Clap Yo Hands

Yukmouth

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 gatored 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 want to lay me down, rappers want to 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]