

# 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 thatNigga 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, bitchI 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 herI 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  
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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/>