

Fusebox

"Yeah Yeah"

Visit "[Yeah Yeah](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro:]

Yeah Yeah... Yeah! Yeah Yeah... Yeah!
Yeah Yeah... Yeah! Yeah Yeah... Yeah!
Yeah... Yeah... Yeah Yeah... Yeah!
Yeah Yeah... Yeah! Yeah Yeah... Yeah!

[Verse 1: Future]

All-white bitch to match my all-white Louies
Millionaire frames hand-made; I'm just coolin'
Kid so fly say it shines like a movement
Bitch say I party hard, told her I make movies
Popcorn kush: no strings on ya coochie
Pop a DVD in, rollin, cruisin'
Yeah yeah... yeah, up there, swear
Wristwear cold, chande-lier

[Hook:]

You see me? I see me too!
Wristwear cold, bad bitches on me too!
We don't do no one-on-ones: we fuck'em by the twos
Boy, you just got on one chain, you know we rock like
two-o... Yeah!
Yeah Yeah... Yeah! Yeah Yeah... Yeah!
Yeah Yeah... Yeah! Yeah Yeah... Yeah!
Yeah... Yeah... Yeah Yeah... Yeah!
Yeah Yeah... Yeah! Yeah Yeah... Yeah!

[Verse 2: Rocko]

Whole 'lotta white equal a whole 'lotta riches
Whole 'lotta jew-els, I bought these for these bitches
Rocko Beckham: I know how to kick it!
Finessed you, babe? I'm sorry, like Vinny "I ain't in it"
Reign hell on these bitches, got plenty I'm like Tiger
That nigga say he hot as me? Lil' buddy a liar!
Jump out that new Jaguar, superjump my kayer
P Zero Nero, gon' pump up my tires
Rocko Dinero: I'm all about dinero
You know I keep that heat on me, no way you can creep
on me
They was sleepin' on me, but now they workin for me
You see me? I see me too, bitch you can't ignore me

[Hook:]

You see me? I see me too!

Wristwear cold, bad bitches on me too!

We don't do no one-on-ones: we fuck'em by the twos

Boy, you just got on one chain, you know we rock like
two-o... Yeah!

Yeah Yeah... Yeah! Yeah Yeah... Yeah!

Yeah Yeah... Yeah! Yeah Yeah... Yeah!

Yeah... Yeah... Yeah Yeah... Yeah!

Yeah Yeah... Yeah! Yeah Yeah... Yeah!

[Verse 3: Future]

Mix-match my ice like I mix-match my hogs

Black, yellow, white: I change 'em up like I change
clothes

Don Corleone no cover for my eyesight

Everything black: boutta kill niggas on sight

Everything fly: boutta take flight outta sight

Bad bitch my type, two dykes, two nights

Two rights, can't deal Future no wrongs

ReRock stone like Fred Flintstone

Drinkin on lean: two cups styrofoam

Two phones, I can't take these home

Cause too many bitches wanna call my phone

Leave me alone while I get my lean on

Blowin' on strong, sippin on 'tron

Throwin up money, rippin my zone

[Hook:]

You see me? I see me too!

Wristwear cold, bad bitches on me too!

We don't do no one-on-ones: we fuck'em by the twos

Boy, you just got on one chain, you know we rock like
two-o... Yeah!

Yeah Yeah... Yeah! Yeah Yeah... Yeah!

Yeah Yeah... Yeah! Yeah Yeah... Yeah!

Yeah... Yeah... Yeah Yeah... Yeah!

Yeah Yeah... Yeah! Yeah Yeah... Yeah!

Visit [Fusebox](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.