

Yukmouth "Hey Boy"

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[Chorus:]

Is it me or a 745
Come on with Pirelli tires
Plus I'm lookin hella fly
That's why I got these bitches like
HEY BOY, HEY BOY, HEY BOY

Could it be they see me pull up in a G4
Stuntin like an eagle
So flossy in my street clothes
That's what got these bitches like
HEY BOY, HEY BOY, HEY BOY

[Verse 1:]

Chea, Chea
She like the flyest guys
In the flyest rides
BALLIN! Like Jim Jones we flyin high
That new four door flyin spurt, flyin by
Maui Wowi in the coconut blunt, hawaiiin high
Hopin out the ride
Look at mami's eyes
She see the 22's, now mami wanna ride
A hundred carrot charm
Call me the fall guy
Cause I be stuntin nigga throwin hundred's in the sky
You niggaz make it rain
I make it hurricane
You smokin mary jane
I got that purple mayne
And I can leave with the phattest bitch, swervin lanes
Here come my game, so dummy, that I deserve the
brain
You see the biker chain hangin from the air, ticks
You see the protege's, same on my feet
You see the dvs', the same on my teeth
Shinin on them hoes [?]

[Chorus:]

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[Verse 2:]

Her legs is so soft
Her ass is so soft
Her tits is so soft
She love niggas that soft
But I go soo hard
Like Wayne on that 'caine in the coke chart
BMF style poppin rows at the Crow Bar (SOUTH BEACH!)
Miami Life
Dodgin Miami Vice
They go to David Bling, Kissin Miami Ice
There go my Haitian niggas, rep Miami right
We at the Rolex, trickin on Miami dykes
I'm at the Harlem Knights, when I'm in H-Town
It's Rap-A-Lot for life, call it J-Town (J-Prince!)
When I'm in A-Town
I'm at the Body Tap
I'm with my nigga Sean Paul, and everybody strapped
I got a Georgia Peach
We call her From The Front
Because the ass so big, you see it from the front
I mean the ass so big, I hit it for a month
After I hit it, I could pass a bitch just like a blunt

[Chorus]

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