Yeah Yeah

Young Nudy

You can't trust nobody
I don't fuck with these niggas
Fuck 12
Look what kind of picture they try to paint on me
Drank, I know
What you tell 'em slime?

Gangster (yeah), blood (yeah)
Shooter (yeah), killer (yeah)
Robber (yeah), yeah (yeah)
Finesser (yeah), jugger (yeah), I do it (yeah)
Sticks (yeah), get to it (slime)
Your bitch (yeah), want to fuck (yeah)
Huh? (yeah), yeah (yeah), yeah (yeah), yeah (yeah)
Oh yeah (yeah), yeah (yeah), yeah (yeah), yeah (yeah)
Oh yeah (yeah), yeah (yeah)
Money (yeah), yeah (yeah)
Bitches (yeah), drank (yeah)
Mollies (yeah), percs (yeah)
Lean (yeah), pour me up (yeah)

Look what the molly make your bitch do
Look what the drank make your bitch do
Look what the weed make your bitch do
Fuck it, look what the percs make Young Nudy do
Beat your bitch back down
I'ma give your ho the mack down
WWE Smackdown, yeah I'm talking raw nigga
Beat your bitch raw nigga, yeah
All in her jaws nigga
All in her jaws nigga
Knockin' down walls nigga
Beat your bitch face up
Yeah I ride around and cake up
Riding 'round with the cakers
Yeah we havin' bakers
Bake me a pussy nigga
Try to play nigga, I'ma gon' roll you up like a swisher
And I'ma smoke you nigga
Yeah you over with

Gangster (yeah), blood (yeah)
Shooter (yeah), killer (yeah)
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Lean (yeah), pour me up (yeah)

Damn, you try that bitch
Damn, you try that ho

Yeah, I don't really give a fuck 'bout that ho
Give her nothin' but the slow strokes
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Got your bitch in the room screaming yeah
Yeah, blam, damn, well
I done smoked up another blunt, Toucan Sam
Fruit loops, in a fucking coupe
Riding 'round with the whole zoo, what about you?
You through, they through
I'm shooting, you shooting
They 'bout it, we 'bout it
Catch a body, you ain't 'bout it
Been 'bout it, since a youngin
Everybody know I want the money
If a nigga ain't talking 'bout no money
Shit, I guess I'll go fuck on your honey

Gangster (yeah), blood (yeah)
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