

# Hey Y'all

Eve

Yea Yea, Evie Eve  
And you know, you better know

I keep some chuck's on my feet khakis on my legs  
Trunk full of funk nigga while im breaking bread  
Sliding through your system banging, bobbing heads  
Doing mines and I don't care what other niggaz saying  
They can pop it, but they can't stop it, boy I'm getting mine  
Selling clothes up in this bitch like Calvin Klein  
Getting cuties to shake they booty at the same time  
I'd be damned If I go back to jail for the same crime  
I'm to slick to get caught up in this dirty game  
I'm a scollar that make dollaz off the birdy game  
Crip hopping I got it popping on the Blvd.  
Man I ain't fucking with chevy's I got my own car  
D-O Double you don't wanna rumble, why you testing me  
Oh I know, you must be gone off them extacy  
Bad habits you better kick it before it get you loc  
And try to get yourself hooked on this chronic smoke  
Fo' sho!!

Hey Y'all, doggs from East to West Coast  
All my doggs we could smoke, we 'bout to take some bank roll  
Everywhere that I go, man I see the same hoes  
I know they already know, yea we like it real raw  
Snoop, Evie Eve and Nate Dogg

(uh-huh) These niggas got you head nodding  
And this chick got the drums from your ears throbbing  
Known to do it, baby bubblin do 'chu dare stop it  
Love when bitches hate you, hear the song pimps  
ain't nothing to me, Got my nigga Snoop he been down  
As for my nigga Nate, shit he was in town  
created heat so you can bang it, crank it nice and loud  
Can't block me out I'm popping up Evie Eve, I'm upon your tv  
Ain't never stuck up off the freeziness  
Same bitch, same pitch nothing rediculous  
Want this brown girl I see you thug lick your lips  
Gotta have that bombshell, damn girl I need you for me  
Keep love on the both sides, we in the church  
On these niggas getting smoke ties, dominoe playing  
Up here praying that they legalize, but fuck it still choke top down  
Baby blowing smoke in the sky, come on

Now when you see me acting up in the club (it ain't nothin)  
Uh six fall up on dub's (it ain't nothin)  
Huh breaking up blueberry buds (it ain't nothing)  
And every hood showing nothing but love (it ain't nothing)  
Taste buds ain't the same, for the simple brain  
Should of never let me learn what millions really mean  
Yea I'm a simple girl, but really don't want simple things  
Keep real doggs close, hate cats with simple brains  
Not ready for the collision, stay up in your lane  
East coast, West coast, you still don't fuckin think  
Dedicate to you baby, keep your gangsta lean

You gots to be my queen, cause I'm the Bigg king

The one with the Bigg house with the Bigg things  
Sista Eve, you blessed the whole scene  
You're the queen of the team, with cream, you're so supreme  
A blessin in the skies, open up your eyes  
Me and you together shit, we gone collect the vibes  
Exercise, and go where we wanna go, stay fly  
Sho' and original, turn up your stereo  
Cause here we go, here we go

It ain't nothing