

## **Lil' Scrappy f/ E-40, Sean P**

### **"Oh Yeah"**

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[Lil Scrappy]

I hear everyone of you  
We do it like the army do  
I can go vertical  
Let's go, hey, hold up (hold up)  
No!!! Blow!!! Oh!!!  
C'mon, crank it, c'mon! Eh! Oh!

[Chorus]

Got Cartier frames coverin' up my eyes  
26 inches inbetween my tires  
Nut in my pocket metal --? three grand  
diamonds on my neck and a pistol in my hand  
I'ma get my nigga, grind like hell  
when I'm short on my G's I'ma crank up the scale  
Oh Yeah, Oh Yeah I'ma crank up the scale  
Oh Yeah, Oh Yeah I'ma crank up the scale!

[Lil Scrappy]

I'm never goin' broke no mo'  
aslong as my folks keep -guns-? and the blow  
They sell it on up and then they bring back mo'  
and everybody askin' what I got that work fo'  
(Got What!!!)  
Got diamonds in my shades, that Cartier frame  
You look up at my face  
and tell her you a -grain-?, the ho be amazed  
they be like OH!  
Nigga see it from the boss, see the way it glow  
Yeah! Them thangs twinkle in the light right  
I don't know, I jus twinkle in the lime light  
gotta Chevy same color as a can of Sprite  
sippin' on the X.O. got me feelin' right  
I've been livin', my whole life pimpin'  
you'll never catch me slippin'  
fuckin' with ya'll women  
Scrap be chillin', I stay on the grind  
It's hard life we livin', I stay with my nine

[Chorus]

[Sean Paul of Youngbloodz]  
I ain't gotta hit these streets no mo' (no mo')  
Criss inten-ed-ed fo' a show  
Notice I ain't out but four times every week (every week)  
during the time four every week get G'ed (get G'ed)  
Cartier shade with the gator cut wood (cut wood)  
proud of football, damn ya'll niggaz do it (do it)  
Whenever we in Atlanta now they callin me and you (you)  
everyday I'm hustlin' diamonds up against the wood (wood)  
Dope boy fresh dressed in red monkey clothes (clothes)  
gotta stay fresh fo' you dead monkey ho (ho)  
26 inches sittin' tall like whoa (like whoa)  
Get the cameraman I'm a God damn show  
Shower cap and all, bitch you already know (know)  
fuck around wit dope, and squeeze some money outta ho (ho)  
Get my nigga, yeah I grind like hell  
rubberband around my money, like a God damn playa (damn playa)

[Chorus]

[E-40]  
Ooooooooooh!  
Swapped out grill  
they say that hustla that (that) boy worth a few mill  
he sittin' at the bar tearin' up hundred dolla bills  
that's his car parked in the front door on them big wheels  
He ain't never been a punk!  
Ooooooooooh!  
Booga Suga Pusha  
fuck a state troopa  
I'm livin' fo the moment, I ain't livin' fo the future  
Producer bring it to you, bring the noise like a tuba  
crack your peanut shell, run up on you with the ruga  
Smoke herb like a hippie (hippie)  
drank like a pirate (pirate)  
wrist real crisp (crisp), haters don't like it (like it)  
Jacket full of trays (trays), gotta get my chips (chips)  
manipulate your braud, put your chick on Craig List (List)  
Traffic I'm in and out (out)  
gotta work when it's a drought (drought)  
don't take the main street (street)  
take the other route (route)  
Sucka use your head

dumby..  
you heard what I said  
I'm gettin' carpal tunnel while I'm countin' all this bread

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