

# Yeah Yeah Yeah

## Terror Squad

Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah

Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah

Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah Check it You see the girl get's it popping like no other

Now they call me streets cause I, be on the block and I'm so gutter

My flow a butter; see Rem got a whole lot of game

But none of y'all lame dudes going to fuck her

I'm on some chill shit, but if you fronting then I will flip

I'll give it to a little chick real quick

Oh you a real bitch? You ain't a bit real You got little tits and your face looks like em mitt till

First I'm a get it hot, then I'm a get a deal

My budget none stop, mine paying ten mills

And when I'm not in the hood, I'm rocking the hood

Smoke Vanilla Dutches and stuff on Holly a wood

And if I, pollyin' the dick it's got to be good

I tell him I could change his life just like the lottery could And now I got him good, he believes me and he should

Some dudes won't go down but a lot of them would

I know this nigga name, eat it out, he like to eat it out

I just cooked in the crib and he still want to eat it out

Oh god its Remy Martin

In a hot pink Porsche with the purple carpets

Nigga Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah

Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah

Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah Oh god Hot enough swinging crack, who could believe he's in the cockpit

Overseas moving key's like a locksmith

Rocks from wit sick in the sits of neck

All I do is warn cause that's the big boy jet

Uh, you never rocked with the R in Chicago

I picked up a bad bitch in a Marcielago

I got cribs better year estates man I'm in L.A. with Atlanta plates fam

Still niggaz wanna go against crack

But that's like?, going against Shaq

And that's too much Diesel, I got too much people

Motherfuckers, you crazy I'll leave you

And I ain't got to tell how many sets I trip

But you can find me on the woods now that's a testament

Or maybe at a lounge with an extra bitch Eyecandy of the month, god damn she's sick

She got a problem, I can help her with that

Tell her man that she's fuckin' with crack

Bet he won't do nothin'

Frontin' like he gon' do somethin'  
Quick to tell you that his whole crew stunting  
Talk to me, c'mon Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah  
Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah  
Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah Yeah, feel that right there  
Nod your head to this shit right here, that real Hip Hop right there  
It's cook coke crack, TS, Remy Mar  
Album coming, summer's ours cocksuckers  
True story, BX Burough

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