

Yung Joc f/ Diddy "Hell Yeah"

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{*ad libs for the first 28 seconds as a machine counts money*}

[Chorus: Yung Joc]

Shorty what the mood is, stacks on deck (hell yeah)

Is that your life savings hangin 'round your neck (hell yeah)

You put some shoes on that old school 'llac (hell yeah)

Is you my nigga 'til they take your last breath (hell yeah)

Any kind I'm wit'cha way, wit'cha way I'm wit'cha (hell yeah)

Any kind I'm wit'cha way, wit'cha way I'm wit'cha (hell yeah)

Any kind I'm wit'cha way, wit'cha way I'm wit'cha (hell yeah)

Any kind I'm wit'cha way, wit'cha way I'm wit'cha

[Yung Joc]

Ay look, ay, Yung J-O-C now

E'rybody, know me, better believe I'm O.G.

Back back, gimme fo' feet, fo' the iron leave you with a slow leak

Slow creep through yo' neighborhood, black SS with the gator and the wood

350 big block under my hood, crack my window - smell that good

Wipe it down - I wish you would, bite my style - you wish you could

On my town - I rep my hood, 'til they lay me down - it's understood

Oh yes I ride for my homies, I die for my homies

I lost a couple loved, yeah I cry for my homies

Big guap' on deck, crack rocks on my neck

Patron shots up next, make it rain, leave 'em wet

What I got ay you can get it pimp, tell me what's the bid'ness pimp

Crush the cake then make it flip, then be shoppin on the Imp

If you think I'm lyin then my name ain't Joc

The hustle gotta hollerate cause I ain't gon' stop
Yeah I play my cards well but this ain't poker, I ain't
bluffin
And if you thug it like I thug it then I got one question

[Chorus]

[Yung Joc]

Oh yeah my swagger kill 'em, call me Belligi{?}
Williams
Don't let the smooth taste fool ya, J so sick need
penicillin
I love the streets boi, I fuck with D boy
Whole lot of money off in these streets so pull up a seat
let's eat boy
Haters gon' have plenty to say, long as pennies off in
my safe
So don't make me retaliate, AK spray every kinda
which-a-way (BRRRRAP~!)
I do shit you never seen befo', all my clothes next
season hoe
All my whips the cleanest yo, if you ain't gon' ball what
you breathin fo'
From hood to hood my name good, Cartier lens, frame
wood
Your bitch a 10, the brains good (I love this song) I
knew you would
Real recognize real, dawg that's just how I feel
I got nuttin but love to give, on everything that's how I
live

[Chorus]

[Diddy]

Aiyyo Joc, lemme get some of this man!
C'mon check this out

Okay I live it, I done it, oh yeah that's Hustlenomic\$
The ice, the clothes, leave hoes astonished
I know, you see it, think twice to believe it
Dope boy, magic, got my pinky gleaming
Give you the shoes off my feet, shirt off my back
The blueprint to these streets, show you how to make
that paper stack
C'mon (hell yeah) I'm there for real (hell yeah) I'm
super chill
(Hell yeah) If you need a tip I'm right here (LET'S GO~!)

[Chorus]

