

# Yeah Yeah

Yung Mal

Aye, Southside [?]  
Guwop (Gucci)  
Eskimo shit, homie  
Evil Genius, Wop  
It's Gucci  
Shoutout my partner Rozay  
Eskimo shit, nigga  
What, nigga, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Give 'em hell  
Got lil baby from the Chi, she be Chanel  
Love the flow, I swear she rock them solitaires (brr brr)  
Said she fuck with Z Money, he signed his self (Z Money, it's Guwop)  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Oh well  
They call me Guwop, I got so much clientele (skr skr)  
Fresh as hell, in East Atlanta, I'm the mayor (EA)  
I signed Pablo, he told me, "Go get Mal and Quill" (Blo, Mal)  
'Cause we so trill (Quill, Wop)  
Yeah, fuck 12, I'm a Eskimo myself (brr brr)  
Can't sign no snitch ass nigga, that would hurt my rep (no)  
Found out he pussy, told him keep the cash and dip

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, yeah, yeah

Real niggas only, y'all niggas, y'all some hoes  
Yeah, nigga, we froze, yeah, nigga, we Eskimos (1017 shit)  
Yeah, they didn't know that we used to be poor  
Yeah, drippin' designer, ooh, from my head to my toe  
Fuck on your ho, go get the dough (go get it)  
Then I go get me some mo' (I need it)  
Used to trap dope at the stove (I used to)  
Ooh, whippin' the dope  
Yeah, Dolce Gabana peacoat (dingy)  
I'm ballin' like Gucci the coach (I'm ballin')  
Step on these niggas, you just a lil roach (lil roach)  
Yeah, rich nigga like Lil Boat (rich nigga)  
Water on my neck the coast (water)  
Look in my eyes and they say don't approach (look at me, nigga)  
Cookin' the chickens on the pot like roasts (boom)  
All my hundreds blue just like my Locs (blue hundreds)  
All my bitches bad, they do the most (she bad)  
I be poppin' tags to jump in the Ghost  
Gotta watch your swag, they takin' down notes  
Swear bitches like the jewellery, make 'em vote

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, yeah, yeah

Iceberg, yeah

I see you hang from over here  
Hatin' nigga (pussy), that chopper hit your ass from over here  
All these hoes on my dick 'cause I signed me a deal  
Better sign to Big Wop if you want you a mil'  
Bust down on my left wrist, I should've bought a crib (ice)  
The pack just touched down, that's a football field  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, hell yeah  
Pocket full of crisp blue hundreds, need a wheelchair  
We ain't had shit, we were waitin' on some welfare  
Now we up, bitch, we got racks tucked everywhere  
Wifey made it, diamonds crystal clear, yeah  
Got so much cash, this shit not fair  
I fucked the bitch once, but I ain't bought no hair  
We can take a trip, might fly on the Lear  
Hop out the bitch and I'm fresh in Moncler  
Yeah, ride with the stick on the front door  
Yeah, 75 on my neck and I ain't near done yet  
Try to reach for my shit, boy I dare  
Can't show no love to no nigga, wouldn't dare  
All the bullshit goin' in and out one ear  
They broke, I don't care

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, yeah, yeah