

Yukmouth, Clap Yo Hands

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'd 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]