

Soulja Boy "Wit My Yums On"

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[Intro]

Soulja boy tellem,
SOD money gang,
SOD money mafia,
Sod..its the label (yup)

[Chorus]

Rubberband chain on my neck (wit my yums on)
Screamin out stacks on deck (wit my yums on)
Cashin dem \$100,000 checks wit my yums on (yup)
Wit my yums on (yup)
Wit my yums on (yup)

Gucci bandana go great (wit my yums on)
Money comen so I keep it real (wit my yums on)
Man, imma tell yall how it is
Wit my yums on (yup)
Wit my yums on (yup)
Wit my yums on (yup)

[Verse 1]

Step up on the scene now you no who it be
Fresh yums wit da hat cant get like me
Im yellin I got my swag back
Pull up to the club seen clean in a cadilac
Yums wit da gucci grip
Your girl had a heart attack, when she my smile, you
old like an artifact
All I can say is wow, yums hat, yums bag, yums lugage,
pants, sack souljaboy da money man,
Your girls number 1 fan

[Chorus]

Rubberband chain on my neck (wit my yums on)
Screamin out stacks on deck (wit my yums on)
Cashin dem \$100,000 checks wit my yums on (yup)
Wit my yums on (yup)
Wit my yums on (yup)

Gucci bandana go great (wit my yums on)
Money comen so I keep it real (wit my yums on)
Man, imma tell yall how it is

Wit my yums on (yup)
Wit my yums on (yup)
Wit my yums on (yup)

[Verse 2]

My closet it amazing, its full of fruity colors, fruity
flavors, it look crazy
Im so busy, you so lazy

Im so clean, you so lame
Yellow yums chain, got money on deck
I got yums so fresh man, soulja boy tellem,
Yeah tellem like yu tld me to, I take a band and blow it
man its jus the grand, thats how we do
Yums is my choose of shoes and these how you
supposed to rock a candy pant wit a candy hat
Im so fresh I cabt stop

[Chorus]

Rubberband chain on my neck (wit my yums on)
Screamin out stacks on deck (wit my yums on)
Cashin dem \$100,000 checks
Wit my yums on(yup)
Wit my yums on (yup)
Wit my yums on (yup)
Gucci bandana go great (wit my yums on)
Money comen so I keep it real (wit my yums on)
Man, imma tell yall how it is
Wit my yums on (yup)
Wit my yums on (yup)
Wit my yums on (yup)

[Verse 3]

Cupcake, candy, apple, lemonade fresh money
Step up on da stage, make all the girls lose there
breath, im fresher den the next money
Keepin this hat tilt (tilt)and this chain on my chest man I
wear nuttin less den a grand
(grand) man (man) a whole duffle bag full of
rubberbands
Damn (damn) soulja boy da man
Now yall understand yall cant touch me busta, you
need to catch up cuz you still in da musta

[Chorus]

Rubberband chain on my neck (wit my yums on)
Screamin out stacks on deck (wit my yums on)
Cashin dem \$100,000 checks wit my yums on (yup)
Wit my yums on (yup)
Wit my yums on (yup)

Gucci bandana go great (wit my yums on)
Money comen so I keep it real (wit my yums on)
Man, imma tell yall how it is
Wit my yums on (yup)
Wit my yums on (yup)
Wit my yums on (yup)

Wit my yums on [x6]

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