

# Yung Joc, Hell Yeah

(ad libs for the first 28 seconds as a machine counts money)

(Chorus: Yung Joc)

Shorty what the mood is, stacks on deck (hell yeah)  
Is that your life savings hangin 'round your neck (hell yeah)  
You put some shoes on that old school 'llac (hell yeah)  
Is you my nigga 'til they take your last breath (hell yeah)  
Any kind I'm wit'cha way, wit'cha way I'm wit'cha (hell yeah)  
Any kind I'm wit'cha way, wit'cha way I'm wit'cha (hell yeah)  
Any kind I'm wit'cha way, wit'cha way I'm wit'cha (hell yeah)  
Any kind I'm wit'cha way, wit'cha way I'm wit'cha

(Yung Joc)

Ay look, ay, Yung J-O-C now

E'rybody, know me, better believe I'm O.G.  
Back back, gimme fo' feet, fo' the iron leave you with a slow leak  
Slow creep through yo' neighborhood, black SS with the gator and the wood  
350 big block under my hood, crack my window - smell that good  
Wipe it down - I wish you would, bite my style - you wish you could  
On my town - I rep my hood, 'til they lay me down - it's understood  
Oh yes I ride for my homies, I die for my homies  
I lost a couple loved, yeah I cry for my homies  
Big guap' on deck, crack rocks on my neck  
Patron shots up next, make it rain, leave 'em wet  
What I got ay you can get it pimp, tell me what's the bid'ness pimp  
Crush the cake then make it flip, then be shoppin on the Imp  
If you think I'm lyin then my name ain't Joc  
The hustle gotta hollerate cause I ain't gon' stop  
Yeah I play my cards well but this ain't poker, I ain't bluffin  
And if you thug it like I thug it then I got one question

(Chorus)

(Yung Joc)

Oh yeah my swagger kill 'em, call me Belligi{?} Williams  
Don't let the smooth taste fool ya, J so sick need penicillin  
I love the streets boi, I f\*\*k with D boy  
Whole lot of money off in these streets so pull up a seat let's eat boy  
Haters gon' have plenty to say, long as pennies off in my safe  
So don't make me retaliate, AK spray every kinda which-a-way (BRRRRAP~!)  
I do shit you never seen befo', all my clothes next season hoe  
All my whips the cleanest yo, if you ain't gon' ball what you breathin fo'  
From hood to hood my name good, Cartier lens, frame wood  
Your bitch a 10, the brains good (I love this song) I knew you would  
Real recognize real, dawg that's just how I feel  
I got nuttin but love to give, on everything that's how I live

(Chorus)

(Diddy)

Aiyyo Joc, lemme get some of this man!  
C'mon check this out

Okay I live it, I done it, oh yeah that's Hustlenomic\$  
The ice, the clothes, leave hoes astonished  
I know, you see it, think twice to believe it  
Dope boy, magic, got my pinky gleaming  
Give you the shoes off my feet, shirt off my back  
The blueprint to these streets, show you how to make that paper stack  
C'mon (hell yeah) I'm there for real (hell yeah) I'm super chill  
(Hell yeah) If you need a tip I'm right here (LET'S GO~!)

(Chorus)