

# Nivea, Ya Ya Ya

(feat. Lil Wayne)

(Intro:)

Ah no the fights out  
somebody's about to get their lights knocked out  
A little opera for ya  
Capricorn, Cash Money, Nivea, Jive/ Miss Nivea

(Chorus:)

Front with me like you's a real baller  
And I be like Yeah...Ya,Ya,Ya  
With that other chicken trying to make me jealous  
And I be like Yeah...Ya,Ya,Ya  
Getting all salty cause I'm hanging out  
Girl I be like Yeah...Ya,Ya,Ya  
All them loud words coming out your mouth  
Boy I be like Yeah...Ya,Ya,Ya.

(Verse 1:)

ATL where them pimps, ballers and the hustlers swell  
I met a fly guy then we switched the cells  
Under the influence so I can hardly tell  
If he was the one for me  
Popy doing this, popy doing that  
Big thangs under the Cadillac  
I'm tight, thoroughbred, spread it like butter  
Walk threw the club ni\*\*as be like what tha  
Shorty throwing money at me like he's a pitcher  
Maybe on the weekend or something I get witcha  
We did the damn thang and you was all crazy  
Now you want to pull me up like I'm your lady.

(Chorus:)

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(Verse 2:)

Hey ladies, what's the word?  
Some of these cats got a lot of nerve  
Trying to run game, but I'm about to serve  
Gotta have dough cause I love to splurge. Gucci and Fendi  
Come scoop me up on your motorcycle  
Once we get alone then you can rock the result  
And if you promise to treat me right  
Boy I guarantee I keep this thing locked tight  
You thugged out with a lot of loot  
Sweetheart I'm so proud of you  
But I'm not going you break the rules  
What you did to get it, you need to do to keep it.

(Chorus:)

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(Vamp:)

Hey can you feel the brand new day  
All my superstars came out to play  
To see the thug child from around the way  
This type of thig happens like everyday.

(Rap (Lil Wayne):)

I keep it real and intensive  
Me no speak Ya,Ya cause my grill is expensive  
Don't mean to be offensive  
I know you probably run across a bunch of scrubs  
With dis-functioned tonges  
All in your mug, talk a whole bunch umm  
But me I just want your love  
Me I'm bucch of thug/ Big heart but I punctured some  
But I'm trying to patch it up with a bunch of hugs  
For real, I ain't just talking whatever mommy,  
We could get together and make a bunch of us  
And I know a bunch of girls, create a bunch of fuss  
Over young wiz but I'm getting at Niv holla  
Don't brother me with your yada  
I'm good with little mama and she good with big papa  
I'm hood and she real proper  
ATL Shorty and New Orleans Don Dada  
Anything Else is Ya,Ya,Ya

(Chorus:)

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