars, I'm the cheap man
I just spent forty thousand dollars on my teeth, damn
I can't even drop my own music 'cause it leaked, man
Hundred thousand dollars all cash, it's on me, damn
Bitch said I act like Martin, I can't see Pam
Dr. Seuss, eatin' green eggs, I don't eat ham
Nigga, why the fuck you— damn
Nigga, why the fuck you brought a gun if your heat jam?
Somebody call Phoenix, I think I need Sam
I just seen a gun go boom, my heat blam
That's how it sound when I beat her in the hotel
That's how it sound when I'm beatin' down the block, I got 'bow sales
I just made a hundred thousand plays, I need more scales
Told my nigga send some more 'bows, I need more mail
How you know she hit a line of ooh? 'Cause her nose red
Bitch got some white fingernails, but her toes red
You a lil' hungry-ass bird, don't get no bread
She asked me, "Which ones you want me to put behind my head?" I said, "Both legs"
I can tell you're crook, wearin' lil'-ass shoes, look how your toes spread
What the fuck is that? Is that toejam?
I done sold a hundred-somethin' P's, I'm the 'bow man
You ain't never ever got no cheese, you the broke man
Boy, you need to wash your stankin' ass with some soap, damn
Bitch can't suck my whole dick, she gon' choke, damn

Bitch, what's the floor plan?
I just got a whole pint of Wock' from my old man
Mold on the money, I got old bands
I like to fuck my cougar bitch, we be roleplaying
No, I can't fuck with you 'cause you told, fam
Okay, my auntie fried chicken, ate the whole pan

Unc' sell a lil' blow like an old fan
My bitch got the key to my safe, I punched the code in
I'm finna drop a deuce of Wock' in a Code Red
I don't need you to get high, I got my own meds
I got script for a pint from Dr. Conehead
Only got dick for a bitch like what is romance?
Promotor booked a nigga for a party, but his show did
Jay, I think I hit him six times, he for sure dead
Security got a strict rule, I still snuck a pole in
I'm addicted to my Glock, we like to hold hands