

## **Bada**

### **"Yes Yes Y'all"**

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We get the work, we do the dirt

We drop the vert on the car

We bend the corner off the floor

Because they know who we are

Yes, yes, y'all

We on a money making mission

Baby, stay on ya job

In the Cut, drunk as a skunk, gone little girl

Let me see you shake ya rump

While the beat go bump, I know you seen it post up

It make you lose ya mind when you see it close up

Give me Hennessey no ice

One lime and whatever the lady like

Super thick to def, I know I had to get her

She say she like a liquor dark like a nigga

Figured it out, girl, I like the way you figured it out

You drink and we go out

Yo, Slic PA run wit Fat Face the only

I run up on 'em, run up in 'em and leave 'em lonely

Believe that, game sharp as creased britches

I stay fresh, fresh too slick for these bitches

(Excuse me)

I'm a nigga with class

Superfly, I stay on they ass

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Because they know who we are

Slic Patna, baby

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Front Street shawty

Yes, yes, y'all

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Baby, stay on ya job

Blow a dub, hit the club nigga, showin' me love

Shawty at the bar recognize, shit wassup?

You coming wit me? Gonna see what it's gon' be

Now finish ya drink, I think she tipsy

Club close at 3, we post up campaign

In the V.I.P., little girl rubbing on herself

Off that Xtasy, slow down little lady

See I'ma treat ya good but everything ain't gravy

I like 'em with class, cute face, petite waist

And whole lotta ass, ya boy straight off Campbelton  
Road

Where them niggas ride vogues

Straight cut up on a hoe, you ain't know?

Take it slow, so you can maintain

We ride out 4 deep ain't nothing changed

Them peanut butter gut seats have 'em melting like ice

Didn't have to think twice, on the grind for me buying  
head for me

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Back Street shawty

Yes, yes, y'all

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Baby, stay on ya job

Up in the club I stay posted

Eyes fire red 'cause I'm toasted, roasting all these  
hoes

Sow motion coastin' by

Puffin' red when she had to see my fie

Now I'm on her keep poppin' like I'm big time

I sold it so a pound, I ain't have but a dime

Keep trying to get her back to the hotel

Steady fixin' got my pistol [Incomprehensible] for  
protection

Never slipping, mouth gripping make me touch and  
bust

Made a mess in her mouth washed up and peeled out

If it ain't no bank on it, I can't think on it

Hit her for her credit card, full tank on it

I stay down for mine, forever grind

Keep on stacking and stacking on this side street till it  
jump

Gotta get me meat, I'm about cheddar

Got to break bread, fie head or better, no way

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