

George Clinton

"Yeah, Yeah, Yeah"

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

[Remy Martin]

Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah
Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah
Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah
Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah
Yeah yeah yeah yeah
Check it

[Verse One: Remy Martin]

You see the girl get it popping like no other
Now they call me Streets cause I, be on the block and
I'm so gutter
My flow a butter; see Rem got a whole lot of game
but none of y'all lame dudes going to fuck her
I'm on some chill shit
But if you fronting then I will flip
I'll give it to a little chick real quick
Oh you a real bitch? You ain't a bit real
You got little tits and your face looks like Emmitt Till
First I'm a get it hot, then I'm a get a deal
My budget none stop, mine paying 10 mills
And when I'm not in the hood, I'm rocking the hood
smoke Vanilla dutches and stuff on Holly-a-wood
And if I, pollyin the dick it's got to be good
I tell him I could change his life just like the lottery
could
And now I got him good, he believes me and he should
Some dudes won't go down but a lot of them would
I know this nigga name, Eat-it-out, he like to eat it out
I just cooked in the crib and he still want to eat it out
(Damn!)

Oh God its Remy Martin
In a hot pink Porsche with the purple carpets
Nigga!

[Hook: Remy Martin]

Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah
Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah
Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah
Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah
Yeah yeah yeah yeah

[Remy]
Oh God!

[Verse Two: Fat Joe]

Hot enough swinging Crack, who could believe he's in
the cockpit (cockpit)
Overseas moving ki's like a locksmith (yeah)
Rocks from Witsick in the sits of neck (ok)
All I do is warn cause that's the big boy jet (ok)
Uh, you never rocked with the R in Chicago (noo!)
I picked up a bad bitch in a Marcielago (noo!)
I got cribs better year estates man (man)
I'm in L.A. with Atlanta plates fam (fam)
Still niggaz wanna go against Crack (Crack!)
But that's like ??? going against Shaq (Shaq!)
And that's too much diesel, I got too much people
(people)
Motherfuckers, you crazy I'll leave you (leave you!)
And I ain't got to tell how many sets I trip
But you can find me on the woods now that's a
testament
Or maybe at a lounge with an extra bitch
Eyecandy of the month, God damn she sick!
She got a problem, I can help her with that
Tell her man that she's fuckin with Crack
Bet he won't do nothin (nope)
Frontin like he gon' do somethin (nope)
Quick to tell you that his whole crew stunting (talk to
him!)
Talk to me, c'mon

[Hook: Remy Martin]

Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah
Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah
Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah
Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah
Yeah yeah yeah yeah

Yeah!

[Fat Joe]

Yeah, feel that right there
Nod your head to this shit right here, that real hip-hop
right there
It's Cook Coke Crack, TS, Remy Mar
Album coming, summer's ours cocksuckers
True Story, BX Burough, Uh!

