

Sylk-E Fyne F/ Chill**"Yay Deep"**

Visit "[Yay Deep](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Ha, ha,
south,
west,
riders,
south,
west,
riders.

(*E-40*)

Huh! Rockin an rollin, like the car was stolen,
on my way to see my weebles up in deep east Oakland,
smokin on some premo, in a clean ass, coke white El
Camino,
dual exhaust sparkin,
park it like Reno, I ain't soft I see some hoes in miskina,
lookin like they wanna get tossed,
E-40 you be careful 'fo I tell one of yo biggest fans,
do what you do all I listen to is you Maxwell, and Erykah
Badu.

(*Richie Rich*)

When I was off on caviars, dalmation spotted,
niggaz spoke on me like I wasn't nobody,
foolish as a youngsta I packed eightballs,
broke the ice, an often sold weed to stars,
but hey now an they how I run my sweet,
Yay Deep from the lungs to expose my heat,
like my nigga 40 waters an Legit wit the B,
niggaz know fuck tha cuttie wit the triple gold beam.

(*B-Leigt*)

Niggaz from the Bay be so damn vicious,
fly to Atlanta fuck Morehouse buisness,
it ain't no swishers, juss zigs, an zags hoe,
super bad bitches turn regular tracks hoes,
we mack hoes, then sell 'em a dream,
from here to California have 'em holdin my cream,
I'm on a winnin team, off heen an begals

make 'em drink 'fo a bitch nigga pay me.

(Chorus)

We slide, we slide, from south to west we ride. (x4)

(*Richie Rich*)

Now slip, slip slidin, rip, rip ridin,
I hurt a mutha fucka when I bang westside,
see this side be the smokes bliss side,
not the if, if was a fifth side.

(*B-Legit*)

Well pass it to me, pass back to you,
hit the light green til I turn dark blue, I'm through,
need not to do what I do,
Yay Deep only fuck wit a few.

(*E-40*)

But if I hit rock bottom an lose everythang,
I come back up, pimp, pawn my weddin ring,
re-up, re-cop buy some yeyo,
auction my shit off nigga give 'em rum an zale.
BEEATCH!!!

(chorus x4)

(*B-Legit*)

I'm Yay Deep, come an talk sleep, el g, in this old jeep,
out slangin by the oak tree,
you know me the homie wit the big O dub's,
an everytime you see me I be blowin it up,
I'm from the land of the weed dealaz,
heat killaz,
heat feel the half fo the scratch nigga fuck that,
bounce back an make you bubble,
long as you don't double yo dribble,
campaign wit the swift hoes.

(*E-40*)

I went from a, ten speed wit a backpack,
to a, six-seven coupe left wit a luggage rack,
to a 400 SEL,
to a fresh off the show room floor V-12,
I'm a timin ass tycoon from magazines,
I remember when my shit wasn't always clean

rappin niggaz, an hustlin that's my bread an butta,
you niggaz betta hurry up cuz there's money in this
mutha fucka!!!

(*Richie Rich*)

Cuz I take morphine fate, cuz I serve mo fiends,
fuck wit bitches duct-tapes to crates,
Richie be the ballin bitch if ya snooze ya lose,
ride hoes like vogues, switch up like tennis shoes,
bitches gettin one mo chance to suck dick,
hataz who be waivin they hands, duck quick,
we buck shit,
yo gift be the four-fifth,
tough niggaz play sweet, park we Yay Deep.

(chorus x4)

BIAAAATCH!! Fo sho! 40 waters, B-Legit an Double R,
we ride.
Southwest, riders, southwest riders man, you know
what we do,
E-freeze-fozereeze, wit Z-Savage, that nigga, Double R,
Double R in the
house we ride, Richie Rich, we ride, seven-o-seven,
seven-o-shnebin,
enough.

(chorus x4) Sik Wit It.

Visit [Sylk-E Fyne F/ Chill](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.