

# LaDaDaDa

YN Jay

Money is not everything, it's the only thing

Yaaah!

Shit!

Ay!

La-da-da-da (Yeah!)

La-da-da-da (Yeah!)

La-da-da-da (Yeah!)

La-da-da-da (Yeah!)

La-da-da-da (Yeah!)

La-da-da-da (Yeah!)

La-da-da-da (Yeah!)

La-da-da-da (Yeah!)

This is not no dog shit, this a fucking gat, hey  
This bitch sellin' cat, she gon' fuck for gas, hey  
(Mumbling ad-lib) she wanna fuck the rapper  
Hey, she know I'm Coochie Man, she wanna fuck a rapper  
(Mumbling ad-lib) you a fucking capper, hey  
Heeey, hmmm

I turned around, shooting, got me busting backwards  
Who dropped the AirTag in this car? This ain't no fucking tracker, hey  
You know when I pull up, you ain't even fucking 'llowed to ask for shit, hmm  
Her friends get to slackin', make me bust twice  
Hey, I thought she wanted me, she wanna fuck Mike  
Like how these bitches pray? They only bust twice  
He scared to hit the club, I got him drunk twice  
We went to the club for one night, but I got drunk twice  
I only bought two cups 'cause that mean I'm drunk twice  
Blah-blu-blah-blu-blah-blu-blah-blu-blu  
Hey, she gave me a pen and told me sign her coochie

La-da-da-da (Yeah!)

La-da-da-da (Yeah!)

La-da-da-da (Yeah!)

La-da-da-da (Yeah!)

La-da-da-da (Yeah!)

La-da-da-da (Yeah!)

You know I'm pullin' up and I'm with Tay Roc  
You know you gotta bring your friend 'cause I'm with 8 Roc  
Aye, you know you gotta have a friend for little D, hey  
You know that ho you love, man, she in love with me  
You know I'm jumpin' in, if it's my brother B  
You know this ain't your block, this is my brother's street, hey  
You know this ain't my gun, this my brother's heat  
Aye, you know we pullin' up when we a hunnid deep  
Why the fuck you trying to race me? You can't run with me  
Aye, I'm finna walk you down, you better not run from me  
This bitch pulled up to my office and ate lunch with me, aye  
Beat a nigga ass, you can't punch with me  
And we can put the gloves on and go behind the crib  
I get to beefin', get real, I'm at your mama crib  
This nigga got a car but he ain't got a crib  
He got shot below his chest, now he ain't got no ribs  
Like how I got a son and I ain't got no kids?  
And babies can't come to my house cause I don't like your kids

They bad as hell  
They always doin' somethin', got me mad as hell, aye  
Nigga did ten, got out, and went back to jail  
You must like the jail, you must like your cell  
This nigga fucked his custo, you must like yourself  
I call bro phone, I didn't write no mail  
He had a phone in jail  
I'm finna call a demon, I ain't know that they had phones in hell  
I walked past your bitch, she got a whiff of my cologne smell  
This nigga boomin' dope out his crib, he make home sales

La-da-da-da (Yeah!)  
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