

Future

"Yeah Yeah"

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[Intro:]

Yeah Yeah... Yeah! Yeah Yeah... Yeah!
Yeah Yeah... Yeah! Yeah Yeah... Yeah!
Yeah... Yeah... Yeah Yeah... Yeah!
Yeah Yeah... Yeah! Yeah Yeah... Yeah!

[Verse 1: Future]

All-white bitch to match my all-white Louies
Millionaire frames hand-made; I'm just coolin'
Kid so fly say it shines like a movement
Bitch say I party hard, told her I make movies
Popcorn kush: no strings on ya coochie
Pop a DVD in, rollin, cruisin'
Yeah yeah... yeah, up there, swear
Wristwear cold, chande-lier

[Hook:]

You see me? I see me too!
Wristwear cold, bad bitches on me too!
We don't do no one-on-ones: we fuck'em by the twos
Boy, you just got on one chain, you know we rock like
two-o... Yeah!
Yeah Yeah... Yeah! Yeah Yeah... Yeah!
Yeah Yeah... Yeah! Yeah Yeah... Yeah!
Yeah... Yeah... Yeah Yeah... Yeah!
Yeah Yeah... Yeah! Yeah Yeah... Yeah!

[Verse 2: Rocko]

Whole 'lotta white equal a whole 'lotta riches
Whole 'lotta jew-els, I bought these for these bitches
Rocko Beckham: I know how to kick it!
Finessed you, babe? I'm sorry, like Vinny "I ain't in it"
Reign hell on these bitches, got plenty I'm like Tiger
That nigga say he hot as me? Lil' buddy a liar!
Jump out that new Jaguar, superjump my kayer
P Zero Nero, gon' pump up my tires
Rocko Dinero: I'm all about dinero
You know I keep that heat on me, no way you can creep
on me
They was sleepin' on me, but now they workin for me
You see me? I see me too, bitch you can't ignore me

[Hook:]

You see me? I see me too!
Wristwear cold, bad bitches on me too!
We don't do no one-on-ones: we fuck'em by the twos
Boy, you just got on one chain, you know we rock like
two-o... Yeah!
Yeah Yeah... Yeah! Yeah Yeah... Yeah!
Yeah Yeah... Yeah! Yeah Yeah... Yeah!
Yeah... Yeah... Yeah Yeah... Yeah!
Yeah Yeah... Yeah! Yeah Yeah... Yeah!

[Verse 3: Future]

Mix-match my ice like I mix-match my hogs
Black, yellow, white: I change 'em up like I change
clothes
Don Corleone no cover for my eyesight
Everything black: boutta kill niggas on sight
Everything fly: boutta take flight outta sight
Bad bitch my type, two dykes, two nights
Two rights, can't deal Future no wrongs
ReRock stone like Fred Flintstone
Drinkin on lean: two cups styrofoam
Two phones, I can't take these home
Cause too many bitches wanna call my phone
Leave me alone while I get my lean on
Blowin' on strong, sippin on 'tron
Throwin up money, rippin my zone

[Hook:]

You see me? I see me too!
Wristwear cold, bad bitches on me too!
We don't do no one-on-ones: we fuck'em by the twos
Boy, you just got on one chain, you know we rock like
two-o... Yeah!
Yeah Yeah... Yeah! Yeah Yeah... Yeah!
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Yeah... Yeah... Yeah Yeah... Yeah!
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