

# Hangover

YN Jay

(Thank you, J X L A N, I appreciate you)

Ayy

Real street nigga, in the kitchen wrappin' 'bows when it was Christmastime  
Told a bitch I'm finna leave, don't forget your sign  
Like a watch fully bustdown, barely see the time  
Bitch got a wig and makeup, but she still fine  
They say the water deep as fuck, but I'ma still dive  
I be in the hood with the B's, it's a real hive  
Me and bro don't got no handshake, we slap five  
Hit this bitch for thirty-seven minutes, got my back tired  
Buh-buh-buh-buh-buh, bitch, ah  
Buh-buh-buh-buh-buh, shit  
Buh-buh-buh-buh-buh, beat the cat down  
I growled at a bitch, she said, "Meow," she made cat sounds  
Finna WWE this bitch, she get smacked down  
You can tell we beatin' out this spot, this a trap sound  
You can touch your ceilings in your crib, that's a flat house  
I'm only in your city twenty hours, then I'm back out  
You ain't got no beat in your car, where the speakers at?  
It's gettin' cold as fuck outside, where my heater at?  
I'm finna beat somebody ass, where my beater at?  
I'm finna pour a whole pint of Wock', where a two-liter at?  
Tryna buy a car off the lot, where a two-seater at?  
This bitch eat dick good, but I don't feed her ass  
Beat her doonies down, she go back home, you tryna beat her ass  
You a lil' nasty freaky dude, you gon' eat her ass  
I could teach you how to get some money, you don't need no class  
Get respect and I show respect, I don't need no pass  
Catch a nigga at a red light, bah-bah-bah-bah, I'm finna leave your ass

Oh shit, fuck

Oh shit, they shootin' at the whip, I'm 'bout to smack the coupe  
Please put my hops on the floor, throw me an alley-oop (Huh?)  
I'll get a nigga noodled like Campbell soup  
Bah-bah-bah, grab the whoop (Huh?)  
Man, my opps ain't no killers, they don't got shooters  
I'll box a nigga up, Skilla Zab Judah  
They said they said I'm a bitch, who started that rumor?  
That's why I don't like niggas, I be tryna fight niggas  
Huh, that's why every week, I'm in the strikers tryna strike niggas  
Huh, real pit, fucked up in the head, I'll bite niggas  
Name good enough to get the bricks on consignment  
Give me that pussy, boo, I'll introduce you to the Coochie Man  
I finger bitches with my right thumb, that's my coochie hand  
Your head might not make me cum, but your coochie can  
She put vinegar in the water, now she smooth again  
She just let me fuck, now that pussy loose again  
Huh, I ain't showin' up for free, man, you gotta pay  
Do I sound like YN Jay?  
Long arms in the whip with me, Dr. J  
Man, I keep my peace on me, namasté  
Got some Haitian hitters in the whip with me, sak pase  
Hit a bitch at 7:59, she was blocked by 8  
Told the police that was Dennis Graham's, that's not my Drac' (Huh?)  
Drop my opp same day that I drop my tape (Huh?)

I ain't comin' out my pod without my shank  
My account in the negative, I'm 'bout to, ah  
My account in the negative, I'm 'bout to rob my bank (Hah)

I remember when the OJs was a thirty-  
I remember when the OJs was a thirty-piece  
Tell a nigga, "You not gettin' money, you ain't heard of these"  
Naw, nigga, you not gettin' money, them is Purple jeans  
Naw, nigga, keep on actin' funny, be done murdered him  
Naw, nigga, I'm the perfect nigga for a murder scheme  
Naw, nigga, get to stirrin' dope, look like Ovaltine  
Naw, nigga, get to mixin' shit, look like Nesquik  
Naw, nigga, get to shakin' shit, look like egg beaters  
Naw, four-nick loud as hell like it had tweeters  
Naw, four-nick loud as hell like an amp on it  
Naw, four-nick got a light like a lamp on it  
Naw, fishscale still workin', good compressor next to that  
I'll push a pussy nigga like a pack  
Naw, got his bitch pussy hooked on pipe like I'm crack  
Naw, chopper came from Channel 47, Samurai Jack  
Purple drank came from Channel 46, Jimmy Neutron  
A Wocky flurry, sip it, then I burp, tell your bitch I moved on  
Naw, I can't flirt and I can't share no Percs, tell a bitch to move on  
You get hurt, end up on a shirt and keep on gettin' rerolled  
Talkin' 'bout in the dirt, blicky out a vert, I can't make it worse  
Get him murked, put him in a hearse, scared, go to church  
Watch me lurkin', you know we gon' swerve, his sister got some nerve  
Tried to act like I ain't bag the bitch without buyin' no purse  
Make a promise, matter fact, it's merch, sound like Lil Durk  
Press a nigga just like he deserve, make his mama twerk  
Watch me slide down a nigga block, it look like I'm surfen'  
They keep dyin' whenever they outside, niggas lookin' nervous, ah-duh