

Yap Yap

Richie Spice

[Intro]

Innanet, Innanet[Hook]

I don't need to worry 'bout nothing I'm good (How you doin')

I don't need to worry 'bout nothing I'm good (How you doin')

I don't need to worry 'bout nothing I'm good (How you doin')

I don't need to worry 'bout nothing I'm good (How you doin')I got yap yap

Slam

I got yap yap

Slam

I got yap yap

Slam

I got yap yap

Slam[Verse 1]

How to make it an American

Where they die by the power of the gun and they live by the fear of one

And a fair one is rarely an option, if you ain't got one I advise to carry one

Shots in reverse of the barrel of the pistol is kind of like shooting in the mirror

Niggas be killing themselves cause they feeling themselves

No Scared Straight, throw children in jail

General consensus is we off the hinges

Slam

Can't say a word to the judge, but he caught the sentence

No lacking homie, don't be caught defenseless[Hook][Verse 2]

This that slam, hide it under the mattress

Ditch that van to the undisclosed address

Dish that gram to grammar school graduates

They gradually will develop those habits

Can't buy weed, you ain't got no dough

Can't ask me how you finna get paid

Ain't no thieves when the whole city broke

Breaking into cars in the middle of the day

Danger, danger, plus you got your banger

Police pull you over

Better hope that baby inside that manger make 'em miss they quota

Good Jesus

God almighty, why this shit so dope?

I got slam, put me on the track with one of these squares and they get smoked[Hook]

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