

Chris Ward f/ Killa Kyleon**"Hey!!!"**

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(*talking*)

Yellowstone in the house, Dead End in the house uh
Mobstyle, know the radio ain't gon like this one here

[Hook - 2x]

Heeey (heeey), (move to the flo')
If you ain't getting gangsta with it, (move to the do')
Hooo (hooo), you moving it slow
(work with it lil' mama, and move it some mo')

[Chris Ward]

I said heeey, when we came into play
Gone, so why you turn midnight to mid-day
By the way, you know we got them new J's on
Body rocking, like we just heard my 2-way song
Been getting twisted and glisted, for two days long
Can't see shit, but I can hear 'em saying (ooh they gone)
Ooh they wrong, for coming up in here like that
Hold up stop rewind, bring that shit back
You act like, you ain't buzzing a little
What you got in your cup, ain't buzzing a little
They way we pulled up in candy cars, it looked like a dozen of Skittles
And lil' mama you should be focused, on how I'ma cut up your middle
And I know, the chain is too chromey and too crushy
As if I slam dunked it, in a frozen blue slushy
That's when she said, (you must be that C. Ward kid)
Known for spitting flows, and acting retarded I said

[Hook - 2x]

[Kyleon]

I get gangsta with it, peep a G I be
Pulling every dime I see, in V.I.P
Attitude Leila Ali, with a J-Lo face
Chest size and thighs, with a J-Lo waist
Tempo at a slow pace, I need it fast
Hand attacks the ass, the other attacks the glass
For the Belvedere, Cristal and Cuervo shots

Max's, Simple Visi I play those lots
Ice connected to my body, like Lego blocks
All shapes colors and sizes, like Lego blocks
They so hot who is that, Kyleon and his crew
With Whodi, hollin' at lil' mama on the phone in the blue
Go to the bar purchase the Yak, and stomp to the back
It's crunk in the back, there's hoes bout a bunch in the
back
Club full of thugs and them gangstas, from the front to
the back
Hey lil' mama, let me see ya make it jump from the
back and say

[Hook - 2x]

[Chris Ward]
I hopped out, the red six
Fa sho you could tell the way I prevail, I'm bout my
bread sticks
Females y'all call chickenheads, we call head-chicks
And they only boppers, cause they heard we bled
bricks
Splitting up O's, hitting them licks
Serving the do's, trying to get them a fix
But other than that, I'm really just a lovable cat
Cause your main bitch love it, when I'm up in her cat
Because of the fact, I got mo' game than Coach K
And could clear the spot out, like a can of roach spray
With the force of a, Yellowstone lyrical sorcerer
I spit the kind of flames, that'll torture ya now say

[Hook - 2x]

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