Beyoncé, YA YA

Hello, girls (Hello, Beyoncé)
Hello, fellas (You're pretty swell)
Those petty ones can't fuck with me (Why?)
'Cause I'm a clever girl, we snappin'
(Pretty please) Toms, please
We wanna welcome you to the Beyoncé Cowboy Carter: Act II, ah
In a rodeo chillin' circuit
We gon' make you do what they do ya-ya
Put them hands together

We clappin'
We drummin' (Ya-ya-ya-ya-ya, ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya)
Oh, oh, ya-ya-ya (Oh, ya-ya-ya-ya-ya, ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya)
Oh, ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya (Oh, ya-ya-ya-ya-ya, ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya)
Ya-ya-ya (Oh, ya)
(Ya-ya) B-E-Y-I-N-C-E, yeah

My family lived and died in America, hm
Good old USA (Fellow USA), shit
Whole lotta red and then white and blue, huh
History can't be erased, oh-oh
Are you lookin' for a new America (America)
Are you tired, workin' time and a half for half the pay, ya-ya (Have to pay, oh-oh)
I just pray that we don't crash
Keep my Bible on the dash, we gotta keep the faith
Wildfire burnt his house down
Insurance ain't gon' pay no Fannie Mae, shit
So hold this hose or pour more liquor please
Hard working men ain't got no money in the bank
Huh, the ya-ya
Turn off the vinyl and the radio (Radio)
We can't watch the news nowadays, oh (Nowadays)
I just pray that he don't crash
Keep this pistol on the dash, we gotta keep the faith

She's pickin' up good vibrations
He's lookin' for sweet sensations
Ladies? (Yeah?)
Fuck it

We shakin' (Ya-ya-ya-ya-ya, ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya)
We swimmin'(Ya-ya-ya-ya-ya, ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya)
We jerkin' (Ya-ya-ya-ya-ya, ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya)
We twerkin' (Ya-ya-ya-ya-ya, ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya)
You wanna touch it, don't you? (Ya-ya-ya-ya-ya, ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya)
Come get this genie in the bottle (Ya-ya-ya-ya-ya, ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya)
Come rub it, won't you? (Ya-ya-ya-ya-ya, ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya)
I pop it (Ya-ya-ya-ya-ya, ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya)
I'm walkin' like I talk it (Ya-ya-ya-ya-ya, ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya)
I got your squares fuckin' (Ya-ya-ya-ya-ya, ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya)
Ya-ya-ya-ya-ya, oh

Let loose
Is that what you do, babe? Good God
I don't wanna hear no ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya
I got you daydreamin'
Put your lips on my lips
And strum me like a guitar
La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la, you got me movin', boy
You got me, ooh, in your mind, oh, what you doin'?
Put them babies to bed (Oh-oh)
And spread out the sheets (Oh)
Got you up all night and now you don't wanna leave
I can soothe your pain, yeah

When I'm long gone you'll call my name, yeah
World of Wind got you excited
It's givin' me the faith

I'm pickin' up good vibrations, oh
He's givin' me sweet sensations, oh
(B-E-Y-I-N-C-E, ah)
We gon' bust it down
From Texas (From Texas)
To Gary (To Gary)
All the way down to New York City (New York City)
Give me a kiss
Big daddy you so pretty (So pretty)

Got these struds in my mouth when I'm done I'll take them out
(Got these struds in my mouth when I'm done I'll take them out), oh
Baby, if you ain't got no ritz get the fuck up out the south
(If you ain't got no ritz get the fuck up out the south)
Life is comin' at me fast, keep my Bible on the dash
Pistol in my seat just in case I gotta blast
I just wanna shake my ass (Have a blast)
Oh-oh
I just wanna shake my ass (Have a blast)
Oh-oh
Heartbreakin' and lover boy, you're so fine
Oh, you got me losin' my mind
With you I gotta keep the faith
Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh
We gotta keep the faith (Ya-ya-ya-ya-ya)
Oh, go
Oh