

# Terror Squad, Yeah Yeah Yeah

[Remy Martin]

Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah  
Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah  
Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah  
Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah  
Yeah yeah yeah yeah  
Check it

[Verse One: Remy Martin]

You see the girl get it popping like no other  
Now they call me Streets cause I, be on the block and I'm so gutter  
My flow a butter; see Rem got a whole lot of game  
but none of y'all lame dudes going to fuck her  
I'm on some chill shit  
But if you fronting then I will flip  
I'll give it to a little chick real quick  
Oh you a real bitch? You ain't a bit real  
You got little tits and your face looks like Emmitt Till  
First I'm a get it hot, then I'm a get a deal  
My budget none stop, mine paying 10 mills  
And when I'm not in the hood, I'm rocking the hood  
smoke Vanilla dutches and stuff on Holly-a-wood  
And if I, pollyin the dick it's got to be good  
I tell him I could change his life just like the lottery could  
And now I got him good, he believes me and he should  
Some dudes won't go down but a lot of them would  
I know this nigga name, Eat-it-out, he like to eat it out  
I just cooked in the crib and he still want to eat it out (Damn!)  
Oh God its Remy Martin  
In a hot pink Porsche with the purple carpets  
Nigga!

[Hook: Remy Martin]

Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah  
Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah  
Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah  
Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah  
Yeah yeah yeah yeah

[Remy]

Oh God!

[Verse Two: Fat Joe]

Hot enough swinging Crack, who could believe he's in the cockpit (cockpit)  
Overseas moving ki's like a locksmith (yeah)  
Rocks from Witsick in the sits of neck (ok)  
All I do is warn cause that's the big boy jet (ok)  
Uh, you never rocked with the R in Chicago (noo!)  
I picked up a bad bitch in a Marcielago (noo!)  
I got cribs better year estates man (man)  
I'm in L.A. with Atlanta plates fam (fam)  
Still niggaz wanna go against Crack (Crack!)  
But that's like ??? going against Shaq (Shaq!)  
And that's too much diesel, I got too much people (people)  
Motherfuckers, you crazy I'll leave you (leave you!)  
And I ain't got to tell how many sets I trip  
But you can find me on the woods now that's a testament  
Or maybe at a lounge with an extra bitch  
Eyecandy of the month, God damn she sick!  
She got a problem, I can help her with that  
Tell her man that she's fuckin with Crack  
Bet he won't do nothin (nope)  
Frontin like he gon' do somethin (nope)  
Quick to tell you that his whole crew stunting (talk to him!)

Talk to me, c'mon

[Hook: Remy Martin]

Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah  
Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah  
Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah  
Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah  
Yeah yeah yeah yeah

Yeah!

[Fat Joe]

Yeah, feel that right there  
Nod your head to this shit right here, that real hip-hop right there  
It's Cook Coke Crack, TS, Remy Mar  
Album coming, summer's ours cocksuckers  
True Story, BX Burough, Uh!