

You Betcha (feat. Ihatesunday)

Yung Gravy

[Intro: Yung Gravy]

(Gravy Train)

Shit man, what I been up to?

A little bit of flexing

A little bit of good old fashion flexing (Whoa)

[Chorus: Yung Gravy]

If you fucking with the team we gon' come and getcha

(Gon' getcha)

Teach you something 'bout your girl, call that shit a lecture

(A lecture)

Gravy so smooth you can check the fucking texture (Whoa)

You might see me pull up in my motherfuckin' sketchers (Ayy)

Got cheddar, you betcha

Gettin' to the cheese like Chester

Yung flexer, you betcha

Always in the clean striped sweater

Finesser, you betcha

Mighta' just piped your ancestor

I got Debra in the Tesla, too much sauce got extra

[Verse 1: Yung Gravy]

Yeah, I'm posted with your momma and your sister and your mofuckin granny, feelin' so dandy

Man, I'm sweet like candy

But I'm a savage like Randy, yo girl getting handsy

Tryna hit the beach get sandy, with the beach-side brandy

Boy you're a pansy, I hit your mom in the pantry

Gravy get it steamy like Stanley

[Verse 2: Yung Gravy]

I just fucked your bitch in some Louis V Crocs (Crocs?)

She couldn't resist cause I wore 'em with the socks (Socks?)

Now she won't get off my jock, had to finesse like I'm Brock

I get that drip from my Wok, I got your side bitch on lock

I always roll with a flock (Whoa)

[Verse 3: Yung Gravy]

Got the herbs with the spices, stole your girl that's a crisis

Had the pineapple slices, just got my finesse licence (Gravy Train)

Think I'm real cold like dicing, Gravy so enticing

I'll knock your ass out, Mike Tyson

I'm quick like lightning, bitch thicker than a fucking bison

I cover up the booty with Icing

[Chorus: Yung Gravy]
If you fucking with the team we gon' come and getcha
(Gon' getcha)
Teach you something 'bout your girl, call that shit a lecture
(A lecture)
Gravy so smooth you can check the fucking texture (Whoa)
You might see me pull up in my motherfuckin' sketchers (Gravy Train)
Got cheddar, you betcha
Gettin' to the cheese like Chester
Yung flexer, you betcha
Always in the clean striped sweater
Finesser, you betcha
Mighta' just piped your ancestor
I got Debra in the Tesla, too much sauce got extra
[Verse 4: ihatesunday]
Too much sauce got extra
You can catch me in the lab like Dexter
Your main bitch, yeah I sexed her only did it 'cause she look like Carmen Electra (Ayy)
Tell her her friends all invited (Yuh)
I got these white hoes excited (Ayy)
Winona the way that I'm ridin', I'm vibin'
I pop pills like I'm suicidal, I might be
I'll make your mother my wifey
Don't try me, you fucking need to see your ID
It's sunday, or you can call me yung church house (Yeah)
I fucked your bitch from my workout and I'll make your sister my daughter (Yeah)
I'm feeling like I'm Dwayne Carter (Yuh)
I gave your bitch a Dwayne Johnson
I'm in her throat like a tonsil (Yeah)

[Chorus: Yung Gravy]
If you fucking with the team we gon' come and getcha
(Gon' getcha)
Teach you something 'bout your girl, call that shit a lecture
(A lecture)
Gravy so smooth you can check the fucking texture (Whoa)
You might see me pull up in my motherfuckin' sketchers (Gravy Train)
Got cheddar, you betcha
Gettin' to the cheese like Chester
Yung flexer, you betcha
Always in the clean striped sweater
Finesser, you betcha
Mighta' just piped your ancestor
I got Debra in the Tesla, too much sauce got extra
[Outro]
I'm eighteen, with the bullet
I'm eighteen, with the bullet (Gravy Train, makes his own gravy right in the bowl; that wouldn't
impress you, of course)

Got my finger on the trigger, gonna pull it

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>