

## **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  
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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