

Mario Bush

"Clap Yo Hands"

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He's Yukmouth

[CHORUS]

He's Yukmouth, he's thugged out
He's Yukmouth, he's thugged out, thugged out
Yukmouth, he's thugged out
He's Yukmouth, he's thugged out, thugged out

If you're thuggin and you know it, clap your hands
If you're thuggin and you know it, clap your hands
If you're thuggin and you know it
When you're hustlin, nigga, show it
If you're thuggin and you know it, clap your hands
But if you're ballin and you know it, stomp your feet
But if you're ballin and you know it, stomp your feet
But if you're ballin and you know it
Shot-callin and you show it
If you're ballin and you know it, stomp your feet

[VERSE 1]

Yukmouth pursue the Benjamins, the future like
Timbaland
Eat shrooms like Eminem, pop X like Lil' Kim
Hot sex to gentlemans puffin Havana
Bring ya drugs to Atlanta if you don't fuck with bammer
You only fuck with chron', be poppin Cris Don
You rockin Big John's, your watch is glistenan
You ain't watchin the Pistons inside your dot six'n
You got a hot chicken who never stops lickin
I smoke the hash to ashes, my click be draggin tatted
I probably pop a tablet but never fuck with acid
My bitches be the baddest, petite with fat asses
Proceed to stack the cabbage, till we in lavish mansions
Aiyo, I toast to that, my niggas toast to that
Cause I was broker back in the days wearin crocker
sacks
Now I smoke doja sacks, I'm never goin back
I got the house, the Jaguar and the Rover, black

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 2]

You like menage-a-trois, you fuck with exotic broads
You drive exotic cars, you smoke chronic by the jars
Your platinum teeth diamond, your platinum piece
diamond
You on them streets rhymin, you makin g's timin
You slap a bitch out, you slap a nigga out
You slap a pimp out, you slap a trick out
Pistol-whip a snitch down, get hit with a pistol
We sippin Cris now, my niggas rich now
We at them play-offs, baby, we at the Super Bowl
We in Las Vegas, baby, fight night as usual
I switch and gator-ed out, gaffled and papered out
Pull stretch Navigators out, TV-/PlayStation-ed out
Y'all niggas hate us now, two thou I say this now
Jackers wanna lay me down, rappers wanna spray me
down
But they can't fuck with Yuk cause I'm a Thug Lord
That's gon' bring em that hardcore if they want more

[VERSE 3]

You fly to Cancun, you take flights to Jamaica
You love them damn shrooms, you love Garcia Vegas
You take flights to the Bahamas, you fight your baby
mama
That child payment drama, then flipped her a new
Mercedes, partner
You're not a Captain Save Her cause hoes be pullin
capers
You smoke 'dro different flavors, X Men like Doctor and
Xavier
Pop pills like Christian Slater, you on a mission, player
You always spendin paper, fuck ice, we gettin glaciers
My neck bling-blingin, Rolex bling-blingin
20" bling-blingin, my set bling-blingin
But if it was back in the days I'd take a nigga bling
Take a nigga ring, break and make a nigga scream
I was slingin powder sacks, I'm where them dollars at
Till I holler back at niggas that sip more syrup than
Project Pat
Now I fuck with Rap-A-Lot, I hit the jackpot
We like to scrap a lot, so busters keep your gats cocked

[CHORUS]

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