

Mr. Yeah

The-Dream

Radio Killa
My publisher loves when I do this
It's the R and B gorilla
Call the radio right now
The-Dream done put it down again
Dream done put it down again
Radio Killa

Everytime you bring you ass around
I put it down
Cupid ain't got shit on me
Loading up my arrow, cocking back your bow
Cupid ain't got shit on me
No, no, no
She said all these niggas be poppin' that bullshit
But I be in it like a preacher in a pulpit
It ain't they fault cause I'm sure that they mean you well
But everytime they fail she runs right back to Mr. Yeah

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah Mr. Yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Come back to Mr. Yeah

Come here lil'baby, let me do, do that body like it ought to be done
And how could somebody mistreat a body that's hotter than one hundred suns
You deserve a better man and I got the better plan
Cupid ain't got shit on me
I'm harder than Superman, I bounce back like a rubber band
These niggas ain't got shit on me, you know it
See all these niggas be poppin' that bullshit
But I been in it like a pitcher in a bull pit
It ain't they fault cause I know they mean you well
Everytime you fail, she rights right back to Mr. Yeah

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Let me here you say, eh
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Let me here you say, eh
Kissin' on my ella
Loving on my ella
Huggin' on my ella
Rubbin on my ella
Feelin' on my ella
Chillin' with my ella
There's nothing you can tell her
I'm always kissin' on my ella
Loving on my ella
nothing you can tell her
I'm Mr. Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Uh, uh uh, uh uh, oh yeah