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## Yung Berg "The Sandlot"

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Featuring Jordan Hollywood & Naledge

Come kick it with a virgo Come kick it with a virgo

(Intro) Red on the Beat Hit maker Yeah yeah Okay Hey Lay out, a nigga got everything you want in this world you know Keep that bitch with him check , racks on deck check Niggas ask me what I want for my birthday man

(Verse)

Will I die bury me up in the studio When I die bury me up in the studio All I want for my birthday is a hit with your girl All I want for my birthday is a hit with your girl My nigga bought a bitch, he bought a bitch for me Song writing shorty I get rico love money Benz on benz need the plug money All these carats on my neck competes with Bugs Bunny Looking at these hoes who I'm gonna fuck tonight Drop the C4 in your dick like dynamite Porsche panamara and it shine away Kill you on your own song, you can die tonight Just met a new singer in an 80 yale Shawty got a ass on em, my lil K Michelle Put the rum and my homies I ain't met the twail You hoes ain't gonna have me on no paper trail

(Verse)

Chrome magazine in my kool aid I fuck your girl on my cool crates And my crib is so big I'ma need about 10 roommates Fuck about better use my shoe lace

These hoes ask me about school days I still your bitch like a boot leg 'Cause I'm packin' no suitcase I fuck her in the aquarium She walk around and sing my lyrics I'm a private jet and you space Got a gun on my shoulder like a parrot I'm rolling up my swishers I'ma riding on my mansion I'm a white boy I ride boy But Berg you still my new I spit flames, this beat is lighter fluid They told me that I'm crazy For making this type of music Them strippers looking at me Like I'm that type of person But I be throwing money Catch it like Michael Ervin

## (Verse)

Tear that out suburban looking like the plain close Me and bears players fuck the same hoes Me and bulls players got the same bitches Only difference is I don't gotta spend no riches Riding round that east side, poppin' dopes is knee high Call me a bum I got paper like I'm with street wise 5 wings fry hard with the knee high Bumpin those scrubs with a bitch that look like T Bye Bands will make her dance, tongue will make her come Put my dick inside bet that bitch is gonna run Matthew 14 on the A sweet All I want for my birthday is a couple freaks

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