

Ya Ya Ya

Nivea

Ah no the fights out
Somebody's about to get their lights knocked out
A little opera for ya
Capricorn, Cash Money, Nivea, Jive, Miss Nivea
Front with me like you's a real baller
And I be like Yeah, Ya, Ya, Ya
With that other chicken trying to make me jealous
And I be like Yeah, Ya, Ya, Ya
Getting all salty 'cause I'm hanging out
Girl I be like Yeah, Ya, Ya, Ya
All them loud words coming out your mouth
Boy I be like Yeah, Ya, Ya, Ya
ATL where them pimps, ballers and the hustlers swell
I met a fly guy then we switched the cells
Under the influence so I can hardly tell
If he was the one for me
Popy doing this, popy doing that
Big thangs under the Cadillac
I'm tight, thoroughbred, spread it like butter
Walk threw the club nigga as be like what tha
Shorty throwing money at me like he's a pitcher
Maybe on the weekend or something I get witcha
We did the damn thang and you was all crazy
Now you want to pull me up like I'm your lady
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Boy I be like Yeah, Ya, Ya, Ya
Hey ladies, what's the word?
Some of these cats got a lot of nerve
Trying to run game, but I'm about to serve
Gotta have dough 'cause I love to splurge, Gucci and Fendi
Come scoop me up on your motorcycle
Once we get alone then you can rock the result
And if you promise to treat me right

Boy I guarantee I keep this thing locked tight
You thugged out with a lot of loot
Sweetheart, I'm so proud of you
But I'm not going you break the rules
What you did to get it, you need to do to keep it
Front with me like you's a real baller
And I be like Yeah, Ya, Ya, Ya

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Hey can you feel the brand new day
All my superstars came out to play
To see the thug child from around the way
This type of thig happens like everyday
I keep it real and intensive
Me no speak Ya, Ya 'cause my grill is expensive
Don't mean to be offensive
I know you probably run across a bunch of scrubs
With disfunctioned tonges
All in your mug, talk a whole bunch umm
But me I just want your love
Me I'm bucc of thug
Big heart but I punctured some
But I'm trying to patch it up with a bunch of hugs
For real, I ain't just talking whatever mommy
We could get together and make a bunch of us
And I know a bunch of girls, create a bunch of fuss
Over young wiz but I'm getting at Niv holla
Don't brother me with your yada
I'm good with little mama and she good with big papa
I'm hood and she real proper
ATL Shorty and New Orleans Don Dada
Anything Else is Ya, Ya, Ya
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