Click Clack

Orchard Thief

I was taught only reach for the heat if you busting
So when lift this shirt that's the end of discussion
Click clack motherfuckers, I ain't trying to hear nothing
Click clack motherfuckers, I ain't trying to hear nothing
When snitch niggaz give police clues to watch
Well, I'ma give them faggot niggaz news to watch
My trigger blow niggaz out they shoes and socks
I guarantee I won't miss you if I use the dot
I'm Slim Thugga motherfucker, best respect my G
Or they gon' say they name after R.I.P.
How dare you pussy niggaz tissue slugs 'bout me
'Cause then I'm a get to show ya how thug I be
And I don't give a fuck what set you claim
They got rich niggaz that blow out brains
Just 'cause you from the projects don't mean you hard
Most of them hoods y'all repping ain't seen you broads
I was taught only reach for the heat if you busting
So when lift this shirt that's the end of discussion
Click clack motherfuckers, I ain't trying to hear nothing
Click clack motherfuckers, I ain't trying to hear nothing now
Don't make me pull it on ya, on ya, on ya, ya hear me?
Don't make me pull it on ya, on ya, on ya
Big home, big car, big jewelry
Whispers in the street, all the talk of robbery
Ain't no Quad Studio, Tupac and P
For every watch there's a glock, come shop with me
Hood DVDs the closest you get to TV
BE or MT, the whole world done see me
'VH1 Behind The Scenes', there's 'bout to be a three-peat
So keep on rewinding your part and others try and defeat me

Strap like the movie, better yet the sequel
Strap Before Rap, we'll call that the prequel
I told ya wit the pen, there shall be none equal
But since he ain't write it, that makes him more lethal
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Don't make me pull it on ya, on ya, on ya, ya hear me?
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So when lift this shirt that's the end of discussion
Click clack motherfuckers, I ain't trying to hear nothing
If you smart you gon' hit the ground running and ducking
A lot of rap niggaz be trying to play hard
Knowing damn well that they lying and they fraud
They talk that hard shit when somebody press record
When there's beef in the streets they run to their body guard
I'm still a hood nigga, you can catch me on the block
And when I'm the club you can catch me wit the glock
I know them jackass plotting trying to catch me wit a knot
But we gon' see if them laws can come catch me when he's shot
I was taught only reach for the heat if you busting
So when lift this shirt that's the end of discussion
Click clack motherfuckers, I ain't trying to hear nothing
Click clack motherfuckers, I ain't trying to hear nothing now
Don't make me pull it on ya, on ya, on ya, ya hear me?
Don't make me pull it on ya, on ya, on ya

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