

# Yeah Yeah

## Future Feat. Rocko

[Intro: Saigon]

Okay Shu', what's up? (Sup?)  
What's up? Yeah yeah  
Your boy Saigon, I'm in here  
Yeah yeah! Y'all ready?  
Uh, c'mon

[Chorus: Saigon]

Y'all niggaz want it? Y'all niggaz get it  
Hospital bed, nigga get admitted  
My niggaz got it, y'all niggaz want it  
Put a knife in your shirt, it hurt don't it?

Now if this the hottest beat of the year say yeah yeah (yeah yeah!)  
Ready to start whylin in here, say yeah yeah (yeah yeah!)  
Rockin with Saigon this year, say yeah yeah (yeah yeah!)  
Yeah yeah! (Yeah yeah!) Yeah yeah! (Yeah yeah!)

[Saigon]

Why y'all wanna make me get back on my bull job?  
Even though I hang with the Gang of those Good Guys  
We don't fear no man, play like you Conan  
I'ma have your whole fam sayin they goodbyes  
I might be the wrong one to try to intimidate  
If some shootin is goin on, I'ma participate  
If some lootin is goin on, I'ma participate  
Cause I'm tired of seein the designs on the dinner plate  
Need some food on it, lasagna, and a steak  
So I'ma move on it, piranhas infiltrate  
You feel like a Navy SEAL, the real shady deal  
We the ones crazy real, that ain't just the way we feel  
These are facts, you can even act  
Or you could check my hood credit scores, Equifax  
Yah - this is what I suggest  
If you the truth nigga take a lie detector test, yes

[background talking] Knahmean?

These niggaz'll fail a lie detector test (haha, all them niggaz)  
Fraudulent ass motherfuckers (do it again)

Get 'em!

[Chorus - change "y'all" to "you"]

[Saigon]

Uh, I'm insightful, like I read ten Bibles  
My wheel turn faster than a fuckin spin cycle  
I ain't seen an encyclopedia since high school  
That's around the time I start fuckin with thin rifles  
Talkin in your soft comm' [?]  
Bustin, discussin just like a pork rind  
You was a muh'fucker that fought crime  
Now they gave you a microphone and some talk time  
You turned into a porcupine, you ain't never walked the line  
Never walked a yard, you just talkin hard  
You go to Hell, you send 'em rhymes and swore to God  
You a fraud, and a fraud in the presence of the Lord  
to my dawgs is startin to look like a smÃ¶rgÃ¥sbord  
I don't idolize, I'm cooler than (Charles in Charge)  
Smooth as Ahmad Rasheed, your music is yadda-yah  
A lot of blah, and bangin drums on a hard guitar  
Your content is nonsense, gar-bage (garbage)

Haha, ay, you know how many of these niggaz  
don't be talkin about shit on they records? (none of 'em)

The beat be savin it  
Fuck it, let's do it one more time

[Chorus - change "y'all" to "you"]

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