

Yeah 'Eh Yeah 'Eh

Pras

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Yo, Mack 10 (dirty cash, Reptile)
It's always good to have a little change
In your life ain't that right Pras? (That's right baby)
Yo, hahaha that's right well let me run it, check it We do things and hood bangers, g's as we are
Well even Mack can do a bar with a Refugee All-star
Pras dance round the border like he Cassius Clay
While I press round the hood with a big AK
Stay fresh and unpredictable, they thought they knew me
They say how can a thug from Cali bust with a Fugee?
Cause I write and make ignite, easy on the treble
Now turn the bass up and check my Mic level
As I get down, let mama peekin, but ain't speakin
I guess a gang-bang thug got baby tweakin
Said your outfit is tight, it's my favorite color Red
And plus your little black is cute with your dreads
Bet you ain't never had a nigga that roll a six-fo
Hit a switch and then hop into a six double-o
You know, street niggas make the game twice as nice
So add a little spice and put a thug in your life Weeeeeee
We got dirty cash for weed yeah, yeah
Something for the streets, for all my thugs and freaks yeah, yeah
You, oooo, you
You better get up of your
From a hooter, Alcatraz
Ain't no tellin where you might get blast yeah, yeah Yes, yes y'all (yes y'all) it's dirty cash y'all (cash y'all)
From the East to the West I manifest y'all
Doin interviews with Harper Bazaar, how bizarre
You're sit back smokin big Cuban cigars
Yo, fly guys want getting jackin and fly cars
If it's up to me, you'll get blast when the hole pars
Thus far, no one can spar with my little troth
From the flat bush I'll rip y'all and bust your show to Crenshaw

Flowin with Pras and some splash down to Jamaica
 Meet you at the shock bar, Alas se enica
 Place your bet yo pay your debt
 You cats with the fake crepes, I'll bust you with my Twin-Tack
 For talkin out the side of your neck, aiyyo checkWe can showdown and lowdown when I'm sunset
 Make your move cowboy this ain't Hollywood
 You got the business's in the hood, INGLEWOODWeeeeeee
 We got dirty cash for weed yeah, yeah
 Something for the streets, for all my thugs and freaks yeah, yeah
 You, oooo, you
 You better get up of your
 From a hooter, Alcatraz
 Ain't no tellin where you might get blast yeah, yeahWould wise in ninety dance hall, bounce to this
 Hip-hoppers with the dress, smoke an ounce to this
 I spin hits, lyrically swift, speakin of business
 Reptile, formerly know, Jersey delinquent
 Nasty son of a gun, give up the funds
 We come down hard like hundred-twenty tons
 Refugee Camp, pumpin out the thousand watt amps
 Created more than the monster like the Loch Ness
 All hell's about to break when I'm loose
 Tacklin, like Gorilla Monsoon naggin you like Mom Dukes
 And get a haircutwe put you niggas in a bear hug
 I dare thugs, tellin niggas do it like ?Nike Air? slugs
 Take a death dive into the wilderness
 We got you feelin this, to the point your man wanna kill us
 But we ain't laughin, we blackin, rushin, attackin
 Loaded with dirty cash and a Mack 10Weeeeeee
 We got dirty cash for weed yeah, yeah
 Something for the streets, for all my thugs and freaks yeah, yeah
 You, oooo, you
 You better get up of your
 From a hooter, Alcatraz
 Ain't no tellin where you might get blast yeah, yeahCome on, come on, blow the smoke in the air
 And puff, puff like you just don't care
 Come on, come on, blow the smoke in the air
 And puff, puff like you just don't care
 Yeah what, what, blow the smoke in the air
 And puff, puff like you just don't care
 I said blow the smoke (blow the smoke)
 Blow the smoke and puff, puff like you just don't careUh, yeah, yeah, party people

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>