

Yuck! (feat. Lil Wayne)

2 Chainz

Yuck Daddy! Yuck! Yuck Daddy! Yuck! Uh, cut the top off, call it Amber Rose

Just bought a big body
time to paint the toes

Known to act a donkey on the camel-toe
Then take the camel-toe
and turn it into casserole

2 Chainz talkin' on the FLX phone
Poof! Just like that the whole check gone
Former Posturepedic I was slept on
So many chains on it look
like my neck gone

My girl came through and brought an extra body
Now that's an after party
for the after party
Two-gun game
all-black Ferrari
His and her Armani
put it in a tonic

And yeah, the bread good if the head good
Before Benihana's it was canned goods
Before canned goods
it was Similac

I'm from where they send shots
Then we send 'em back

A half a million dollars worth of crack money
Wrap your parents up
Now you got a black mommy

Yeah I did it
True to my religion
Two guns on me

Both with extensions
If you on the pole
Play your position

I got enough dough to pay your tuition

Corduroy Trues
With the skull cap

I just woke up
Tell me where the drugs at
And after the drugs
Where the girls at
And after the girls
Where the love at

And if it ain't no love
I'm like fuck that Nigga I'm so dope
You could catch a fuckin' contact
Good weed, bad bitch
Got these hoes on my dick like Brad Pitt
Woah, I seen it all before
The bitch got a man
But she schemin' on the low
How it go? It go
Fuck them other niggas cause I'm down for my niggas
My homies got the blickers
Automatics no clickers
Huh? Codine, no liquor
Man, life is a bitch
Mine is a gold digger
I'm fucked
Let's fuck
She said she on her period
I said, "Yuck"
I called another bopper
I beat it like a copper
Two big chain
One big chopper, bitch I got the chopper for the cold response
The codine got me standin' horizontal
I had enough of the broken promises
So I'm in a room full of Pocahontases
And this shit is off the meat rack
Weed sack, big car
Layin' with my seat back
We next, weed never left Holland, weed bag
All this ice on my
And my niggas playing freeze tag
Lord forgive me
This my fourth foreign
If you baby daddy lame
You should forewarn him
I come through with the yapper on
Turn that nigga
Into hot bologna
I'm the type a nigga cop a Rolly
Cop a Benz, cop a two
Then wear it all to Church
Nigga Hallelu
Uh, I'm from the trap where the block'll pay you
Me and my nigga pass your ho like a hot potato
I be like you could get her, he be like you could get her I be like you could have her, he be like
you could have her
He be like, it don't matter, I be like, me neither
Uh, my old school got twenty-sixes on it

And I got you girl kissin' on me
Good weed, bad bitch
Got these hoes on my dick like Brad Pitt
Woah, I seen it all before
The bitch got a man
But she schemin' on the low
How it go? It go
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Two big chain
One big chopper, bitch
Yuck Daddy! Yuck!
Yuck Daddy! Yuck!
Yuck-yuck-yuck Daddy!
Two big chain, one big chopper
Two big chain, one big chopper
Two big chain, one big chopper
Two big chain, one big chopper, bitch

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