Yeh Suh!

Baby Bash

We deep (Yeh Suh!)
We creep (Yeh suh!)
We throw, we blow (uh huh yea suh!)
We fly (Yeh suh!)
No lie (Yeh suh!)
Off the trank and the dank so high (Yeh suh!)
Its my arrival and my survival
I'm skyin higher then messiah and his bible
Watch for that rifle
Watch for that psycho
Yo breezy chosen, n she lookin' kinda tight tho
Now if you talk the talk you gotta walk the walk don't let this pretty face fool ya 'cause I'm a Savage like a Dallas maverick I got nephews that'll do ya Snatch that jersey off your skeleton with the quickness
And if its wall to wall betta guard your jaw we handlin bi'ness
Servin this game like tennis we up in this mean Muggin
Crackin the fuck up at them squares dream thuggin
Blowin our trees cousin
It gets sticky in the pain
Tricky in the tank
And don't miss me wit that dank
500 fronted on the street equals 65 G's
In that Jordan briefcase like that boy from the p
Bigger then show biz
So I'm stayin focused
When they holla at the club
How much them blows is
We deep (Yeh Suh!)
We creep (Yeh suh!)
We throw, we blow (uh huh yea suh!)
We fly (Yeh suh!)
No lie (Yeh suh!)
Off the trank and the dank so high (Yeh suh!)
We deep (Yeh Suh!)
We creep (Yeh suh!)
We throw, we blow (uh huh yea suh!)
We fly (Yeh suh!)
No lie (Yeh suh!)
Off the trank and the dank so high (Yeh suh!)
I remember when my thugz

Showed me how to slang heat Hollerin
Fixin how ta talk man we gonna bring beat Ya
Now guess what I'm goin through and this what I stand for
Thuggin ain't that legal but I'm doin what I can boy
But I sound small I as I'm is
Sound as raw as I'm is
I pop n lift mic's while I bench press heads
Down is all in it
See niggaz ballin in it
Ball alotta, tellin a sad story we know why I got it
Niggas bad at the game they ain't showin no love
That's cold nigga deal with it show'em you thug
Havin, Partna's in prision n a few dead friends
Was the Streets way of showin me two dead ends
Then the beats got to showin me you can make ends
Goin hard in the pank when the pussy boys can't
One thug that had some said that boy Bash
That manilla world send max pain comin for that ass. Yeh Suh!
We Deep (Yeh Suh!)
We Creep (Yeh Suh!)
We throw, we blow (Uh Huh, Yeh Suh!)
We Fly (Yeh Suh!)
No Lie (Yeh Suh!)
Off the Trank and the dank so High (Yeh Suh!)
We Deep (Yeh Suh!)
We Creep (Yeh Suh!)
We throw, we blow (Uh Huh, Yeh Suh!)
We Fly (Yeh Suh!)
No Lie (Yeh Suh!)
Off the Trank and the dank so High (Yeh Suh!)
I'm just a mack man
I'm just a mack man
And if its crackin where you mackin where you at man
I'm just a mack man
I'm just a mack man
And if its crackin where you mackin where you at man
I'm just a mack man
I'm just a mack man
And if its crackin where you mackin where you at man
I'm just a mack man
I'm just a mack man
And if its crackin where you mackin where you at man
We Deep (Yeh Suh!)
We Creep (Yeh Suh!)
We throw, we blow (Uh Huh, Yeh Suh!)

We Fly (Yeh Suh!)
No Lie (Yeh Suh!)
Off the Trank and the dank so High (Yeh Suh!)

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