

L.G. Wise "Hell Yeah"

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Sexy chica that'll pop the cris
while they watchin' you lick your lips
And you can puff the lye and you can pimp and ride
and you can thug until the day you die
Now you can smoke the blunts, tote the gats
And be the phatest one with the Lex
Homeboy you can pop the X, you can try sex
With the set tatted on your neck
You can be the H to the Izzo, V to the Izza
Really don't matter what y'all jiggas sizzay
You can live it up but you still gonna pizzay
Where you gonna run on Judgment dizay

Chorus

Hell yeah

You can go to Hell yeah

If you don't change, change, change, change, change

uh hua, chang, change, change, change, change

(repeat)

You can be like Pastor Troy and them New Orleans boys
Everyone flossin' up in the toys

Candy coated chevy comin with the noise
Everybody grinnin 'cuz its shiney boys
Everytime I turn around I see a jitter bug
Now the jitter bug wanna be a thug
Momma and Daddy and them ain't show no love
If you don't switch it up I'm gonna tell you what
50 years old still up in the club
Pay to see the young girls shake their butt
Don't need another drink, look at your gut
Need to go home, old nasty butt
I'm gonna tell you what, switch it up

Chorus

I represent Carolina and the M-I-A
Ft. Lauderdale and by the way, all my homies that's in
the Bay
5-0-3 what can you say
Atlanta, GA, can't forget VA, NYC and the USA, USA,

USA
Everybody in the USA

Chorus

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