Yuck!

Starkweather

[Intro]Yuck Daddy! Yuck!
Yuck Daddy! Yuck!
[Verse 1: 2 Chainz]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 guns, 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
[Hook: Lil Wayne]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
[Verse 3: 2 Chainz]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
[Hook][Outro]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

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