

# Yeah

## Andre Nickatina

[Andre Nickatina]

Man, I'ma run my mouth and get your corporate account

Bring my benz out in the middle of a drought

I blow lye like its "God Bless Buddha"

It's sort of like the feelin' runnin' with a known shooter

Baby I'ma spit it to the limit, run into the abyss

You know its god number 7 on your top ten list

Its kamikaze, look into the eyes of a pisces

and Las Vegas talkin' shit is where you might find me

Fillmo' down from the nose to the toes

Get your cell phone you can picture every pose

Picture all the clothes, picture all the hoes

Picture the perfection when your money pile grows

You gotta crocodile style, I sport gators

They still might bite, so fresh with the flavor

Got Khan? Fillmore's number one sign

Steak, potatoes, garlic bread and some prawns! [Chorus: Messy Marv (Andre Nickatina)]

(YEEEEAAH) San Francisco baby

Fillmo' niggas try'na bring back the 80's, YEEEEAAH

(Yeah money is the motto

and run around town like its Grand Theft Auto, Chicka-kahnn)

Wally on my hip, good weed in my mouth

Gangsta niggas in the whip, YEEEEAAH

(Your not dealin with clowns

When you try to kick hop, watch your body shut down) [Messy Marv]

Yeah, nigga I'ma mothafuckin' fool

Trees for breakfast, eat brunch by noon

24 Davins, only showin the lip

The rest of the women, same color as the whip

Jump out and crack a nigga shit wide open

Jump back in the nickle with the barrel still smokin

Fillmore nigga, yeah bitch break bread

I don't want no pussy, I don't want no head

But you can get a sack of that purple stuff

Some gin and a bag of that Hillary Duff

I'ma pimp, trapped in a gangsta's body

I'm on dope and gonna fuck around and hurt somebody

On tuesday and thursday the ghost pull up

Then everybody runs, they'll fuck you up

I'ma shady ass nigga, man I ain't gon' lie  
I just wanna sell dope, smoke weed and get high, you BITCH[Chorus: Messy Marv (Andre Nickatina)]  
(YEEEEAAH) San Francisco baby  
Fillmo' niggas try'na bring back the 80's, YEEEEAAH  
(Yeah money is the motto  
and run around town like its Grand Theft Auto, Chicka-kahnn)  
Wally on my hip, good weed in my mouth  
Gangsta niggas in the whip, YEEEEAAH  
(Your not dealin with clowns  
When you try to kick hop, watch your body shut down)[Andre Nickatina]  
You might mistake me for Doug E. Fresh, the way I sport ballies  
With my Slick Rick talk and my Slick Rick walk  
I wear rings like the planet called Saturn  
The money's movin' baby then your body is the pattern  
You know I hide out like it's witness protection  
Some people start to stare like a model car collection  
You know it's like: twenty G's in a Jordan briefcase  
My hood came up off the word "freebase"  
Man the soul of a grammy runs through my body structure  
My bottom ho cries, 'cause I never say I love her  
It's a cold word, that's why I p-p-p-party  
My lawyer is a sneaky motherfucker, very naughty  
With hot lies, I hit Popeye's for hot fries  
A real rap cat, talkin' 'til the sun rise  
What's your astrology, and your biography  
I talk a little bit to get you to follow me  
I'm like the quality, you like the quantity  
Fillmore born and ain't no apology[Messy Marv]  
San Francisco baby  
Fillmo' niggas try'na bring back the 80's, YEEEEAAH  
Wally on my hip, good weed in my mouth  
Gangsta niggas in the whip, YEEEEAAH

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