

Kidnap U

Yukmouth

[Yukmouth]

Hey girl what you doin? (Woooooooh)

You busy? (ooohhh)

Well let a nigga come kidnap you, ya dig?" (ohhhh)

Scoop you up take you on a lil' adventure, ya dig? (Yeaaaaaaaaaah)

Aiight I'm commin round

[Verse 1 - Yukmouth]

She said her nigga used to scoop her at the boxer

Take her for shrimp and lobster (uh-huh)

Rock her wrists out but bitch he ain't a mobster

Yukmouth your best friend your lover and your father

The baller, I'll be the first to fuck you in the prowler (that's right)

Huh, I ain't gon call ya like them niggaz that jock ya

Bitch I ain't gon follow ya like niggaz that stalk ya (uh-huh)

Huh, I give ya space, call me up just to rock ya

Knock ya boots break ya off proper

Get loose ya head doctor

Let me kidnap you, hold you for ransom

No holdin' hands or romancin' just fuckin' to this anthem

Poppin champagne bottles and then some

I'm a boss like Tony Dense and money make me handsome

The coup make them wanna fuck a nigga on the fluke

And them jewels make them bitches pop that coochie like glue

So what you wan do? Barbeque a meal do?

I'll wheel through; steal you for a night, what's the deal boo? (Whooo oh oh)

[Hook - Who's Who]

Let me take you away to ecstasy (Baby)

Baby done where you wanna be (ooh yeah)

Let me kidnap you.

Let me kidnap you tonite (c'mon baby)

Do everything you wanna do (c'mon baby whatever you want)

I jus wanna spend the nite with you (baby)

Let me kidnap you (yeaah)

Let me kidnap you tonite (ooohhh)

[Verse 2 - Yukmouth]

She said her nigga used to take her to the tropics

All of the diamonds flawless

Prada boots he copped it, Gucci shoes he copped it

Now, switch the topic

You like the chronic or that hypnotic or ex pills, let's get it poppin'

I have you dancing topless don't stop it

Dropping of that chronic, hypnotic it's only logic

I put it deep in ya stomach and make you run from it, cum from it

The pun ani get crushed like pun done it

Ya man, ya husband, ya dude, ya fiancé

Need to cherish you; you got an ass like Beyonce

A face like Mya a body like Free

Tits like the queen bee with tattoos like eve, Bo!

Your man a geek he borin' out, tourin' out

Scoop you up at 3 in the morning ridin something foreign

And get ya wetter than rain wen it's pourin'

I bang, bang, bang till six in the mornin'!

[Hook]

[Verse 3 - Nyce]

Well it's the heartbreaker, Mac makeup and Marc
Jacob at the large paper and spill ya pockets for me boss player (???)
I make em floss now make em think they'll toss later
Take me shoppin' for jew-ells and minx in Las Vegas
I cause paper Nyce-tee ain't a bimbo
I drive the Benzo the back seat is where ya friends go
Pedal to the metal in Gucci stilettos
I will punch the shit out-a bitch I'm still ghetto
22 inch mo's them other hoes is so so
Me nolo trim's Louie bag colourful logo's
Hah, federal niggaz is a no no
I can't stand you hobo's
So step it the fuck up if your doe low
Your hoe, your bitch, your wife, your fiancé
Need to cherish you you got more wives than libera chi
So let's pretend like we both got nobody
Let's hop in the Ferrari and jump start this party

[Hook]