

Yee (Featuring Too \$hort & Budda)

E-40

Chorus:Thats the call of my thugs
When they step up in the club they go yee
When you hit the prison bricks from Vallejo or the rich they holla yee
You can catch me in the traffic in the cutlass or the maverick hollarin yee
If its lookin like some static we gonna bust them automatics like yeeMy area code grows some of the best weed
in the world
My ninja we aint no punk
They say we need to take a bath in tomato juice
Cause we always smell like skunk
Sloppy drunk nine times out of ten every time you see me
Bending corners in my brand new Dodge Durango Hemi
Pimpin the law up on us Officer Smokey and Mr. Johnny Law
Always pullin me over and searchin my fucking car
Searchin my Gluteus Maximus flashlight in my jaw
Actin like some batchesses thinkin I got rock
Doin it big, take a swig, sip a sip, twist the lid, smoke a spliff,
Earl bent, push ya wig, bout my nig
Everybody wanna talk that talk, wanna walk that walk, wanna bark that bark
Everybody wanna plot that plot, wanna drop that saw, wanna peel up top
I get a call from young bop, he up out my zone
He said yo hillside nigga Ned on his way home
I said well tell him to call me I love his ass to death
Any nigga hatin we gonna take his last breathChorusBiatch ! Its yo partna from the town maan
I see yall doin it big you getting down maan
Yeah I fuck with the V, Richmond know me
Where every niggas ballin thats where bitches gonna be
You can go across the bridge fucking wit a bitch
Dont matter which side you be all up in some shit before you know it
It aint like it used to be
Everybody got straps to shoot you or me
I give a fuck about who, I dont even know you
Sup yeah pimpin I got my thang too
And its coo cause I know you know it
I aint even gotta pull it
I aint even gotta show it
Dont blow it thats what a black mans thinkin
Ill be laying underground in a casket stinkin
If I slip I gotta keep my poise you here that 808 bumpin Whats all that noiseRepeat ChorusGet ya head busted in
im not your boy or your friend

Get ya head busted in im not your boy or your friend

You said that do that, pull that, shoot that

Now where your crew at

What you gonna do next

Im a west coast nigga yee

Im a east coast nigga yee

Im a down south nigga yee

Im a Midwest nigga yeeRepeat Chorus

Songwriters

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