

# Beep Beep (feat. BossTalk Jerm Hatcha & Breezy)

Prof

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

{Intro}

Ya already know who it is you know what I'm say. It's ya boy Prof back in the building, ya heard me? Duval County stand up.

[Intro][Chorus]

Man I'm feelin so loose, loose, sippin on that juice.

Got me goin Beep Beep on a half a bottle goose.

Loose, loose, man they got me feelin juiced

They just talk alotta shit cuz they ain't really wanna shoot, BANG. Loose Loose got me feelin juiced juiced loose loose got me feelin juiced juiced. Beep Beep, Beep Beep, Beep Beep, Beep Beep, Beep Beep, Beep Beep,

Beep Beep, Beep Beep, Beep Beep,

[Chorus](Prof)

Man I pull up to the club dawg.

Everybody show me love yall

All the way from North Beach, down to South Paul, 5 Points, North Side, Picketville, all yall.

Beep Beep be the sound of the season.

I'm all juiced up and really for no reason.

It's treason I'm so hot, my neck so freezin.

I got Tiger Woods women and they ain't no cheating.

Preach it, Prof in the building but I'm headed to the precinct. Beep Beep homie get the meaning? Get the fuck out my way Molly cuz I'm leaning. Towel in my hand Got Damn got me goin Beep Beep. [Chorus]

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Beep Beep, Beep Beep, Beep Beep,

[Chorus](Jerm)

Swag off the meat rack.

Smoke loud I swear I 'm bout to relapse.

Pockets got the munchies screamin that I needs stacks

And these niggas hatin cuz I always speak facts.

Drop top chevrolet its a two door.

Ocean front condo got 2 floors.  
Run the game to long man my feet sore  
And I keep a bad bitch you can keep yours.  
Bad bitch foreign whips man I love that  
Mix the molly with green man I does that  
Gettin bricks hittin licks man we got that.  
Stupid bandz on deck man we bout that.[Chorus]  
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Beep Beep, Beep Beep, Beep Beep,  
[Chorus](Breezy)  
Pull up to her crib, Beep Beep.  
I gotta bad bitch she a foriegn freak  
She my connect for the molly but she pop e.  
That's why it so damn hard to keep her off me.  
Trappin off the Android ring ring.  
(?) Just hit my phone down to Tennessee.  
He told me come all the way, I told em meet me.  
I done got my cake now it's time to Beep Beep.  
That mean its my turn to turn up.  
Got lean, hella kush I'm bout to burn up.  
Lame niggaz looking at me I'm like so what  
I'm Y Breezy Bitch I don't give no fucks.[Chorus]  
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Got me goin Beep Beep on a half a bottle goose.  
Loose, loose, man they got me feelin juiced  
They just talk alotta shit cuz they ain't really wanna shoot, BANG. Loose Loose got me feelin juiced juiced  
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Beep Beep, Beep Beep, Beep Beep,  
[Chorus]

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