

# Hey Y'all

## Eve

Yeah, yeah, Evie Eve  
And you know, you better know I keep some chuck's on my feet khakis on my legs  
Trunk full of funk, nigga, while I'm breaking bread  
Sliding through your system, banging, bobbing heads  
Doing mines and I don't care what other niggaz saying They can pop it but they can't stop it,  
boy, I'm getting mine  
Selling clothes up in this bitch like Calvin Klein  
Getting cuties to shake they booty at the same time  
I'd be damned if I go back to jail for the same crime I'm too slick to get caught up in this dirty  
game  
I'm a scholar that make dollaz off the birdy game  
Crip hoping I got it popping on the boulevard  
Man, I ain't fucking with Chevy's, I got my own car  
D O double, you don't wanna rumble, why you testing me?  
Oh, I know, you must be gone off them ecstasy  
Bad habits, you better kick it before it get you loc  
And try to get yourself hooked on this chronic smoke  
Fo' sho' Hey y'all, doggs from East to West Coast  
All my doggs, we could smoke  
We 'bout to take some bank roll  
Everywhere that I go Man, I see the same hoes  
I know they already know  
Yeah, we like it real raw  
Snoop, Evie Eve and Nate Dogg Uh, huh, these niggas got you head nodding  
And this chick got the drums from your ears throbbing  
Known to do it, baby bubblin', do 'chu dare stop it  
Love when bitches hate you, hear the song pimps, ain't nothing to me  
Got my nigga, Snoop, he been down  
As for my nigga, Nate, shit, he was in town  
Created heat so you can bang it, crank it nice and loud  
Can't block me out, I'm popping up Evie Eve, I'm upon your TV Ain't never stuck up off the  
freeziness  
Same bitch, same pitch, nothing ridiculous  
Want this brown girl, I see you thug lick your lips  
Gotta have that bombshell, damn girl, I need you for me Keep love on the both sides, we in the  
church  
On these niggas getting smoke ties, domino playing up here  
Praying that they legalize but fuck it still choke top down  
Baby blowing smoke in the sky, come on Hey y'all, doggs from East to West Coast  
All my doggs, we could smoke  
We 'bout to take some bank roll  
Everywhere that I go Man, I see the same hoes

I know they already know  
Yeah, we like it real raw  
Snoop, Evie Eve and Nate DoggNow, when you see me acting up in the club  
(It ain't nothin')  
Uh, six fall up on dub's  
(It ain't nothin')Huh, breaking up blueberry buds  
(It ain't nothing)  
And every hood showing nothing but love  
(It ain't nothing)Taste buds ain't the same, for the simple brain  
Should'a never let me learn what millions really mean  
Yeah, I'm a simple girl but really don't want simple things  
Keep real doggs close, hate cats with simple brainsNot ready for the collision, stay up in your  
lane  
East Coast, West Coast, you still don't fuckin' think  
Dedicated to you, baby, keep your gangsta lean  
You gotta be my queen 'cause I'm the Bigg KingThe one with the Bigg house with the Bigg  
things  
Sista Eve, you blessed the whole scene  
You're the queen of the team, with cream, you're so supreme  
A blessin' in the skies, open up your eyesMe and you together, shit, we gon' collect the vibes  
Exercise and go where we wanna go, stay fly  
Sho' and original, turn up your stereo  
'Cause here we go, here we goHey y'all, doggs from East to West Coast  
All my doggs, we could smoke  
We 'bout to take some bank roll  
Everywhere that I goMan, I see the same hoes  
I know they already know  
Yeah, we like it real raw  
Snoop, Evie Eve and Nate DoggIt ain't nothing  
It ain't nothing  
It ain't nothing  
It ain't nothing

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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