

Yellow Tape

Chris Brown

[Verse 1]

What you say? Wait a minute
Dont compare me to them other niggas
Devil hater, Smith & Wesson
I'm about to go to war, gon' pleasure bitches
Where the real friends at when you really need 'em
When I was locked up in the county I ain't even see 'em
I got my own lane, lonely
What happen to the bitches in the party
A 100 bottles that was every week-end
Bitches by to view my crib, I don't call to see em
At the 3am you know we getting freaky
Hella one night stands, we just catching feelings[Bridge]
Too all the fake lovin
Fake hollywood, fake passion
Fake gang bang, when they climb on the pole and shit
Fake titties and cocaine and all this pussy
I be cryin'

[Verse 2]

Too up in it, need to bring a bottle
And if it's my time to go I'm takin' everybody
Don't care my nigga we shootin' anybody
And if it ain't your girl nigga don't worry about it
I hear em talking down on me, down on me
But where they at when I ain't got a 100 rounds on me
I think I had enough to hear about 'em niggas
You know your killers they feel my niggas
So what you tryna tryna do, tryna tryna do
Dancing around the issue
Bitch you know you're running out of moves
I keep it real my nigga
This Richard mille hella clear cost a mil my nigga
Yeah, give a fuck about how you feel my nigga
Back the mic got the [?] we can feel like thriller
Passive aggressive bitches always acting all timid
But hope you make no money, but I rather help you spend it
[Bridge]
Had a meeting with the devil last week
Couldn't believe what he said to me

To take this contract, signature please
You can have it all, but you know your soul is the key
Bella, bella yeah you know we come in threes
Bet I never did this, I'm the only one who sees
I've got the fire blazing', burning all the weed
I think the hell ain't hotter than this fucking Hennessy[Verse 3]
2 feet off the ground, oh oh, like
Why am I living ill ?
Up and down, up and down
I think I might drown on my tear, I cry
Just molly and soda
Too many tears, I'm thinking about ending here
Wanna prepare brought your roulette with the pistol[Chorus]
Bang, Bang, Bang
Hear the siren say
Wahyo, wahyo, wahyo
Get behind the yellow tape
Bang, Bang, Bang
Hear the siren say
Wahyo, wahyo, wahyo
Get behind the yellow tape
Bang, Bang, Bang
Hear the siren say
Don't shoot, don't shoot
Get behind the yellow tape
Don't shoot, don't shoot, don't shoot
Get behind the yellow tape[Verse 4]
Wonder if god got a sense of humour
I hope you know, he can see all the shit you doin'
My mama said no matter how old he still listen to me
Taking temptation with fornication
You know I love the pussy
Mister assume theres no connection, it was all assumptions
She just wanna fuck
Whatever happened to us love making
You don't wanna be in the club
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