

## Arch Enemy "Yes Indeed"

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(J-Dawg)

Yo Menace Entertainment...nigga what?

Black Menace puttin' it down like this to the hoes:

Chorus (Threat & some uncredited female):

Now what you bout, shoppin' sprees?

(Yes in-fuckin'-deed)

Benz and Navigator keys?

(Yes in-fuckin'-deed)

A bank account with fifty G's?

(Yes in-fuckin'-deed)

Well tell your girl you gone holla, cuz me and you we  
bout to leave,

Now what you bout, shoppin' sprees?

(Yes in-fuckin'-deed)

Benz and Navigator keys?

(Yes in-fuckin'-deed)

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Well tell your girl you gone holla, cuz me and you we  
bout to leave

(J-Dawg)

The way I see it, look the two of us could mash as a  
team,

Can't let you pass, look, what'cha doin' with all that ass  
in them jeans?

I made ya smile, but'cha still walkin',

You in a rush? I like ya style, that's why I'm still talkin',

Plus I'm tryin' to cut, wouldn't be a man if I ain't tell ya  
that,

Fuck who you with you need to get with this instead of  
that,

Now holla back,

You need a man, who could put a lot of money in your  
purse,

It ain't no thang and if I got it, look I'm comin' to church,

And praise the Lord wit'cha,

Raise your lil' boy wit'cha,

Introducin' you to the softer side, of a hard nigga,

Gaze at the stars wit'cha while we're sexin' under the moon,  
What'cha want? Candy? Flowers? Or a couple balloons?  
I'll tell ya what Baby let's take a ride,  
I gotta woman, but I'm selfish I'ma make you mine,  
I'ma take my time and do it right until you're spoiled rotten,  
Or bring your Baby by your Mama and then we gone shoppin',  
I got'cha rockin' knickerbockers in the summertime,  
I'm lovin' how you smell in Chanel number nine,  
Seek and you find what you been missin' Boo I'm all you need,  
I'm kinda tired if you wanna ride then you can take the keys  
(Yes indeed)

Chorus

(Insane)  
I'm lil' Frankie gotta get my bankie, smoke a stankie with Mitch,  
And you need to know with a fifth of dope, we'll stick our dick in a bitch,  
And she be lovin' the shit confessin' how lil' Frankie done done her,  
Her Mama bust in the room and I'm fuckin' her right in front her,  
Bust a nut right in front her, I lit up a blunt right in front her,  
Looked at my bitch and told her "You want some more?" right in front her,  
She lovin' the way I done her, reppin' in front her friends,  
Talkin' bout how I fucked and how I could fuck her again,  
Waitin' to spin the bin with a thug nigga from the South,  
Soon as she see the dick she start doin' tricks with her mouth,  
You know what I'm talkin' bout, yeah I spent some lil' change on her,  
I ain't no fuckin' stunter I ain't puttin' no rings on her,  
Puttin' no chain on her, buyin' a car or nothin',  
Get her some tennis shoes and a skirt and I'm fuckin' somethin',  
Lil' Frankie bout pluckin' somethin' anytime I get the chance,  
Started off in the club with a dance, now I'm in the pants,  
Boo what'cha bout?

## Chorus

(Mr. Terror)

I ain't no major-made nigga, but I'm top of the line,  
Sharp as a razor blade nigga, I'm blockin' your shine?  
Boo I've been watchin' from the line and saw you talkin'  
to him,  
But how you plan on gettin' home? What? You walkin'  
with him?  
I'm stalkin' ya slim, and down to spend a few G's  
wit'cha,  
She said "You five oh bitch, you lyin', you ran that shit  
on my sister",  
I need a place where I can whisper, let's go holla  
outside,  
Take this fifth and get two drinks, and follow to the  
ride,  
Caught her walkin' out the door, but shot my piece for  
the rum,  
Here's a deposit on that pussy, get the other G when  
you're done,  
Got another G for my big son, and drove in his cutlass,  
With no A/C and one front seat, and told lil' Wootay I'm  
thuggin',  
She ain't buggin', sat on the crate, and then we  
mashed to the 'tele,  
Fucked her face, beat up the pussy, then I splashed on  
her belly,  
Scored my loot, backed up the place goin' ten dollars a  
cut,  
And found another bitch to holler before you ever wake  
up,  
Boo what'cha bout?

Bridge One (Threat & Uncredited Girl):

(Girl)

Girl, I'm tellin' you,  
If one more of these muthafuckas come up to me,  
Talkin' bout what the FUCK they can do for me,  
Girl look....

(Threat) Boo I could give you what you need

(Girl) Yes in-fuckin'-deed

(Threat) Spend a couple of G's

(Girl) Yes in-fuckin'-deed

(Threat) Ain't no tricks up my sleeve

(Girl) Yes-in-fuckin'-deed

(Threat) If you bout it, follow my lead,

I got a bundle of trees,

Let me put your mind at ease  
(Girl) Yes in-fuckin'-deed  
(Threat) Take a cruise cross seas  
(Girl) Yes in-fuckin'-deed  
(Threat) I promise to keep you pleased  
(Girl) Yes in-fuckin'-deed  
(Threat) You and me, a shoppin' spree up in the West  
Indies,  
Let me cater your every need  
(Girl) Yes in-fuckin'-deed  
(Threat) Be the air that you breathe  
(Girl) Yes in-fuckin'-deed  
(Threat) I bet you think I'm runnin' G  
(Girl) Yes in-fuckin'-deed

(Threat):  
You say nothin' comin' for free, but tonight it's on me,  
I'm the T-H-R-E-A-T,  
B-double O-T-C-A-M-P,  
We bout to leave boo, it's long overdue,  
Girl I'm goin' over you,  
How about a late night squeeze?  
Don't be a late night tease,  
GIRL!

Chorus (2x)

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