

Shaquille O'Neal F/ Peter Gunz, Public Announcemen "Yeah That's Us Remix"

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Remix
Hot runners
My nigga TL
Uh, MF shit, uh uh
Like that here, uh
Aleta!

(Chorus)
Yo who them playas makin money now? (Yeah that's us)
Wrist glis when its sunny now (Yeah that's us)
Cristal at the bar now (Yeah that's us)
20 inches on the car now (Yeah that's us)
But who them playas most hated now? (Yeah that's us)
Straight from the hood but we made it now (Yeah that's us)
Plaques platinum plated now (Yeah that's us)
MF come on baby say it now (Yeah that's us)

(Spade)
Ayo yeah that's us
We leave the lanes in the back
Play the range wit the rack
Or the Benz wit the hatch
Chrome the rims to match
Wit that shit in the ear
Yeah that's us fresh dressed when its jiggy affairs
Cause I'm a hot boy
Stayin warm in a cold land
Wit the D on any baller wit a cold hand
Die young?
I wanna be a rich old man
Two grand, blue and tan
Picture me rollin

(Dutch)
Yeah that's U to the S
M to the F
Niggas hate us
Cause we are what they tryin to be
It's us again

BET, videos, and broads
It's us again
Billboards, stares gettin hard
It's our time
Land jets on and off
Girl where you wanna go?
Aint to worry bout the cost
S-5 wit the cranberry gloss
Double nadas on top of it all

(Chorus)

(Bumpie Johnson)
Yeah that's B-U-M-P-I-E
You know how I be playa
Slanted eye 5
Bandana high tied
Goddamn it I'm fly!
Keep the stash in the car
Blow stacks at the bar
Jewels rock
Don't know?
Better ask who we are
Hard as shit
Hate to see me ballin, bitch
Pinky rings get "ooohs"
But they applaud the wrist
Standin O for the chain
I floss the pits
Only fuck wit the Figgas
I aint got no friends
Who dem playas waitin for yo ass in a parked Benz?
Turn yo head
Think we floggin out
But we them same cats that be ridin out
While you all up in the bar on your fake ass hemi rot
Run up the in the bar give you a real ass semi-shot
In this game niggas can't be trust
Who them playas comin for the title?

(Chorus)

(Bianca)
First bitch
Never salute me as a lady
Glass tint, pass vent
Jag coupe doin 80, shit
Yall know the name
Nigga the first and the last
For all of that I draw back
The first one to blast

See I blow high, blow pie
All on yo set
Sho shot, throw rocks
All on the neck
The show stop
When we ball in the 'vettes
Eleven karats on the chest
And it's all in bigettes

(Gillie)
Last but not least
The Kid on that Philly shit
Nine milli on the hip
Know the name
Gillie, Beitch!
Like Trinidad
Stick the jab
Back these niggas off me
Spin the jag
Sugar white
Slippers glossy
Link flossy
Wheel tinted
Bitches salty
All they see is a mink hood over the baldy
Then blazin
We drop, yall see nathan
Fuckin wit M dot F, the amazin, shit

(Chorus)

MF, future of the rap game
Yeah that's us at the bar
Yeah that's us wearin watches you can't even tell the
time on, that's us
If you lookin around and you wonder why its like it is its
cause of us
So either roll over or get rolled over, playboy
That's the way its gonna be in 2000
You know they gonna feel this one

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