

# Yeah (Remix)

## Yung Joc, T.I. & Big Kuntry King

[Intro - Big Kuntry King]

P\$C

Block ENT

You know who this is mane, Big Kuntry King

C'mon

Aye

C'mon

Aye

C'mon[Chorus - Big Kuntry King]

I'm in the club like

Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye

You popping pills? Yeah I'm on it

XO? Yeah I'm on it

You got the dro? Yeah I'm on it

You got them hoes? Yeah I'm on it I'm in the club like

Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye

Grey Goose? Yeah I'm on it

On Patron? Yeah I'm on it

You got the dro? Yeah I'm on it

You got them hoes? Yeah I'm on it[Verse 1 - Yung Joc]

Aye, nothing like a P\$C and Block ENT party nigga

Real niggas with real money, folk seeking Ferraris nigga

Dead bitches everywhere, twenties and fifties, throw them out

Slap them on they derriere, pull the dro and blow it out

If you see a scrub in the club, nigga point him out

Trying in the V.I.P.'s, no love, we throwing them out

Tell them plenty position, nigga stay in your lane

I'm fuck with real niggas like my nigga Kuntry King

So don't give me no lip, HK on my hip, get a hitter for flip

Need a Band-Aid for your drip?

In case you wondering, know how I'm balling where I stay

It's them Boyz 'N' Da Hood, we in the club like aye[Chorus][Verse 2 - Big Kuntry King]

Give me a bottle of Patron, and a blunt of kush I'm good to go

I'm high as fuck, I'm in "The Matrix", bent on moving slow

Yes I'm the flyest, who told you that? The Oracle

How could you ever doubt me? Ask your hoe she know

Kuntry King (Kuntry King) no question, I'm on it mane

Making busts all in the club, how you do that? I make it rain

And I got some more stacks, I'm finna make it storm bitch

Because you seeing money, don't try, thunder on my hip  
P\$C and Block in here, T.I.P. Yung Joc in here  
That means more pill popping, chicks pop in here  
We over here, yeah, tell them this is how high  
Popping rubber bands, got them drinks on ice[Chorus][Verse 3 - T.I.]  
I got a pistol in my pocket, throwing money in the air  
Tell them bitches get with pimping, ain't no money over there  
Aye, you see Kuntry over there, throwing hundreds in the sky  
Yeah this rap shit mine, I'ma run until I die  
And you can run and you can hide, and you can talk and you can floss  
You be running for your lives when I knock you niggas off  
Aye, I can show you how to floss, Chevy with the dual exhaust  
The old school cost a hundred thousand cash, real talk  
I know you niggas real soft, never be a real boss  
Keep kicking and sneak dissing, get them caps peeled off  
The verses going to get you hurt, I don't care if the world saw  
Your girl just saw me go off with Yung Joc we in the club like[Chorus]

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