Yeah Right

Vince Staples

Boy yeah right, yeah right, yeah right
(Boy yeah right, yeah right, yeah right)
Boy yeah right, yeah right, yeah right
(Boy yeah right, yeah right, yeah right)
Boy yeah right, yeah right, yeah right
(Boy yeah right, yeah right, yeah right)
Boy yeah right, yeah right, yeah right
(Boy yeah)Is your house big? Is your car nice?
Is your girl fine? Fuck her all night
Is you well paid? Are your shows packed?
If your song played, would they know that?
How the thug life? How the love life?
How the workload? Is your buzz right?
Do the trap jump? Is the club right?
Got your head right? Boy, yeah right
Boy yeah right, yeah right, yeah right
(Boy yeah right, yeah right, yeah right)
Boy yeah right, yeah right, yeah right
(Boy yeah right, yeah right, yeah right)
Boy yeah right, yeah right, yeah right
(Boy yeah right, yeah right, yeah right)
Boy yeah right, yeah right, yeah right
(Boy yeah)Pretty women wanna slit the wrist
Pretty women wanna be a rich man's bitch
Pretty women want a couple kids
Pretty women want a new ass, new lips
Pretty women wanna push a Benz
Come correct and she won't let you in
Thumbin' through the checks, she gets it in
Diamonds on your neck, is them pretend?
Boy yeah right, yeah right, yeah right
(Boy yeah right, yeah right, yeah right)
Boy yeah right, yeah right, yeah right
(Boy yeah right, yeah right, yeah right)
Boy yeah right, yeah right, yeah right
(Boy yeah right, yeah right, yeah right)
Boy yeah right, yeah right, yeah right
(Boy yeah)Got an enemy that changes dependin' what direction
You're facin'

Got an enemy that tells you off, blockin' what's efficient
You're placed in
You pretend to get a better idea about the lifestyle
You're chasin'
Keep pretendin' that you real
Until every selfie is erasedPop 'til it's fakin'
Pop 'til the wrist pop
Pop 'til he shakin'
Pop like four on the floor been in rotation
No allegation
Popular demand, I understand my name is only for conversation
New York nigga be like "deadass"
L.A. nigga be like "on the dead homies"
I was off the porch like Fed-Ex
211, got bread on me
K-Dot twilight the zeitgeist
Roll like fried rice and tempura shrimp
Temporary pimp, nah, don't remember them
Just canary yellow gem, jumping out the fuckin' gym
Swang like new Dana Dane, I ride dirty
Paid like two Damon Wayans, retire early
Fade like shadows, corrallin' the cattle
A bitches decision for you, is narrow
Collision, the money, and fame, the pharaoh
The physic, the chemist, the lame
Collateral for Kendrick whenever exchange
Compatible for riches with more to gain
A sad nigga? Yeah right
I don't fair fight but I bear fight
Lookin' for my next roadkill for the headlight
Hangin' though my last four kills for the highlights
My life, high life, high five, bye, byeBoy yeah right, yeah right, yeah right
(Boy yeah right, yeah right, yeah right)
Boy yeah right, yeah right, yeah right
(Boy yeah right, yeah right, yeah right)
Boy yeah right, yeah right, yeah right
(Boy yeah right, yeah right, yeah right)
Boy yeah right, yeah right, yeah right
(Boy yeah)
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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