

Yea Hoe

Young Thug

Thugger, Uzi, brrt

My lil nigga popping at your brain like yea hoe
My nigga we switch, won't do no same like hell no
Brand new Yeezy Boosts they kick you in your face, you go
If you got pepper spray you better back up you ain't a foe
I be the richest, I be the richest
I got an ole bad bitch and she my Mrs
I want to kiss it, I want to lick it
I want to bend that muhfucker over and let's get it

Ok I might pull out in a Rarri yea
I got to get my dough, I stack my money yea
Looking at my chain white gold, I'm a just call some names
Never mind your bitch salty yea
She keep calling me
Swerve around that bitch while she walking, aye
Diamonds on my wrist clearer than Blu-Ray
Had to get up and go get it, it was no other way
Now a days me and my brother, we hotter than summer days
Told your bitch suck on the head and I nut in your mother's face
Me and Thugger do so well on Earth cause we from outer space
Like boy you so bummy don't talk about money, we got the cake
Like boy you so bummy don't talk about money, we got the cake

You told me that bitch was cool, that bitch was loose
Pull up in my Yeezy Boosts
Ya I don't follow no rules
Ya my car it don't got no roof
Ya hit her so hard she gon sue
Ya that lil bitch she not new
Ya Rick Owens all on my shoes
Ya your bitch stuck to me like glue
Counting the money, counting the money, now I'm the man in my city
Fuck with some Z's, fuck with big b, driving around in a Bentley
Went to the hood, got a lil bitch, bet you Lil Uzi gon hit her
Lil Uzi leave that bitch dripping
She mad at me pull out Remy
Smoking this gas, popping these Xans, ya you know I'm a lean sipper
Ain't about money why is you talkin? I smack you right with my hand
Lil' Uzi cool like a fan ya
My new bitch she got a man ya
All these hoes they my fans ya
Walking around with all these bands ya