

# Yeesh Yeesh

Young Dolph

Yeah, yeah

(Let the band play)

Skrrt, skrrt, skrrt, skrrt, skrrt, skrrt, skrrt, skrrt

Don't know how I made it home last night, everything a blur (Damn)

Hallucinating, can't remember shit, drunk too much syrup (Damn)

Doin' one-

thirty down Bellevue, f\*cked 'round and scraped the curb (Woah)

My finger on the trigger (Why?), 'cause I got bad nerves (Okay)

She say she a bartender (What else?), but she just love to twerk

She say can I be her dinner? And she love chocolate dessert

I buy cars like they bicycles, don't make your next car a hearse

Can't nobody count faster than me, I'm a motherf\*ckin' nerd

I stand on top of shit, I stamp that, that's my motherf\*ckin' word

Hit my blunt, then take a sip, hit the blunt 'gain, and then I swerve

Got so high, I bought a parrot, woke and forgot I had a bird (Hold up

)

Yeah, yeah (Yeah, yeah)

Yeah, yeah (Yeah, yeah)

Yeah, yeah (Yeah, yeah)

Yeah, yeah (Yeah, yeah)

Yeah, yeah (Yeah, yeah)

Yeah, yeah (Yeah, yeah)

Yeah, yeah

I been super lit since a jit, that's why you can't tell me shit (Naw)

I can't trust nobody, I mean nobody, and I can't love no bitch (Never

)

Dolph about his money, hell yeah, he don't play that (Play that)

My son went to school today in the back of the Maybach (For real, though)

I don't pass my blunts, I roll one up, then I'ma face that (Yeah)

Hit him where it hurt and smash his bitch and tell him take that (It's Dolph)

Come through in a different foreign every time, I know they hate that (It's Dolph)

You love savin' these hoes, don't you, p\*ssy? Where your cape at? (Yeah, yeah), hah

Gucci North Face boots (Uh), tall nigga in a coupe (Uh)

Bust the Richard down blue (Uh), f\*ck you, you, and you (Yeah)

Shots fired out the roof (Fah, fah)

Fake friends become worse enemies and that's between me and you (Ayy)

Yeah, yeah

Yeah, yeah (Yeah, yeah)

Yeah, yeah (Yeah, yeah)

Yeah, yeah (Yeah, yeah)

Yeah, yeah (Yeah, yeah)

Yeah, yeah (Yeah, yeah)

Yeah, yeah (Yeah, yeah)  
Yeah, yeah