

# Wit My Yums On

Soulja Boy

[Intro]

Soulja boy tellem,  
SOD money gang,  
SOD money mafia,  
Sod..its the label (yup)

[Chorus]

Rubberband chain on my neck (wit my yums on)  
Screamin out stacks on deck (wit my yums on)  
Cashin dem \$100,000 checks wit my yums on (yup)  
Wit my yums on (yup)  
Wit my yums on (yup)  
Gucci bandana go great (wit my yums on)  
Money comen so I keep it real (wit my yums on)  
Man, imma tell yall how it is  
Wit my yums on (yup)  
Wit my yums on (yup)  
Wit my yums on (yup)

[Verse 1]

Step up on the scene now you no who it be  
Fresh yums wit da hat cant get like me  
Im yellin I got my swag back  
Pull up to the club seen clean in a cadilac  
Yums wit da gucci grip  
Your girl had a heart attack, when she my smile, you old like an artifact  
All I can say is wow, yums hat, yums bag, yums lugage, pants, sack souljaboy  
da money man,  
Your girls number 1 fan

[Chorus]

Rubberband chain on my neck (wit my yums on)  
Screamin out stacks on deck (wit my yums on)  
Cashin dem \$100,000 checks wit my yums on (yup)  
Wit my yums on (yup)  
Wit my yums on (yup)  
Gucci bandana go great (wit my yums on)  
Money comen so I keep it real (wit my yums on)  
Man, imma tell yall how it is  
Wit my yums on (yup)  
Wit my yums on (yup)  
Wit my yums on (yup)

[Verse 2]

My closet it amazing, its full of fruity colors, fruity flavors, it look crazy  
Im so busy, you so lazy  
Im so clean, you so lame  
Yellow yums chain, got money on deck  
I got yums so fresh man, soulja boy tellem,  
Yeah tellem like yu tld me to, I take a band and blow it man its jus the grand,  
thats how we do  
Yums is my choose of shoes and these how you supposed to rock a candy pant w  
it a candy hat  
Im so fresh I cabt stop

[Chorus]

Rubberband chain on my neck (wit my yums on)  
Screamin out stacks on deck (wit my yums on)  
Cashin dem \$100,000 checks  
Wit my yums on (yup)  
Wit my yums on (yup)

Wit my yums on (yup)  
Gucci bandana go great (wit my yums on)  
Money comen so I keep it real (wit my yums on)  
Man, imma tell yall how it is  
Wit my yums on (yup)  
Wit my yums on (yup)  
Wit my yums on (yup)  
[Verse 3]  
Cupcake, candy, apple, lemonade fresh money  
Step up on da stage, make all the girls lose there breath, im fresher den th  
e next money  
Keepin this hat tilt (tilt)and this chain on my chest man I wear nuttin less  
den a grand  
(grand) man (man) a whole duffle bag full of rubberbands  
Damn (damn) soulja boy da man  
Now yall understand yall cant touch me busta, you need to catch up cuz you s  
till in da musta  
[Chorus]  
Rubberband chain on my neck (wit my yums on)  
Screamin out stacks on deck (wit my yums on)  
Cashin dem \$100,000 checks wit my yums on (yup)  
Wit my yums on (yup)  
Wit my yums on (yup)  
Gucci bandana go great (wit my yums on)  
Money comen so I keep it real (wit my yums on)  
Man, imma tell yall how it is  
Wit my yums on (yup)  
Wit my yums on (yup)  
Wit my yums on (yup)  
Wit my yums on (6x)