

## Yuki

### "Kidnap U"

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[Yukmouth]

Hey girl what you doin? (Wooooooh)

You busy? (ooohhh)

Well let a nigga come kidnap you, ya dig?" (ohhhh)

Scoop you up take you on a lil' adventure, ya dig?

(Yeaaaaaaaaah)

Aight I'm commin round

[Verse 1 - Yukmouth]

She said her nigga used to scoop her at the boxer

Take her for shrimp and lobster (uh-huh)

Rock her wrists out but bitch he ain't a mobster

Yukmouth your best friend your lover and your father

The baller, I'll be the first to fuck you in the prowler

(that's right)

Huh, I ain't gon call ya like them niggaz that jock ya

Bitch I ain't gon follow ya like niggaz that stalk ya (uh-huh)

Huh, I give ya space, call me up just to rock ya

Knock ya boots break ya off proper

Get loose ya head doctor

Let me kidnap you, hold you for ransom

No holdin' hands or romancin' just fuckin' to this anthem

Poppin champagne bottles and then some

I'm a boss like Tony Dense and money make me handsome

The coup make them wanna fuck a nigga on the fluke

And them jewels make them bitches pop that coochie like glue

So what you wan do? Barbeque a meal do?

I'll wheel through; steal you for a night, what's the deal boo? (Whooo oh oh)

[Hook - Who's Who]

Let me take you away to ecstasy (Baby)

Baby done where you wanna be (ooh yeah)

Let me kidnap you.

Let me kidnap you tonite (c'mon baby)

Do everything you wanna do (c'mon baby whatever you want)

I jus wanna spend the nite with you (baby)  
Let me kidnap you (yeaah)  
Let me kidnap you tonite (ooohhh)

[Verse 2 - Yukmouth]

She said her nigga used to take her to the tropics  
All of the diamonds flawless  
Prada boots he copped it, Gucci shoes he copped it  
Now, switch the topic  
You like the chronic or that hypnotic or ex pills, let's get  
it poppin'  
I have you dancing topless don't stop it  
Dropping of that chronic, hypnotic it's only logic  
I put it deep in ya stomach and make you run from it,  
cum from it  
The pun ani get crushed like pun done it  
Ya man, ya husband, ya dude, ya fiancÃ©  
Need to cherish you; you got an ass like Beyonce  
A face like Mya a body like Free  
Tits like the queen bee with tattoos like eve, Bo!  
Your man a geek he borin' out, tourin' out  
Scoop you up at 3 in the morning ridin something  
foreign  
And get ya wetter than rain wen it's pourin'  
I bang, bang, bang till six in the mornin'!

[Hook]

[Verse 3 - Nyce]

Well it's the heartbreaker, Mac makeup and Marc  
Jacob at the large paper and spill ya pockets for me  
boss player (???)  
I make em floss now make em think they'll toss later  
Take me shoppin' for jew-ells and minx in Las Vegas  
I cause paper Nyce-tee ain't a bimbo  
I drive the Benzo the back seat is where ya friends go  
Pedal to the metal in Gucci stilettos  
I will punch the shit out-a bitch I'm still ghetto  
22 inch mo mo's them other hoes is so so  
Me nolo trim's Louie bag colourful logo's  
Hah, federal niggaz is a no no  
I can't stand you hobo's  
So step it the fuck up if your doe low  
Your hoe, your bitch, your wife, your fiancÃ©  
Need to cherish you you got more wives than libera chi  
So let's pretend like we both got nobody  
Let's hop in the Ferrari and jump start this party

[Hook]

