

# Yuck!

## 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 flex 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  
Whoa, 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 Pocahontas's

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

Whoa, I seen it all before

The bitch got a man, but she schemin' on the low

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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

Songwriters

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