

## Big Kuntry King "Yeah Remix"

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[Intro - Big Kuntry King]

P\$C

Block ENT

You know who this is mane, Big Kuntry King

C'mon

Aye

C'mon

Aye

C'mon

[Chorus - Big Kuntry King]

I'm in the club like

Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye

You popping pills? Yeah I'm on it

XO? Yeah I'm on it

You got the dro? Yeah I'm on it

You got them hoes? Yeah I'm on it

I'm in the club like

Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye

Grey Goose? Yeah I'm on it

On Patron? Yeah I'm on it

You got the dro? Yeah I'm on it

You got them hoes? Yeah I'm on it

[Verse 1 - Yung Joc]

Aye, nothing like a P\$C and Block ENT party nigga

Real niggas with real money, folk seeking Ferraris  
nigga

Dead bitches everywhere, twenties and fifties, throw  
them out

Slap them on they derriere, pull the dro and blow it out

If you see a scrub in the club, nigga point him out

Trying in the V.I.P.'s, no love, we throwing them out

Tell them plenty position, nigga stay in your lane

I'm fuck with real niggas like my nigga Kuntry King

So don't give me no lip, HK on my hip, get a hitter for  
flip

Need a Band-Aid for your drip?

In case you wondering, know how I'm balling where I  
stay

It's them Boyz 'N' Da Hood, we in the club like aye

[Chorus]

[Verse 2 - Big Kuntry King]

Give me a bottle of Patron, and a blunt of kush I'm  
good to go

I'm high as fuck, I'm in "The Matrix", bent on moving  
slow

Yes I'm the flyest, who told you that? The Oracle  
How could you ever doubt me? Ask your hoe she know  
Kuntry King (Kuntry King) no question, I'm on it mane  
Making busts all in the club, how you do that? I make it  
rain

And I got some more stacks, I'm finna make it storm  
bitch

Because you seeing money, don't try, thunder on my  
hip

P\$C and Block in here, T.I.P. Yung Joc in here

That means more pill popping, chicks pop in here

We over here, yeah, tell them this is how high  
Popping rubber bands, got them drinks on ice

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - T.I.]

I got a pistol in my pocket, throwing money in the air  
Tell them bitches get with pimping, ain't no money over  
there

Aye, you see Kuntry over there, throwing hundreds in  
the sky

Yeah this rap shit mine, I'ma run until I die

And you can run and you can hide, and you can talk  
and you can floss

You be running for your lives when I knock you niggas  
off

Aye, I can show you how to floss, Chevy with the dual  
exhaust

The old school cost a hundred thousand cash, real talk  
I know you niggas real soft, never be a real boss  
Keep kicking and sneak dissing, get them caps peeled  
off

The verses going to get you hurt, I don't care if the  
world saw

Your girl just saw me go off with Yung Joc we in the club  
like

[Chorus]

