

Jessica Riddle

"Yes Sir"

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[Juvenile]

From N.Y. to the motherfuckin N.O.

{Whaaaaaaaaaaaaat?} What's up Envy nigga?

Hey, hey, nigga what's up?

His body get bucked so put some Hennessy in a cup

I'ma snatch me a hoe before I leave this bitch

Tell the DJ he better play my shit

That shit right there, is platinum off the top

You already know my reputation, I will fuck with the
cops

Whatever I'm at, guns and drugs involved

That gangsta shit bouncin from wall to wall

Women got in free and it's six to one

I'm fuckin some before it's done

If I don't know shit I know how to get that green

Like gettin them for 20, sellin them for 15

I got six hoes, that love me right

They'll love you too, if you're payin me right

I'm not that kind of cat that'll write books

but I could paint a picture in the ghetto on a lightpost

{Desert, Storm}

[Chorus 2X: Petey Pablo]

Come if you wanna come! (Yes sir!)

Jump if you wanna jump! (Yes sir!)

Bring it if you wanna bring it! (Yes sir!)

C'mon nigga, c'mon! (Yes sir!)

Come if you wanna come! (Yes sir!)

Jump if you wanna jump! (Yes sir!)

Bring it if you wanna bring it! (Yes sir!)

C'mon nigga, C'MON! (Yes sir!)

[Petey Pablo]

HEYYYY baby, you seen who's that came in the do'?

Ain't that that Carolina nigga they say that's outta
control?

I'm off the rocker nothin can stop me, I'm HOTTER
THAN HOT

Then got the Juvenile sweat the whole game around,
YOU BETTER WATCH HIM

'Fore I fuck around and come to your house
Park in your momma flowers and cuss the BIRD NIGGA
TO COME OUT
I'm crazy baby, I'm wild
I don't know if you heard about it but baby I been this
way for a while
I got some NEW SCHOOL
The cables that supposed to be ATTACHED TO THE
SCREWS
That done come loose and I don't know what to hook
'em to
Juve', Juve' - you better tell 'em what this thang'll do
SOUTHSIDE, RIDE OR DIE, fool who you talkin to? (YOU!)
I got enough to go 'round, my shit'll hit you from
Uptown
And you know I'm from North Carolina!
Lay 'em down for real - a done deal, done deal
Pigeon-toed, long nose, bald headed NIGGA!

[Chorus]

[Envy - over Chorus]

Yeah, fat shout, whole Down South, Midwest..
whaaaaaaaaaaaaat?

[Coke]

I'm the newer headbussa, baller bitch, bread toucher
Caddy white trucker, dropper, red gutter
Shut down the summer and ranger's newcomer
Ice blue and the rims look like cucumbers
I'm a hustler I serve the fiends
When it's ready I turn that light on like Krispy Kreme
man
Set up shop, O.T. in small farms
Like I got that dope and her-on, ear from hair on
Y'all don't really want no beef with I
I'm at your crib ith the ratchet like Allen I.
So you could jump if you want {FUCKA!}
You get crunk if you want {SUCKA!}
But I got asthma and I always keep the pump fucka
{FUCKA!}
Blow your brains on the dash like "Menace"
To identify you they gon' have to call yo' dentist
Coke keys, oasis where the heat be
Holla at a playa in the street, when you need me

[Chorus]

