

# 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 Mr. 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