

# Yo Type

## Chevy Woods

We don't fuck with yo type

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Push button, that foreign, I can tell you that type

I was on a stand line for my man, do you know what that's like?

Joint bro, I need a light, all the shit that I did

At the studio, just made a song and the cops all in my crib

You don't know how I live, platinum door, I bid

Maino watching all this, V watching all this

Ray watching all this, yeah, Ray watching all this

Dre just called me yesterday to tell me, 'boy, you the shit'

Fuck is y'all niggas saying? Real shit, admit

Got a shooter on a little dome tripping, bet he waiting for me to say when

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All y'all niggas sucker niggas and we don't fuck with yo typeHundred grand, get them candy bars, can't fuck with shit that I do

Shorty blessed me, I ain't even sneezed, had them pistols aimed at you

JUL, real blood nigga, only color we know is green

See the grill on, I mean motherfucker when I pull up and that's me

Taylor Gang, fuck what you heard, I'm down for that forever

Pistol tucked in that leather, yeah, pistol tucked in that leather

Serving all these bricks, you can ask 'em, niggas bet they say that I'm good

Talk all you want, hazel wood, to the death of me, I'm so hood

Hold 'em down, know where I come from, where I come from be that jungle

Bake a cake then I serve the cake with no birthday and they love you  
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