## 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:)

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 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:)

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.

(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:)

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.

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.