

# Yuck! (feat. Lil Wayne)

## 2 Chainz

[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