

That's the call of my thugs when they step into the club  
They go Yeeeeee! (Yeeeeee)  
When you hit the prissy bitch from Vallejo or the Rich  
They holla Yeeeeee! (Yeeeeee)  
You can catch me in the traffic in the Cutlass or the Maverick  
Hollerin' Yeeeeee! (Yeeeeee)  
If you're stickin' like some static we gon' bust them automatics  
Like Yeeeeee! (Yeeeeee)

My area code grows some of the best weed in the world, my ninja, we ain't no  
punk  
They say we need to take a bath in tomato juice 'cause we always smell like  
skunk  
Sloppy drunk, nine times out of ten, I ain't tryna see me  
Bendin' corners in my brand-new Dodge Durango Hemi  
Pimpin' a lot of ballers, always smokin' mister jolly lama  
Always pullin' me over and searchin' my fuckin' car  
Searchin' my gluteus maximus, flashlight in my draws  
Actin' like some batches is, thinkin' I got robbed  
Doin' it big, take a swig, sip a sip, twist the lid  
Smokin' spliff, already been, pushing red, 'bout my nig  
Everybody wanna talk that talk, wanna walk that walk, wanna bark that bark  
Everybody wanna plot that plot, wanna drop that saw on the pillow top  
I get a call from Young Bob, here up out my zone  
He said your Hillside nigga Ned on his way home  
I said well tell him to call me, I love his ass to death  
Any nigga hatin' he gon' take they last breath

(Biatch!)

It's your partner from the town, mayne  
I see y'all doin' it big, we gettin' down mayne  
Yeah I fuck with the V, Richmond know me  
Wherever niggas ballin is where bitches gon' be  
You can go across the bridge, fuckin' with a bitch  
Don't matter which side, you'll be all up in some shit  
Before you know it, it ain't like it used to be  
Everybody got straps that shoot you or me  
I give a fuck about who, I don't even know you  
Wassup, yeah pimpin', I got my thang too  
And it's cooo, cause I know you know it  
I ain't even got a bullet, ain't even gotta show it  
Don't blow it, it's where the black man stinkin'  
I be layin' underground in a casket stinkin'  
If I slip, I gotta keep my poise  
You hear that 8 away bumpin' man, what's all that noise?

Get your head busted in, I'm not your boy or your friend  
Get your head busted in, I'm not your boy or your friend  
You say that, do that, pull that, shoot that  
Now where your crew at, what you gon' do now  
I'm a west coast nigga - Yeeeeee! (Yeeeeee)  
I'm a east coast nigga - Yeeeeee! (Yeeeeee)  
I'm a down south nigga - Yeeeeee! (Yeeeeee)  
I'm a Midwest nigga - Yeeeeee! (Yeeeeee)

[Hook]

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