

# Yukmouth, Oh Boy!

(Verse 1)

Yukmouth be off the chain like a rottweiler  
Spit flame I cock lava, became the bass baller  
Sip 'pagne in the drop troller  
Give game to shot callers  
Who bring the spot prouder  
Campaigne, off course they gonna holler (Oh boy!)  
Nigga, bandana'ed up and tatted out  
Bling blingin, neck, wrist and mouth platted out  
Lavish out (Oooh!) drop tunes, livin but sav it up (Oooh ooh)  
Send a package out till they strike a batter out (Oh boy!)  
If you aint got 2 or 3 TV's and DVD's dont even ride your shit  
If you aint sittin on 20's, go and buy some shit  
When we ride and make you handcuff and hide your bitch (Oh boy!)  
When your under arrest cause ??? all over ???  
And under her dress, she run to her ex  
Puttin hickies all over her neck  
She bought me a Lex  
Playboy, its all on a bitch (Oh boy!)

(Chorus)

When you see me and my niggas come ???  
Got these playa hatas on hold (Oh boy!)  
I just flipped the new big body  
Got these playa hatas on hold (Oh boy!)  
So much money and iced up in this ??? boy  
Got these playa hatas on hold (Oh boy!)  
Mami'll holla at a real playboy  
Got these playa hatas on hold (Oh boy!)

(Verse 2)

Ballers check your credentials  
You gotta be over spotted, Geneva watch and know our  
pockets not a presidential  
Fuck a rental, fuck a limo  
Ridin luxury, descend through see them porno movies  
playin in my window (Oh boy!)  
Chokin pillows, a white spliff though indo  
Puff X, Lou Ferrino tough acts on Armadillo  
Bust of 'Ville dough, creepin to the jungle the woods  
In the Hillsboro, totin the pistol because we still roll (Oh boy!)  
Yo Yuk plus L.T equals very roll deep  
Gold teeth, fat belly's like Forty Fonzarelli  
Niggas feel me, so while you twerkin  
Surfin on the block hurtin  
I was ???, workin excursions (Oh boy!)  
Iced up, like what  
Playa hate but ya momma and ya bitch like Yuk  
Always ridin on my nuts cause imma the hardest nigga to spit out the West  
Mouth full of diamonds, i'll swallow ice shit out baguettes (Oh boy!)

(Chorus)

(Verse 3)

Cop a dollar, pop a bottle pop a pill  
If you about the dollar bill that'll make ya swallow steel  
Just because I got a deal, that doesnt mean I'm not for real  
Bitch I'm straight up out the 'Ville, my niggas kill for the scrill' (Oh boy!)  
I smoke like a chimney, drink Remy till its empty  
I'm the hottest thing since 20's on Bently's  
I'm simply, baller-ific went from roaches on the water ridges  
To smokin ??? up in this (Oh boy!)  
Now we have the ass for cash  
Playstation in the Range, Dreamcast in the Jag

Navigation in the dash, situation on fast  
Lavish pack platinum package platinum peices to match (Oh boy!)  
I keep a rolla, make ya tuck in ya gold  
I'm iced out finger fuckin ya hoe  
Gettin sucked in the 'Rove  
Or catch beef, roll up that Extasy  
Broken heavily smokin  
Live and direct from East Oakland (Oh boy!)

(Chorus) X2