

Sergio Mendes

"Yes, Yes Y'all"

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Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah

Yes y'all, yes y'all, yes y'all
Yes y'all, yes y'all, yes y'all
Yes y'all, yes y'all, yes y'all
Freak y'all, freak y'all
Freak y'all, freak y'all

To the beats y'all, beats y'all
To the beats y'all, beats y'all
And you don't stop and you don't quit
And you don't stop and you don't quit

Yo, Black's the real, he the thoroughbred for feel
Park the whip, jump out dressed to kill
Hop the charter flight down to Brazil
Ran right into will, "What up, Black?"
(What's the deal?)

A cape with a cain, you what's in a name
I got a little bit of change but I'm feelin' the same
Came here for a taste of the finer things
Because the girls look like different months in a
magazine

Judging how fast the word go
The probably already know we hang with Sergio
So, let's get a few classy girls, yo
And sip a little wine, anything but merlot

Though, live and let learn, use protekchurn
And twist a little something that's Katherine Hepburn
Fresh to death, still makin' them heads turn
Still got mine, but you got to get churn, yo

Know what I'm talkin' about?
There it is
(There it is)

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It's the Will.i.am, I'm killin' them
Got flows that float just like helium
These hoes know I'm drillin' 'em
So when feminine's thrown I'm throwin' them

The billin' 'em till I'm rollin' in millions
Gotta flip billions into trillions
Businessly, I'm brilliant
Turn pennies into twenties like the chameleons

But never put a chinchilla on a chick
Karma-style [unverified] too legit to quit
Hip-hop on and on and on and break mics constant
Till the break of dawn and

If you want to compete, come compete
Bring and mpc-16, make a big beat
We could take it back to the b-street
We could break, we could rap, do the graffiti, yo

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(There it is)

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Hey, 2na fish back to business
I hit the track like a sheer act of vengeance
Masked avengers get smacked and injured
Strapped'll get cho' back with some black suspenders

Autographs of the Jurassic crew
Flippin' flashes so fast like a fashion shoot

Classics, spittin' acid the fastest route
Bass'll hit yo face quicker than a passion fruit

Big cheese inflict sick disease
Make hits that'll make thick chicks strip tease
Clicks freeze when the trigger click squeeze
Makin' people in the disco duck like Riq Jeeves

But I ain't going to war wit' ch'all
And got no alcoholic beverages to pour for y'all
I'm gonna let these cats get there garbage off
While I crush y'all like Mikhail Gorbachev
Know what I'm talkin' 'bout, yeah

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(There it is)

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Don't you stop, don't you stop
Don't you ever quit
La la la

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