

## Yessir

Kurupt

Now, why should I play around?  
Lay it down like most of y'all and lay around?  
I'd rather gather hollow heads and lay ya' down  
But I'm a little too old to play around  
You still bangin' Dr. Dre and Dogg Pound  
Snoop is still the hottest motherfucker out  
Yessir! We still around  
Yessir! We still world renowned  
I caught silence, I silence sound  
I'm under the radar, stuff silent sound  
I'm here, my dude, I am born again  
We saber-toothed tigers, y'all Cornish hens  
Y'all cornball ballas, we presidents  
With presidential-acquired hidden residents  
Yessir! We residents  
And controllers of secret soldiers and regiments  
Yessir! We ball out  
Yessir! Till we fall out  
We get high (get high), we don't have to try  
We don't have to look and we don't have to buy  
We don't have to make ends meet to get by  
We don't have to try, I am that guy  
Yessir! I am that guy  
Yessir! I am that fly  
I can't help it and I can't stop  
And I won't stop and I don't stop  
I'ma take the top and put it where the bottom drop  
Then I'ma reverse it and make the bottom hit top  
See this is what they all call the top spot  
Then I'ma show the top where the bottom stop  
I am everything that is anything  
I can't sing a note so I let the semi sing  
Send em out on a mission, see what the semi bring  
Back home to your selected and newly-elected king  
Now that's gangsta (5x)  
See that's gangsta  
Now that's gangsta  
(keepin it gangsta wit'chall)  
Now that's gangsta (gangsta)  
Gangsta (gangsta)

Yessir! I am that guy  
Yessir! I am that high  
Rollercoaster, this whole movement's over  
Givin' ya west coasters, the cold shoulder  
I am ready, yes, I am here  
I am back, Jack, the spinner of the year  
Let's get one thing here real crystal clear  
We reappear, their hopes disappear  
Evaporate, dissipate, your folks disappear  
And if you were smart you wouldn't be here  
Now that's what I call a double whammy  
I don't need the white folks, I get ghetto Grammys  
Yessir! I get ghetto Grammys  
Yessir! My women's eye candy  
I can't help it and I can't stop  
And I won't stop, that's why I don't stop

I'm similar to Biggie, similar to Pac  
Similar to Snoop, similar to Doc  
Similar because they all taught me something, ock  
Firsthand, like cock and pop before a nigga talk  
I'm airborne, you're grounded  
Like you hid your report card and your mama found it  
Yessir! I found it  
My drrrr-ream to go far as God allows me  
The sky's the limit  
It's in my arm's reach,  
So I'ma reach as far as my arms reach  
Gangsta (Now that's...gangsta)  
(Keepin' it...gangsta wit'chall)