

Yeah 'Eh Yeah 'Eh

Pras

Yo, Mack 10 (dirty cash, Reptile)
It's always good to have a little change in your life ain't that right Pras? (That's right baby)
Yo, hahaha that's right well let me run it, check it (Mack 10)
We do things and hood bangers, g's as we are Well even Mack can do a bar with a Refugee All-
star
Pras dance round the border like he Cassius Clay
While I press round the hood with a big AKStay fresh and unpredictable, they thought they
knew me They say; how can a thug from Cali bust with a Fugee?
Cause I write and make...
ignite, easy on the treble
Now turn the bass up and check my Mic level
As I get down, let mama peekin, but ain't speakin
I guess a gang-bang thug...
got baby tweakin Said your outfit is tight, it's my favorite color Red
And plus your little black...
is cute with your dreads
Bet you ain't never had a nigga that roll a six-fo
Hit a switch and then hop into a six double-o
You know, street niggas make the game twice as nice So add a little spice and put a thug in
your life (w/variations)
Weeeeeeee...
We got dirty cash for weed yeah, yeah
Something for the streets, for all my thugs and freaks yeah, yeah
You, oooo, you
You better get up of your...
From a hooter, Alcatraz Ain't no tellin where you might get blast yeah, yeah (Pras)
Yes, yes y'all (yes y'all) it's dirty cash y'all (cash y'all)
From the East to the West I manifest y'all
Doin interviews with Harper Bazaar, how bizarre
You're sit back smokin big Cuban cigars Yo, fly guys want getting jackin and fly cars If it's up
to me, you'll get blast when the hole pars
Thus far, no one can spar with my little trothfrom the flat bush I'll rip y'all and bust your show
to Crenshaw
Flowin with Pras and some splash down to Jamaica
Meet you at the shock bar, Alas se enica
Place your bet yo pay your debt You cats with the fake crepes, I'll bust you with my Twin-Tack
For talkin out the side of your neck, aiyyo check
We can showdown and lowdown when I'm sunset Make your move cowboy this ain't
Hollywood You got the business's in the hood, INGLEWOOD! (w/variations)
Weeeeeeee...
We got dirty cash for weed yeah, yeah
Something for the streets, for all my thugs and freaks yeah, yeah

You, oooo, you
You better get up of your...

From a hooter, Alcatraz Ain't no tellin where you might get blast yeah, yeah (Reptile)
Would wise in ninety dance hall, bounce to this Hip-hoppers with the dress, smoke an ounce to
this I spin hits, lyrically swift, speakin of business Reptile, formerly know, Jersey delinquent
Nasty son of a gun, give up the funds We come down hard like hundred-twenty tons Refugee
Camp, pumpin out the thousand watt amps Created more than the monster like the Loch Ness
All hell's about to break when I'm loose Tacklin, like Gorilla Monsoon naggin you like Mom

Dukes

And get a haircut; we put you niggas in a bear hug
I dare thugs, tellin niggas do it like?

Nike Air?

slugs Take a death dive into the wilderness We got you feelin this, to the point your man wanna
kill us But we ain't laughin, we blackin, rushin, attackin Loaded with dirty cash and a Mack 10
(*echoes*) (w/variations)

Weeeeeeee...

We got dirty cash for weed yeah, yeah
Something for the streets, for all my thugs and freaks yeah, yeah

You, oooo, you

You better get up of your...

From a hooter, Alcatraz Ain't no tellin where you might get blast yeah, yeah (Reptile)

Come on, come on, blow the smoke in the air

And puff, puff like you just don't care Come on, come on, blow the smoke in the air

And puff, puff like you just don't care

Yeah what, what, blow the smoke in the air

And puff, puff like you just don't care

I said blow the smoke (blow the smoke)

Blow the smoke and puff, puff like you just don't care (Pras)

Uh, yeah, yeah, party people

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>