

Lil Wayne

"Ya Bad Chubbs"

Visit "[Ya Bad Chubbs](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

This is an introduction
To music that just be pumpin'
While hits just be dippin'
The intention is for humpin' the floor
Shinin' the wood with our jeans
If it's denim, don't worry
It's hip hop, don't hem 'em
Money earnin' concernin'
I'll be teachin' and learnin'
Gettin' hot from my rhymes and my looks
Not from bourbon
No solution, no remedy
No cure like a deodorant
Yo, you have to be sure
That if you talk up or walk up into myface
That wouldn't become a big public disgrace
'Cause I'll ban you, burn you up, and tan you
Treat you like the elephant
And man you will be hocked and locked in a jar with a
lid
Hangin' on a wall in Michael Jackson's crib
'Cause I'm bad, in fact I'm a thriller
I drink milk, that's why I'm a top biller
Like a funeral home, I'll make a killing
I'm not Giz even though I'm still chillin'
Guys say I'm scary, girls say I'm cuddly
Rough like bark but dark and lovely
This ain't no game and I'm no toy
And like Anita Baker, I'll bring you joy
With my word when I open my mouth
Ask Oliver North to go and break south
A homo is a no-no but you know I'll smack a faggot
Boy, you got to see me, I'm rich like Jimmy Swaggart
I'm a loon and ya know, comin' soon
A rhyme kicked to this Popeye tune
This is hip hop with a little be-bop
And I won't flop 'cause I can't stop
I will mop up the slop and then go to the top
'Cause I'm not Robocop, I'm Chubb Rock

I'm Chubb Rock risin' and I'll break your leg

And I'm more than a forty ounce, I'm more like a keg
And I'm the big dipper, rippin' like Jack the Ripper
And if you want the proof, the proof is in my liquor
So you knew it and you blew it, let's get to it
Gonna run you over with a rhyme that's like a big Buick
And since you think you're slender, I'll slap you with a
fender
And bind you up, wind you up, and grind you up in a
blender
And then I'll serve you with coffee and cake
Oh damn, I should've had a V-8, oh well
I'll put you on a plate so it looks a little neater
You're a tramp, so I'll sprinkle salt and pepper
And paprika on your face, like mace
So you can taste immediately
Just like the base that went up your nose previously
So it seems you're too zooed to battle
Word's up chump, acne bump, skidaddle
You're a nine, I'm a ten
Victory is mine agai, this Bud's for me
So here, take a Heineken
With your self-esteem, you will never redeem
Like Martin Luther King, you have a dream
That maybe you will beat me, maybe defeat me
But you're too illiterate, so I won't consider it
Weak is the word and the rhyme is identical
This is not the late show
And I'm not Arsenio Hall
But quite tall with the gall
And I have magic and I can play ball
And guys won't boo this, girls will jsut screw this
It's ludicrous but we can do this
'Cause you're new to this, Brutus
I'm so smooth that I'm the smoothest
I'm not handsome but I am the cutest you ever had
That's why I'm so glad that I'm so good I'm bad

Visit [Lil Wayne](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.