

Mix The Yeahhhhh

YN Jay

I, I done mixed the yeah
I done, I done, I done mixed the yeah
I done, I done, I done mixed (Southside shit), ah

I done mixed the cranberry with the apple juice
Nigga told the truth in his rap, but he was cappin' too
Should've played a role in the movie, he was actin' too
Pull up shooting clips like a movie, it was action too
Nigga, ah, fuck, ah
I was locked up in the cage eatin' dragon food
Why you stuntin' with them Pradas on? You in your daddy's shoes
I'm the grim reaper, I know Billy, I know Mandy too
Pop a Percocet, it tastes good, taste like candy, mmm
On the beach walkin' through the sand, I got sandy shoes
I be really in Bikini Bottom, I know Sandy too
Why the fuck you out here in designer, it's from granny shoes?
I just hit a nigga auntie mama, that's your granny too?
I just dropped a hundred on his block, I ain't playin' with you
You be going over to bitches' crib like, "I'm stayin' with you"
Damn, you look like a bad baby, why you playin it fool?
Bitch asked me, "Is these red bottoms?" These some Christian Loub
Know a young nigga caught a body, he a Christian too
Know a bitch suck... ahh
Know a bitch suck dick so good, she got a missing tooth
I just pulled up, drop the top, it's a missing roof
Nigga, how the fuck is you a dog, you forget the oof?
You ain't know that I was up now, can't forget 'bout Lou
I was probably in the kitchen cooking, can't forget my soup
Why you got that bitch on your mind? Can't forget 'bout boo
You seen how you did his main mans, can't forget 'bout Juice
Almost left my lean at the crib, can't forget my juice
Always lyin' to my main bitch, can't forget my truth
I just hitstick and keep going, I forget my juke
Damn, I left my Chinese bitch on read, can't forget 'bout Sue
New custo Donovan, can't forget 'bout Sue
Oh, it's a house full of bitches? Can't forget my crew
House full of bitches shakin' ass, what the fuck?
I'm finna throw a block party in the crib in the Buck
Bad-ass bitch shakin' ass, she gon' fuck
Got a bad bitch go to school, she don't cuss
Damn, I got a bad bitch, she get all A's
Slide down on my enemy, he get all K's
My young dog still catchin' plays, he got hard J's
I be still thinkin' 'bout them days I had hard days
You ridin' 'round with your gun out, mine tucked like card games
I got caught with the uh, they tried to book me like card games
My nigga told on me, that's a darn shame
Nigga, you don't fit in the streets, this a hard lane
Nigga, you ain't never did no shit make your heart race
Take off on the police, it's a car chase
.308 bullets hit his whip, make his car shake
I just pulled off on a Scat', it's a car race
Damn, on the highway doin' one-fifty
Seven-five K on me times two, one-fifty
I'm in Flint, got the whole police on me, one Bentley
Mad as fuck I can't hit this bitch twice, got one jimmy
Yeah, your bitch thick, but she wasn't pretty

Bitches beef ten times, how the fuck you wasn't dizzy?
Upped the gun, but he didn't let it off, it wasn't in him
Damn