Yeah!!!

Rakel Traxx

Verse 1
How can I explain this game?
Got me on the road everyday, to fill my name,
Me and my dreams of gettin the world crunk,
To hit Spring Bling, and do the ATL stomp, this thang real,
I got the gun chill, cranberry's and x pills,
Smokin on the best of the best,
When you see me you know i'm fresh,
In the black lambo, I aint ridin naan hoe,
Probably roll my other up, tell them what, i don't give a fu**,
Prince's cut, round my neck, round my wrist, in my ear,
In my son ear, in his mama ear, crystal clear,
Listen hear, this fo all yall ni**az bitin' my flow,
Wanna come up in the game, I can't stand a mane actin like I don't know,Yeah!!!, There's been a whole lotta talkin, Pastor Troy ni**a, where my motherfu**in offerin?
Yeah!!!, It's a whole lotta bitin', tell them ni**az keep motherfu**in fightin,
Yeah!!!, It's a whole lotta suspicion, about who i'm fu**in, about who i'm hittin
Yeah!!!, Baby give me why ya can't, cause I aint playin with ya this year man(well ah haaaa)I been watchin these ni**az from afar,
My best friend left me with some dope in his car,
So now I been hesitant to roll with the crowd,
I represent ni**az smokin dro', actin wild(ya feel me now?)
I been bouncin, ever since the 9 dro,
Money, cars, clothes, hoes, 17 years old...
Hop in the club with no I.D., no ni**a here is gonna try me, zone 1, 2, 3 r e s p e c t
V.I.P, bout 20 deep, hardest nigga in the street,
Tryin to find me a bi*** i can check,
Probably be the bitch on the deck,
Better yet, i'ma slap a bi*** ass ni**a, a fu** ass ni**a, ol bitin ass ni**a,Yeah!!!, it's a whole lotta talkin, Pastor Troy ni**a, where my motherfu**in offerin?
Yeah!!!, it's a whole lotta bitin', tell them ni**az keep motherfu**in fightin,
Yeah!!!, it's a whole lotta suspicion, about who i'm fu**in, about who i'm hittin,
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Yeah!!!, it's a whole lotta suspicion, about who i'm fu**in, about who i'm hittin,
Yeah!!!, Baby give me why ya can't, cause I aint playin with ya this year man(well ah haaaa)

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