

# Yeah Yeah (feat. 50 Cent and Murda Beatz)

## Don Q & A Boogie wit da Hoodie

Yeah

Don

M-M-M-MurdaIt's been some time, but it's worth the wait

These other niggas tryna perpetrate

Spreadin' money out in my circle and make it circulate

They got the nerve to say that I'm forgettin' 'bout niggas

But niggas forgettin' the favors I couldn't get out of niggas

We had to work for this plan to hit

I see him lookin' sideways,

so I parked on the curb to put a slant in it

Nothing ever handed, we got on 'cause we demanded it

They know who the winners, the decision is unanimous

I know I ain't perfect, but look I'm workin'

I could make a melody like, "Yeah, yeah"

We just turnin' up, what you really want?

They tryna tell us that we can't go back there

Don't tell me you love me, show me the money

Where I'm from, love can go bad, yeah

Don't you feel alone, I go through it too

Now turn around, let me hear you say, "Yeah, yeah"Stay ten toes down, I'm really focused

Look who I rolled with

Same damn gang as last year

If you didn't notice, niggas talk shit on some ho shit

'Til they hear that thing go "blam", yeah

Subliminal postin', yeah, they roast shit, they jokin'

Until we pull up to the scene like, "Yeah, yeah"

Everywhere we go now, they feelin' cautious, they worried

I can make it so you can't come back, yeah

I think we should stop the make-believin'

I be so damn fly without a reason

I made 65 over the weekend

I bring my whole gang to every event

I know I ain't perfect, but look I'm workin'

I could make a melody like, "Yeah, yeah"

We just turnin' up, what you really want?

They tryna tell us that we can't go back there

Don't tell me you love me, show me the money

Where I'm from, love can go bad, yeah

Don't you feel alone, I go through it too

Now turn around, let me hear you say, "Yeah, yeah" We come from the city that's never sleep  
Stay on point or get hit up for no reason  
My young niggas hurt them, they meant to murk 'em  
They puttin' work in, have 'em bring it to you like, yeah, yeah  
If that's what you want, you can get it too  
Have 'em get at you, pull up with that blicky like, yeah, yeah Southside to Highbridge, the live shit  
Bali To Balmain, we out here on some fly shit  
Different pedigree, yeah I'm from a different regime  
On your ass, feel like I'm half-man, half-machine  
When I say they don't want the smoke, they know just what I mean  
I had they whole block taped off, call it a scene  
Yeah, we on that same bullshit, sun up to sun down  
Nigga pop out and get popped tryna run down  
Go 'head, get popped tryna run down  
Think a nigga bluffin', fuck around and get gunned down I know I ain't perfect, but look I'm workin'  
I could make a melody like, "Yeah, yeah"  
We just turnin' up, what you really want?  
They tryna tell us that we can't go back there  
Don't tell me you love me, show me the money  
Where I'm from, love can go bad, yeah  
Don't you feel alone, I go through it too  
Now turn around, let me hear you say, "Yeah, yeah"

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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