

Kenny Latimore**"Hell Yeah"**

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[Jay-Z]

We together on the same track now, baby!
Whatchu gon call us now?!

[Intro]

Holton Street, Dean Street (click clack)
Prezident (uh huh) nostril out (DP's) (Marcy)
Orange AI (RBGs) T-Town (Who wanna ride?)
Brooklyn, Come on, Come on

[Verse - stic.man]

Sittin' in the living room on the floor
Hunger pain got me on some migraine shit
But I'm a maintain
Nigga got 2 or 3 dollars to my name
And my homies in the same boat going through the
same thing
Ready for our cake, steady plottin for the paper
We been living in the dark since April
On the candle, gotta get a handle
My homie got a 25 automatic added to the gamble
Nigga get the phone book look up in the yellow page
Lemme tell you how we fend to get paid
We gonna order pizza and when we see the driver
We gonna stick the 25 up in his face
Lets ride, stepping outside like warriors
Head to the notorious Southside
One weapon to the four of us
Hiding in the corridor until we see the Dominos car
headlights
White boy in the wrong place at the right time
Soon as the car door open up he mine
We roll up quick and put the pistol to his nose
By the look on his face he probably shitted in his
clothes
You know what this is, it's a stic up
Gimme the do' from your pickups
You ran into the wrong niggaz
We running down the block hot with these pizza boxes
So we split up and met back at the apartment

[Chorus]

Hell yeah (yo ain't you hungry my nigga?)
Hell yeah (you wanna get paid my nigga?)
Hell yeah (ain't you tired of starving my nigga?)
Hell yeah (well lets ride then)
Hell yeah, Hell yeah

[Verse - M-1]

I know a way we can get paid
You can get down but you can't be afraid
Let's go to the DMV, and get a ID
The name says you but the face is me
Now it's your turn take my paper work
Like 1, 2, 3 lets make it work
Then, fill out the credit card application
And it's gonna be bout 3 weeks of waiting
For American Express, Discovery Card
Platinum Visa, Master Card
Cause, when you was spooked as shit then we was
targets
Now we just walk right up and say charge it
To the game we rocking brand names
Well known at Department Store chains
Even got the boys in the crew a few things
Po Po never know who to true blame
Store after store you know we kept rolling
Wait two weeks report the car stolen
Repeat this cycle like a like a laundry mat
Like a glitch in the system it's hard to catch
Coming out the mall with the shopping bags
We can take it right back then get the cash
Yeah, get a friend and then do it again
Damn right that's how we paid the rent (hell yeah)

[Bridge - repeat 2x]

Got to get this paper
I'm down for the caper, we steady on the grind
It's a daily struggle, we all gotta hustle
This is the way we survive

[Verse - Jay-Z]

As long as there's - drugs to be sold
I ain't waiting for the system to plug up these holes
I ain't slipping through the cracks
So I'm at Portland, Oregon tryin to slip you these raps
The first black in the suburbs
You'd think I had extasy, percocet, and plus syrup
The way the cops converged, they fucked up my
swerve
The first young buck that I served
I thought back to the block

I never seen a cop when I was out there
They never came out there
And out there, I was slinging crack to live
I'm only slinging raps to your kids
I'm only trying to show you how black niggaz live
But you don't want your little ones acting like this
Lil Amy told Becky, Becky told Jenny
And now they all know the skinny
Lil Joey got his durag on
Driving down the street blasting Tupac's song (Thug
Life baby!)
But Billy like Sue, got his blue rag on
Now before you know it, you backing em
Now the police, got me in the middle of the street
Trying to beat me blue, black and orange
I'm like hold up, who you smacking on?
I'm only trying to eat what you snacking on

[Chorus] (Jay-Z)
Hell yeah (y'all don't like that do you?)
Hell yeah (you fucked up the hood nigga right back to
you)
Hell yeah (you know we tired of starving my nigga)
Hell yeah (let's ride) hell yeahhh (let's ride)

[Bridge - repeat 2x] (w/ Jay-Z ad-libs)
If you claiming gangsta
Then bang on the system
And show that you ready to ride
Till we get our freedom
We got to get over
We steady on the grind

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