

# Yes, Yes, Y'all

Geto Boys

[Scarface]

Give it up for the invincible, it's H-Town's finest  
The GB, the general, the street shit, the timers  
The motherfuckin criminals, see we keep it grimy  
You niggaz chemicals, the weed got you blinded  
I'm the original, the author of this G-shit  
You niggaz pitiful, cause y'all be on some weak shit  
Me I'm a nigga from the gutter motherfucker  
If rap wasn't payin I'd hit the street cause I'm a hustler

[Willie D]

It's Willie D y'all, it's been a minute y'all  
I'm still in it y'all, fuck the critics y'all  
Hoe niggaz make me hotter than tabasco  
Play with my money I'ma kick you in your asshole  
I see the videos, I read the magazines  
Don't watch award shows, too many faggot scenes  
I'm a machine, got a pistol in my loose fist  
I'll leave you twisted on the ground in your boots bitch

[Bushwick Bill]

Well this is Chuck Dawg (will you ever love another bitch?)  
Fuck nah! (What's your position on a snitch homey?)  
Fuck laws! (They say the Beatles was the biggest)  
Nigga fuck Paul, and the rest of y'all!  
I'm the little motherfucker with the big dick swangin  
Nuts still hangin, got hoes singin the blues  
Geto Boys in this bitch still bangin  
And ain't shit changin (uh-uh) ain't shit changin  
Don't like faggots, hate politicians  
Can't stand snitches, know the Feds listen  
So I, send the whole world a fuck you note  
Schumaker's got a desk job, fuck you hoe! (Aww nah!)

[Chorus x2: Geto Boys]

I keep it real with it, to the hill with it  
You gotta deal with it, cause you can still get it  
And every morning when I get up I know shit don't change  
I'm gettin money out these six mo' thangs

[Willie D]

I run circles around foes and cross 'em out like tic-tac-toe  
Money money money gotta get that dough  
I'm a Northside rider, pimp-slappin these biters  
Fall into the club and bitches eyes get wider  
I like the way she look up in that liberty skirt  
But 95% of the shit is brainwork  
I might buy a couple of drinks, and shoot at her drawers  
If she ain't talkin 'bout fuckin I'ma get on dawg

[Scarface]

Now gimme five or six chickens I'ma flip those birds  
Cook it up in momma kitchen, let me get mo' serve  
If a nigga catch me slippin I'ma get that nerd  
Can't let you get away with that, that shit don't work  
I wear a white t-shirt, white sneakers and hat  
Somethin cool on my wrist, a nice piece to match

Hoppin out of somethin foreign like the beast I snatch  
I don't do a lot of fashion papi, I'm just Brad  
It's like that y'all (that y'all) this y'all (this y'all)  
I like a skinny bitch, I like the big broad

[Bushwick Bill]

It's like this y'all (this y'all) that y'all (that y'all)  
I like to stand and hit it from the back y'all  
I ain't the cutest nigga rappin but I still got hoes  
Snatch the baddest piece up in this bitch with one eye closed  
R. Kelly that's my nigga so I like girls young  
18 or 23, black and white, girls cum  
Little Richard like the singer, Dick for short but Bill  
Short mon from Jamaica, Brooklyn the real  
5th Ward my second home, now I'm back to strike  
Rap-A-Lot, street music, Geto Boys for life

[Chorus]

C'mon

Whassup - whassup, whassup, whassup?  
Whassup, whassup, whassup?  
Whassup, whassup, whassup?  
Whassup, whassup?  
Whassup, whassup, whassup?  
Whassup, whassup..