

# No Drama

## Bad Lucc

We just clap & revolve 'em  
We just clap & revolve 'em  
We just clap, we just clap  
We just clap & revolve 'em You don't wanna start no drama  
You, you, you  
You don't wanna start no drama We just clap & revolve 'em  
We just clap & revolve 'em  
We just clap & revolve 'em  
We just clap & revolve 'em We just clap & revolve  
You don't wanna start no drama  
We just clap & revolve 'em  
We just clap & revolve 'em Nine? Check, forty? Check  
K's check, you be the first to go  
Haze? Yes, yay? Yes  
Motherf\*\*\*, this is business, never personal This Coca, baby, I'm an 88er  
I put work in these streets, now do yourself the favor  
You bring the drama, then drama leads to choppers  
Then them choppers get to sprayin' and somebody need a doctor now You not an actor, not a rapper  
You're a clapper, you're a trapper  
Got a ratchet, so why you hire coppers now?  
It is what it is, I got the gliz on me  
And don't nobody want it with the big homey You don't wanna, you don't wanna  
You don't wanna start no drama  
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We just clap & revolve 'em  
We just clap & revolve 'em We just clap & revolve 'em  
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You don't wanna start no drama We just clap & revolve 'em  
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We just clap & revolve 'em\*\*\* want beef with me, must be out of his mind  
Homey think that Joey past his prime  
Laid his ass flat in the street, yeah, I splattered his mind  
Walked away with his life and his shines Yeah, I smell nookie, nookie, yeah, nookie, nookie  
That's how he looked when I left the homey's face gushy  
Ask about it, cracks about it  
Went back to the crib and then we laughed about it I'm a rider, homicider, I'm a money maker

I decided you're a liar when it comes to paper  
Broad day, we could clap it in these streets  
Middle the PJ's, make 'em bring out the sheets You don't wanna, you don't wanna  
You don't wanna start no drama  
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We just clap & revolve 'em I got a thing for my little buddy  
That black Mac do his thing, leave a \*\*\* ugly  
Yo, tell me the best of the best won't fix 'em  
We'll open your chest, \*\*\*, you're just a victim And I'm a rat killer, you hear that brat, \*\*\*?  
I don't rap, in fact, I'm just that \*\*\*, yeah, it's crack, \*\*\*  
A lot of chicks like to talk, make 'em bite they tongue  
Lot of cats claim New York but they not the one I'm in the streets, muh'f\*\*\*, you could call me Harlem  
In Bed-Stuy like Biggie, the big homey's a problem  
Bronx bomber, I'll leave you comatose  
We don't dance in your face, you muh'f\*\*\* choke You don't wanna, you don't wanna  
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