

# Yeah Right

Vince Staples

Boy yeah right, yeah right, yeah right  
(Boy yeah right, yeah right, yeah right)  
Boy yeah right, yeah right, yeah right  
(Boy yeah right, yeah right, yeah right)  
Boy yeah right, yeah right, yeah right  
(Boy yeah right, yeah right, yeah right)  
Boy yeah right, yeah right, yeah right  
(Boy yeah)Is your house big? Is your car nice?  
Is your girl fine? Fuck her all night  
Is you well paid? Are your shows packed?  
If your song played, would they know that?  
How the thug life? How the love life?  
How the workload? Is your buzz right?  
Do the trap jump? Is the club right?  
Got your head right? Boy, yeah right  
Boy yeah right, yeah right, yeah right  
(Boy yeah right, yeah right, yeah right)  
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Boy yeah right, yeah right, yeah right  
(Boy yeah right, yeah right, yeah right)  
Boy yeah right, yeah right, yeah right  
(Boy yeah)Pretty women wanna slit the wrist  
Pretty women wanna be a rich man's bitch  
Pretty women want a couple kids  
Pretty women want a new ass, new lips  
Pretty women wanna push a Benz  
Come correct and she won't let you in  
Thumbnin' through the checks, she gets it in  
Diamonds on your neck, is them pretend?  
Boy yeah right, yeah right, yeah right  
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Boy yeah right, yeah right, yeah right  
(Boy yeah right, yeah right, yeah right)  
Boy yeah right, yeah right, yeah right  
(Boy yeah)Got an enemy that changes dependin' what direction  
You're facin'  
Got an enemy that tells you off, blockin' what's efficient  
You're placed in  
You pretend to get a better idea about the lifestyle

You're chasin'  
 Keep pretendin' that you real  
 Until every selfie is erased Pop 'til it's fakin'  
 Pop 'til the wrist pop  
 Pop 'til he shakin'  
 Pop like four on the floor been in rotation  
 No allegation  
 Popular demand, I understand my name is only for conversation  
 New York nigga be like "deadass"  
 L.A. nigga be like "on the dead homies"  
 I was off the porch like Fed-Ex  
 211, got bread on me  
 K-Dot twilight the zeitgeist  
 Roll like fried rice and tempura shrimp  
 Temporary pimp, nah, don't remember them  
 Just canary yellow gem, jumping out the fuckin' gym  
 Swang like new Dana Dane, I ride dirty  
 Paid like two Damon Wayans, retire early  
 Fade like shadows, corrallin' the cattle  
 A bitches decision for you, is narrow  
 Collision, the money, and fame, the pharaoh  
 The physic, the chemist, the lame  
 Collateral for Kendrick whenever exchange  
 Compatible for riches with more to gain  
 A sad nigga? Yeah right  
 I don't fair fight but I bear fight  
 Lookin' for my next roadkill for the headlight  
 Hangin' though my last four kills for the highlights  
 My life, high life, high five, bye, bye Boy yeah right, yeah right, yeah right  
 (Boy yeah right, yeah right, yeah right)  
 Boy yeah right, yeah right, yeah right  
 (Boy yeah right, yeah right, yeah right)  
 Boy yeah right, yeah right, yeah right  
 (Boy yeah right, yeah right, yeah right)  
 Boy yeah right, yeah right, yeah right  
 (Boy yeah)

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