

Baby Bash "Yeh Suh!"

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We deep
(Yeh suh)
We creep
(Yeh suh)
We throw, we blow
(Uhh huh yeh suh!)

We fly
(Yeh suh!)
No lie
(Yeh suh!)
Off the trunk and the dank so high
(Yeh suh!)

It's my arrival and my survival
I'm skyin' higher then Messiah and his Bible
Watch for that rifle watch for that psycho
Yo breezy chosen and she lookin' kinda tight though

Now if you talk that talk better walk that walk
Don't let this pretty face fool ya
'Coz I'm a savage like a Dallas Maverick
Got nephews that'll do ya

Snatch that jeerzy off your skeleton with the quickness
And if it's wall ta wall betta gaurd your jaw we handlin'
bidness
Servin' this game like tennis we up in this mean
muggin'
Crackin' the fuck up at them squares dream thuggin'

Blowin' our trees cousin it gets sticky in the pain
Tricky in the tank and don't miss me wit that dank
500 on the street equals 65 G's
In that Jordan briefcase like that boy from the piz

Bigger then show biz
So I'm stayin focused
When they holla at the club
How much them blows is?

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I remember when my thugs showed me how ta slang
heat
Hollerin' fixin ta talk man we gonna bring beat
Now guess what I'm goin' through and this what I stand
fo
Thuggin' ain't that legal but I'm doin' what I can boy

But I sound small as I'm is I'm raw as I'm is
I pop n lift mic's while I bench press heads
Down is all in it see niggas ballin' it
Ball aighty tellin' sad story we know why I got it

Niggas bad at the game they ain't showin no love
That's cold nigga deal with it show 'em you thug

Havin' Partnah's in prision and a few dead friends
Was the streets way of showin' me two dead ends

Then the beats got to showin' me you can make ends
Goin' hard in the pank when the pussy boys can't
One thug that had some said that boy Bash
That manilla world max pain comin' for that ass yes
suh!

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I'm just a mack man
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And if it's crackin' where you mackin'?
Where you at man?

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