

## Teen Top

### "Gyeah"

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G-g-g-g-g-gyeah, gyeah (gyeah)  
G-g-g-g-g-gyeah, gyeah (gyeah)  
G-g-g-g-g-gyeah, gyeah (gyeah)  
G-g-g-g-g-gyeah, gyeah (uh huh)  
G-g-g-g-g-gyeah, gyeah  
G-g-g-g-g-gyeah, gyeah  
G-g-g-g-g-gyeah, gyeah  
It's that, damn, Ro, get 'em

(Hey, look)

I ain't battlin' rappers on 1 and 6 in Park man or  
Kissin' Puffy's ass on Makin' of the Band  
I'm in nobody land, you countin' up grands  
With a dime piece ho convincin' her to leave her man  
Got a blunt in my hand, X, O, and I'm sippin'  
High as fuck I'm trippin' and I ain't trippin'  
Pimpin' and I ain't slippin' 'cause slippin' ain't me  
'Cause I can't afford a loss, plus slippin' ain't free  
I'm a motherfuckin' G, with an O in the front  
Trust me slow daddy, you don't want to front  
I'm Mr. Nobody man, do what nobody can  
Talk nobody slang, it's a nobody thing  
They look at me just like I'm nothin'  
But speakin' like I'm somethin'  
So I greet 'em like it's nothin'  
Conceited and I'm rushin'  
Back to my business 'cause I'm needed for some  
questions  
I'm all balls, at my desk seated like it's nothing  
Got warrants in my mail, I open, read 'em like it's  
nothing  
Got a hungry white lawyer, he goin' eat it like it's  
nothing  
So I get it like it's nothin' and treat it like it's nothing  
Two-way ringing, I'm busy, I delete it like it's nothing  
I'm readin' and I'm puffin', drinkin' Hennessey  
Thinkin' 'bout bitch niggas, and my confused enemies  
(oh)  
What's the problem, j-j-j-just scared  
Get the fuck out of here, g-g-g-g-g-gyeah

G-g-g-g-g-gyeah, gyeah [x8]

It's King Cooper, get 'em  
(Ay, ay)

You say that you want fire come hire the Messiah  
You say that there's one higher than Cooper, there's  
none, liar  
I got athletic compadre's that will run by you  
And pitch that white thing in your hand like an umpire  
Come try a nigga like me, the flow is so complex  
If you hate me don't come, 'cause after that comes  
plex in a form  
Of two ladies who act like they want sex  
Put her tongue in your mouth, no, put the heat to your  
chest, yes  
I call them ho-bots, take orders like robots  
Then come home with all the dough you got hidin' in  
your socks  
(Gyeah, hold up my mind movin' too fast for me  
Let me catch up with myself, gyeah, gyeah)  
Head busters lurking where I lurk, put a squirt in that  
guys shirt  
'Cause they know how much I'm worth and go bankrupt  
if I'm hurt  
I'm launchin' that ho that'll go put that iron to that guys  
shirt  
Don't matter where you plant your foot on the Earth,  
you on my turf  
Got boys in Oakcliff that's deep in that drug zone  
That will go put that glove on, then go put that snub on  
We'll put it to your dome, and we'll miss you when  
you're gone  
It's so hard to say goodbye's in this song  
So don't think there's goin' be no apologies  
My dough, a lot of G's, plus I know a lot of G's  
That'll do it Bebo style and snatch, your Impala keys  
No back talkin' nigga, just unload your pockets, please  
Do I look like I'll be shortin' you, keep a gat  
But next time I'll be short as two  
I have you maxin' the blue hue a little more than who  
That nigga killa hit a nigga and that boy'll be blue  
Like the color blue, you know I'm royal  
Somethin' for you I destroy you  
Heat so far in your cheek saliva, and your cheek will  
boil  
And I hope your tongue burn, goin' learn that no perm  
Can get your head hotter than what I got if my dough  
turned up  
Messin' now with your chick and I ain't goin' leave no  
sperm

I get in ho's like rooms when the handle on the door  
turn  
You can be an underground rapper, or one with a major  
deal  
He's alright, but he's not Chamill... g-g-g-g-g-gyeah  
gyeah.

G-g-g-g-g-gyeah, gyeah [x8]

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