

411**"Gyeah"**Visit "[Gyeah](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

G-g-g-g-g-gyeah, gyeah (gyeah)
G-g-g-g-g-gyeah, gyeah (gyeah)
G-g-g-g-g-gyeah, gyeah (gyeah)
G-g-g-g-g-gyeah, gyeah (uh huh)
G-g-g-g-g-gyeah, gyeah
G-g-g-g-g-gyeah, gyeah
G-g-g-g-g-gyeah, gyeah
It's that, damn, Ro, get 'em

(Hey, look)

I ain't battlin' rappers on 1 and 6 in Park man or
Kissin' Puffy's ass on Makin' of the Band
I'm in nobody land, you countin' up grands
With a dime piece ho convincin' her to leave her man
Got a blunt in my hand, X, O, and I'm sippin'
High as fuck I'm trippin' and I ain't trippin'
Pimpin' and I ain't slippin' 'cause slippin' ain't me
'Cause I can't afford a loss, plus slippin' ain't free
I'm a motherfuckin' G, with an O in the front
Trust me slow daddy, you don't want to front
I'm Mr. Nobody man, do what nobody can
Talk nobody slang, it's a nobody thing
They look at me just like I'm nothin'
But speakin' like I'm somethin'
So I greet 'em like it's nothin'
Conceited and I'm rushin'
Back to my business 'cause I'm needed for some
questions
I'm all balls, at my desk seated like it's nothing
Got warrants in my mail, I open, read 'em like it's
nothing
Got a hungry white lawyer, he goin' eat it like it's
nothing
So I get it like it's nothin' and treat it like it's nothing
Two-way ringing, I'm busy, I delete it like it's nothing
I'm readin' and I'm puffin', drinkin' Hennessey
Thinkin' 'bout bitch niggas, and my confused enemies
(oh)
What's the problem, j-j-j-j-just scared
Get the fuck out of here, g-g-g-g-g-gyeah

G-g-g-g-g-gyeah, gyeah [x8]

It's King Cooper, get 'em
(Ay, ay)

You say that you want fire come hire the Messiah
You say that there's one higher than Cooper, there's
none, liar
I got athletic compadre's that will run by you
And pitch that white thing in your hand like an umpire
Come try a nigga like me, the flow is so complex
If you hate me don't come, 'cause after that comes
plex in a form
Of two ladies who act like they want sex
Put her tongue in your mouth, no, put the heat to your
chest, yes
I call them ho-bots, take orders like robots
Then come home with all the dough you got hidin' in
your socks
(Gyeah, hold up my mind movin' too fast for me
Let me catch up with myself, gyeah, gyeah)
Head busters lurking where I lurk, put a squirt in that
guys shirt
'Cause they know how much I'm worth and go bankrupt
if I'm hurt
I'm launchin' that ho that'll go put that iron to that guys
shirt
Don't matter where you plant your foot on the Earth,
you on my turf
Got boys in Oakcliff that's deep in that drug zone
That will go put that glove on, then go put that snub on
We'll put it to your dome, and we'll miss you when
you're gone
It's so hard to say goodbye's in this song
So don't think there's goin' be no apologies
My dough, a lot of G's, plus I know a lot of G's
That'll do it Bebo style and snatch, your Impala keys
No back talkin' nigga, just unload your pockets, please
Do I look like I'll be shortin' you, keep a gat
But next time I'll be short as two
I have you maxin' the blue hue a little more than who
That nigga killa hit a nigga and that boy'll be blue
Like the color blue, you know I'm royal
Somethin' for you I destroy you
Heat so far in your cheek saliva, and your cheek will
boil
And I hope your tongue burn, goin' learn that no perm
Can get your head hotter than what I got if my dough
turned up
Messin' now with your chick and I ain't goin' leave no
sperm

I get in ho's like rooms when the handle on the door
turn
You can be an underground rapper, or one with a major
deal
He's alright, but he's not Chamill... g-g-g-g-g-gyeah
gyeah.

G-g-g-g-g-gyeah, gyeah [x8]

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