

yup!

Yung Gravy

Oye
Mamita rica, che madame
Pa' que lo goce
¡Ajá! Light them blunts up when I walk in the building (Ooh)
Gravy gettin' buck every time I get up in it (Ayy)
Always pull up with a plethora of women (Of them women)
I be like, "Yup, bitch, that's how I be livin'" (Ayy, ayy, ayy)
And your bitch say, "What's up?" Ayy, she tryna get it (Ayy)
"Gravy, let me fuck," ooh, I'll consider (Ayy, ayy, ooh)
I ain't bust a nut in the last thirty minutes (Ayy, ayy)
So I say, "Yup, baby girl, I'ma hit it," I'ma hit it, baby
Ayy, don't you fuck with me, buddy, you could meet the Fockers
When I pop it off, call me Orville Redenbacher
I be cookin' up, I'm the young Betty Crocker (Ooh)
Gravy piped your mom again, wow, what a shocker
Hannah Montana, I got th? juice, I got the Fanta
I got the juic?, like a banana
I got the juice, like Tropicana
I make gas, I got gelato
I'ma splash, I'm like a bottle
Got pizazz like it's my motto
I'm tryna pull up on Nelly Furtado and then I'ma smash
Gravy got your puta
She sittin' in my jacuzzi (Ooh)
I think I need a few more
Yeah, and if you got the Henny, pour it up
When I walk in the building (Ooh)
Gravy gettin' buck every time I get up in it (Ayy)
Always pull up with a plethora of women (Of them women)
I be like, "Yup, bitch, that's how I be livin'" (Ayy, ayy, ayy)
And your bitch say, "What's up?" Ayy, she tryna get it (Ayy)
"Gravy, let me fuck," ooh, I'll consider (Ayy, ayy, ooh)
I ain't bust a nut in the last thirty minutes (Ayy, ayy)
So I say, "Yup, baby girl, I'ma hit it," I'ma hit it, baby
Yup, she said yup, I said yup
I pull up, I clap, yup, yup, yup, baby (I'ma hit it, baby)
And if that bitch can clip her seat belt on the first try then she ain't my type (I need a thicky)
Gravy need a bitch with an ass so fat that it makes it hard to live her life (Goddamn)
And I'ma get the bands even if I don't want to
If you smell like Black & Milds, baby, I don't want you
Gravy got the drip and the cheese like I'm fondue
All of y'all been on one, congrats, bitch, I'm on two
She call me Papa Johns, I got the sauce, baby

Get the fuck off my lawn, now get lost, baby
Bitch, I feel like Boss Baby mixed with Jack Frost
Eighty bitches in my crib, goin' through 'em, Randy Moss, baby Ooh, pussy
Gravy
Woh
Hombre, no nací bailando
¡Ajá! Light them blunts up when I walk in the building (Ooh)
Gravy gettin' buck every time I get up in it (Ayy)
Always pull up with a plethora of women (Of them women)
I be like, "Yup, bitch, that's how I be livin'" (Ayy, ayy, ayy)
And your bitch say, "What's up?" Ayy, she tryna get it (Ayy)
"Gravy, let me fuck," ooh, I'll consider (Ayy, ayy, ooh)
I ain't bust a nut in the last thirty minutes (Ayy, ayy)
So I say, "Yup, baby girl, I'ma hit it," I'ma hit it, baby Muchacho
Gravy está duro de verdad, ¿eh?
Woh
Hombre, no nací bailando
¡Ajá!

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>