Akinyele F/ Crystal Johnson "Yeah 'Eh Yeah 'Eh"

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(Intro: Mack 10)

Yo, Mack 10 (dirty cash, Reptile)
It's always good to have a little change
in your life ain't that right Pras? (That's right baby)
Yo, hahaha that's right well let me run it, check it

(Mack 10)

We do things and hood bangers, g's as we are Well even Mack can do a bar with a Refugee All-star Pras dance round the border like he Cassius Clay While I press round the hood with a big AK Stay fresh and unpredictable, they thought they knew me

They say; how can a thug from Cali bust with a Fugee? Cause I write and make... ignite, easy on the treble Now turn the bass up and check my Mic level As I get down, let mama peekin, but ain't speakin I guess a gang-bang thug... got baby tweakin Said your outfit is tight, it's my favorite color Red And plus your little black... is cute with your dreads Bet you ain't never had a nigga that roll a six-fo Hit a switch and then hop into a six double-o You know, street niggas make the game twice as nice So add a little spice and put a thug in your life

(Chorus w/variations)

Weeeeeee...

We got dirty cash for weed yeah, yeah Something for the streets, for all my thugs and freaks yeah, yeah

You, oooo, you

You better get up of your...

From a hooter, Alcatraz

Ain't no tellin where you might get blast yeah, yeah

(Pras)

Yes, yes y'all (yes y'all) it's dirty cash y'all (cash y'all) From the East to the West I manifest y'all Doin interviews with Harper Bazaar, how bizarre You're sit back smokin big Cuban cigars Yo, fly guys want getting jackin and fly cars If it's up to me, you'll get blast when the hole pars Thus far, no one can spar with my little troth from the flat bush I'll rip y'all and bust your show to Crenshaw

Flowin with Pras and some splash down to Jamaica Meet you at the shock bar, Alas se enica Place your bet yo pay your debt You cats with the fake crepes, I'll bust you with my Twin-Tack

For talkin out the side of your neck, aiyyo check We can showdown and lowdown when I'm sunset Make your move cowboy this ain't Hollywood You got the business's in the hood, INGLEWOOD!

(Chorus w/variations)

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(Reptile)

Would wise in ninety dance hall, bounce to this
Hip-hoppers with the dress, smoke an ounce to this
I spin hits, lyrically swift, speakin of business
Reptile, formerly know, Jersey delinquent
Nasty son of a gun, give up the funds
We come down hard like hundred-twenty tons
Refugee Camp, pumpin out the thousand watt amps
Created more than the monster like the Loch Ness
All hell's about to break when I'm loose
Tacklin, like Gorilla Monsoon naggin you like Mom
Dukes

And get a haircut; we put you niggas in a bear hug I dare thugs, tellin niggas do it like "Nike Air" slugs Take a death dive into the wilderness We got you feelin this, to the point your man wanna kill us

But we ain't laughin, we blackin, rushin, attackin Loaded with dirty cash and a Mack 10 (*echoes*)

(Chorus w/variations)

Weeeeeee...

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You better get up of your...

From a hooter, Alcatraz Ain't no tellin where you might get blast yeah, yeah

(Outro: Reptile)
Come on, come on, blow the smoke in the air
And puff, puff like you just don't care
Come on, come on, blow the smoke in the air
And puff, puff like you just don't care
Yeah what, what, blow the smoke in the air
And puff, puff like you just don't care
I said blow the smoke (blow the smoke)
Blow the smoke and puff, puff like you just don't care

(Pras) Uh, yeah, yeah, party people

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