

Yuki

"Ooh! Ooh!"

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Ooh! Ooh!
You bitch! (you bitch!)
I told yo' ass that shit won't gone last forever
Ooh! Ooh!
All them fuckin gimmicks and bite motherfuckers
You bitch!
Then i'm slappin niggas into 2000 (yes)
Pistol whippin bitches and niggas (yes)
Where my thugs at? where my real bitches at? (what)
Where my real killer niggas at? (what)
One salute

Niggas scream!
Ooh! Ooh!
For all my bad bitches that's breakin niggas for cheese
Bitches scream
Ooh! Ooh!
What what, for all my thug niggas that hustle to make
cheese
Niggas scream
Ooh! Ooh!
For all them chicken heads who ain't scared to get on
their knees
Bitches scream
Ooh! Ooh!
What, for all my thug niggas and killers who take G's
Feel me
Ooh! Ooh!

For all my niggas makin they cheese
Smashin police with 20's on your V
Drink remy and squeeze
Stack plenty of G's
Niggas hustle chicken heads keep pluckin
I'm thuggin, ragin' model, money and weed over fuckin
Cos ain't no dressin them hoes
I'm up in lovin them hoes
Handcuffin your ho
When i come through i'll have your bitch suckin my toes
Get fucked in a rolls drawn out on VT
I'm that nigga that's righteous sittin on the couch

With the gold mouth (bling)
Rockin platinum shit tryna show out
Never soldout i was suited everythin from open to
makin the apollo shout
Yukmouth that nigga thugged out
I'm from the city of dope where every block has a
drughouse
And a weed spot full of playas
You can catch me at yo' local LA vodago
Coppin an ounce of omega
Smokin playas on the paper chase (yes, yes)
Slang rocks like major waste (yes, yes)
Ridin a 99 right through your waist ~ nigga ~ what

My niggas scream
Ooh! Ooh!
For all my bad bitches that breakin niggas for cheese
Bitches scream
Ooh! Ooh!
For all my ballin niggas that hustle to make cheese
Niggas scream
Ooh! Ooh!
For all my chicken heads who ain't scared to get on
their knees
Bitches scream
Ooh! Ooh!
For all my thug niggas and killers who take G's
Feel me
Ooh! Ooh!

For my niggas who rock a Roley on your wrist daily
My hit be Power 106 ready
Like cowards who knew shits heavy, get ready
For the second comin up that niggas summoned ~ by
God
Got niggas poppin out they tanks and runnin
Take off that fuckin chain and gunnin
Niggas get done in
I'm lettin off that whole magazine on bitches who want
it
Got niggas scared like the hun'ert
Hide in they 2000 five hun'erts
You better pray to God i'm sluggin
For 4, 5 gunmen
Got niggas jumpin out they car leavin them broads just
runnin
Pimp niggas hide your woman
I'm tellin y'all
I have 'em in the drizzy like the terror squad
Menage a trois always share a broad with a broad
This the mob best at large

Three tv's in the car
Three cars can run niggas hustle hard
To all my bitches breakin niggas at the bars
Strippin, swingin from poles to get yours

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their knees
Bitches scream
Ooh! Ooh!
For all my thug niggas and killers who take G's
Feel me
Ooh! Ooh!

For all my thug niggas and killers
Duck-tapin niggas
Pistol whip and take his glitter
Fuck them hatin niggas
And bitches makin figures datin niggas
Cristasian dinners pay forget it they know how to break
a nigga
I got killers on the +pay roll+ plannin to hit me
Fedderchini Alfredo take a nigga to pull like Wako
If i say so cos i make mo' then the average Joe
I rock a platinum row (bling)
You rock a fake ol' 'sako
Got everything in the range ro'
Except cable flows fatal
Givin it to niggas who softer than play-doh
Don't make no
False moves watch who you talk to
I'll spark you, off you
Make the cops white chalk you
Niggas talkin shit about Yuk is gone cost you
Your fuckin head, your arms, your legs, i'm cuttin off
your balls too
This is for all you bad bitches gettin cheese
Sittin nickin niggas E's, hittin weed

Niggas scream!
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Bitches scream
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For all my ballin niggas that hustle to make cheese
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For all my thug niggas and killers who take G's
Feel me
Ooh! Ooh!
[fades out]

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