

Yung Ro f/ Killa Kyleon, Felon**"No No No"**

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(*talking*)

G-g'eah, g-g'eah

G-g-g-g-g'eah, nope

[Yung Ro]

Got that poppy, I'm at the top I'm one

You're not you're dumb, slow daddy ay watch it son

Before I cock back the banger, and pop the gun

Have your moms like, not my son (no no no)

Ay I get real serious, about my currency dude

Fuck you up, and send you straight to the emergency
room

Have your people waiting on the doctor, hoping you get
well soon

But when he come out that room, he like (no no no)

That mean he didn't make it, they like why the violence

Bitch this organized crime, and we move in silence

So when you think you got away, and the coast is clear

The ghost is here, Nobody (no no no)

Ay say don't try that, we don't like that here

We hype like g'eah, live life like g'eah it's like that here

Don't talk to police, bet not talk to them people

I'm like officer I got amnesia, (no no no)

And I'm digging in your broad, and she loving the meat

Got her moaning screaming twisting loud, hugging the
sheets

Ooh, she love daddy cause he fuck her right

What's my name, she stutter like (no no no)

(*talking*)

Nobody bitch, it go down

I got my nigga in here with me, (Killa)

G'eah it go down (yeah yeah g'eah

I'm up in here mayn), say Killa

(ay ay ay) kill these niggaz man (ay ay ay ay)

[Kyleon]

I'm a pimp, Kyleon put bitches in they place

I make em walk that track, or put stitches in they face

Fuck a pimp cup, cause I can't stick it in my waist

Pull it out cock it, then stick it in your face

Love getting money, so I can stick it in the safe
And I ain't finna stop, until it's a mill ticket in the safe
So give me that ounce give me that brick, give me that
drank give me that dro
Try to make a move and run nigga, (no no no)
I keep bullets for you, and them niggaz you hanging
with
You fuck around, you'll be the new Color Changin' Click
You'll be the next turkey, with gun powder stuffed and
in your body
You ain't fucking with Kyleon, you ain't fucking with
(Nobody)
Y'all cake ass niggaz, must be out of your mind
Don't make the nine pop, and bust some'ing out of your
mind
You motherfuckers out of line, cause you suck to me
Even if rap was a threesome, you still couldn't fuck with
me naw

(*talking*)

G'eah (Nobody), Nobody nigga
It go down mayn, ay Kyleon man
I appreciate you coming through, fucking with your
people huh
Speaking of my people man, I got my nigga Felon
(I'm right here nigga) bet that let's do this

[Felon]

I spit flames, like pyros
That'll get you high lifted, like cheifing on hydro
Nigga, I'm nice with the bloody blow
While you dudes spit, trolly flows
And that's a, no no no
Even seen poke yo hoe, stro' post though
Bending and rolled, I'm filling the do the whip and the
fo'
And you know what it is, it's like (no no no)
Nigga, you not up to par
We not at the bar, we pouring bar
Hoes be like what the fuck, you slurring for
I'm like hold up trick, that's a (no no no)
Bitch, don't make wipe you down
Just get in the truck, and let me pipe you down
Pass you round, then drive past you clown
Now she thinking like, (no no no)

(*talking*)

G'eah that there, that was my nigga Marvo
AKA Felon, AKA Mic Burner, AKA Nobody
AKA I'll Break Yo Face If You Fuck With Me
G'eah and we doing it in here man, big g'eah

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