Yes, Yes, Y'all

Geto Boys

[Scarface]Give it up for the invincible, it's H-Town's finest
The GB, the general, the street shit, the timers
The motherfuckin criminals, see we keep it grimy
You niggaz chemicals, the weed got you blinded
I'm the original, the author of this G-shit
You niggaz pitiful, cause y'all be on some weak shit
Me I'm a nigga from the gutter motherfucker
If rap wasn't payin I'd hit the street cause I'm a hustler
[Willie D]It's Willie D y'all, it's been a minute y'all
I'm still in it y'all, fuck the critics y'all
Hoe niggaz make me hotter than tabasco
Play with my money I'ma kick you in your asshole
I see the videos, I read the magazines
Don't watch award shows, too many faggot scenes
I'm a machine, got a pistol in my loose fist
I'll leave you twisted on the ground in your boots bitch
[Bushwick Bill]Well this is Chuck Dawg (will you ever love another bitch?)
Fuck nah! (What's your position on a snitch homey?)
Fuck laws! (They say the Beatles was the biggest)
Nigga fuck Paul, and the rest of y'all!
I'm the little motherfucker with the big dick swingin
Nuts still hangin, got hoes singin the blues
Geto Boys in this bitch still bangin
And ain't shit changin (uh-uh) ain't shit changin
Don't like faggots, hate politicians
Can't stand snitches, know the Feds listen
So I, send the whole world a fuck you note
Schumaker's got a desk job, fuck you hoe! (Aww nah!)
[Chorus 2X: Geto Boys]I keep it real with it, to the hill with it
You gotta deal with it, cause you can still get it
And every morning when I get up I know shit don't change
I'm gettin money out these six mo' thangs
[Willie D]I run circles around foes and cross 'em out like tic-tac-toe
Money money money gotta get that dough

I'm a Northside rider, pimp-slappin these biters
Fall into the club and bitches eyes get wider
I like the way she look up in that liberty skirt
But 95% of the shit is brainwork

I might buy a couple of drinks, and shoot at her drawers
If she ain't talkin 'bout fuckin I'ma get on dawg
[Scarface]Now gimme five or six chickens I'ma flip those birds
Cook it up in momma kitchen, let me get mo' serve
If a nigga catch me slippin I'ma get that nerd
Can't let you get away with that, that shit don't work
I wear a white t-shirt, white sneakers and hat
Somethin cool on my wrist, a nice piece to match
Hoppin out of somethin foreign like the beast I snatch
I don't do a lot of fashion papi, I'm just Brad
It's like that y'all (that y'all) this y'all (this y'all)
I like a skinny bitch, I like the big broad
[Bushwick Bill]It's like this y'all (this y'all) that y'all (that y'all)
I like to stand and hit it from the back y'all
I ain't the cutest nigga rappin but I still got hoes
Snatch the baddest piece up in this bitch with one eye closed
R. Kelly that's my nigga so I like girls young
18 or 23, black and white, girls cum
Little Richard like the singer, Dick for short but Bill
Short mon from Jamaica, Brooklyn the real
5th Ward my second home, now I'm back to strike
Rap-A-Lot, street music, Geto Boys for life
[Chorus]C'mon
Whassup - whassup, whassup, whassup?
Whassup, whassup, whassup?
Whassup, whassup, whassup?
Whassup, whassup?
Whassup, whassup, whassup?
Whassup, whassup..

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