

# Get Clapped

Lloyd Banks

Front on me and get clapped  
Front on him and get clapped  
Front on us and get clapped (you get clapped nigga)Front on me and get clapped  
Front on him and get clapped  
Front on us and get clapped (get clapped get clapped)[Chorus]  
I know this feel different cause everything is good  
They actin' like I changed like I went Hollywood  
Like I don't keep it street like I ain't got the heat  
Like I ain't homicide all over the beat  
Like I ain't for the beef like I don't really care  
Cause I ain't camera shy we can do it any where  
There's diamonds in my chain there's diamonds in my ear  
A nigga come slippin' ill make him disappearAy nigga fuck all the slick talk get bread instead  
Stay low strapped up metal on inf red  
Too smooth won't slip new jewels don't trip  
Been around the world twice jet, lear, boat, whip  
Oh shit, I'm hella rowdy and I'm nothin' nice  
Money ain't shit but a number name ya fuckin' price  
Dick rider, coat taylor, ass kisser  
Sucker for love, time to pick up the glass slipper  
Look around ass nigga before you add liquer  
Cause bein' an add libber he'll be ina bag with ya  
I'm seein' a bad picture of bein' a cab skipper  
Broke as fuck waitin' for Satan to come and get ya  
Keep ya clique tight know ya goals  
Don't speed slow ya role don't speak learn the code  
For they pop ya ass barbecue ya body  
With beans outta the shotty while I'm in the Maserati  
With somethin' that's gonna swallow me[Chorus]My trigga finger feenin' that nigga p a demon  
Nigga my fangs start showin' if I'm seein' you dreamin'  
Get to close and I'm bustin' it won't be no discussion  
I'm a boss I don't speak I just nod my head  
And you turn up missin' with ya own page in the feds  
I got power and I will flex on you real quick  
Call ya dawgs call ya trick hug ya moms for you split  
'cause you ain't never gone see that bitch again  
And this ain't a war nigga we just havin' fun with ya  
Like a bed with a baby if I smack ya I might kill ya  
Half a million in diamonds half a billion from rhymin'

N I'm steady climbin' that means I'm still blowin up  
Got you burned while you lookin' see my Ferrari in Brooklyn  
On the corner of murda and duke so come through  
Ill light ya buildin' on fire that's why these rappers retire  
'cause they tired of dealin' with niggas like me[Chorus]Now enough with all the lame shit and wrestlin' games  
kid

I need the rocks to fill the rest of the chain with  
I need the block to feel the best that I came with  
I need the cops to get the fuck off of my dick  
Different day same shit media and paparazzi love  
Envy and betrayal my hearts as cold as hockey gloves  
I light up and take off that beef and broccoli high  
Chocolate tie, green skunk, south Jamaica queens punk  
Stand up ya boys back put ya grams up  
Get money you ain't heard nothin' but a hit from me  
Quit dummy cause its a changin' of the guards  
Beat bitches over the head the caveman of the squad  
And he barely fell victim cause they raised him up so hard  
So my 9 is on my hip and my praise is up to god  
Cause we in a battle field where the razors lead to scars  
And the lazars lead to holes, slugs in n out ya clothes[Chorus](Yea) Hey Yo p, fuck these niggas man  
Ill buck these niggas man, can't nobody else get no money  
Cause this is our year, next year is our year  
The year after is our year, the year after is our year  
(Yea) G,G,G,G,G G-Unit

Songwriters

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