Clap Yo Hands

Lil' Troy

Coming out the alleyways of Illtown
Producer extraordinaire Kaygee
Followed by the backbone, VinRock
And the last to fall onto this planet, me
Falling through the earth with a burst first for ya
Clapping ya hands now we must say, errah
For sure, but I am still thirsty, oh mercy
It's worse see, come firs see, oh curse me, it's Jersey
Slappin' through the skins now a trends backin' in
Broader than Broad Street backed by Mac 10's
No lights skip the cameras we haul action in
It's Naughty plannin' an orgy, already back again
Kay's trackin' this so clicks clap to this as we rap to this
Hoochies pop their coochies and slap their hips
Even when in Texas with no gear troopin'
That's when I find the baddest broads in Houston boostin'
Breakdown feel the party
Put your hands together everybody
All the ladies in the house, I call the honies, first
'Cause it's pure and ya sure ta get your money's worth so just
Clap your hands this evening, come on y'all, say, it's alright
Clap your hands this evening, come on, say, it's alright
Clap your hands this evening, come on y'all, say, it's alright
Clap your hands this evening, come on, say, it's alright
To all my people on the left
(Clap to this)
To all my people on the right
(Clap to this)
To all my people on the top
(Clap to this)
And in the front don't stop
(Clap to this)
And to those other MCs, Naughty by Nature fall? Nigga, please
We just took the time to form three companies
Now the whole industry awaits the new recital
I'll take your favorite idol I'll crumple up their title
In their face 'cause I'm fed up with that same ol' crap
Lack of developing your crew that's why your stage show's wack
So let the sleeping and assuming and the B.S. stop

Because, Naughty is to live and die for hip hop and I'm VinRock
I'm holdin' down the fort around my block
I reign in this game jackin' other people's props
Many crews only stress me
Petty fools try to test me, very few impress me, bless me
I sneeze upon the wack
No one but us could do it like that to me the rest's considered scrap
Fact, Naughty niggas will never be defeated
Come and try word God, word to life, I put that on the double I
Clap your hands this evening, come on y'all, say, it's alright
Clap your hands this evening, come on, say, it's alright
According to the calculations from the slums it's hittin'
Hey, Kay makes tracks all funky like raw chittlins
Styles are splitin' think I'm kiddin'? Well nigga listen
Clap long and steady 'til your palm's sore and sweaty
Started cutting more than petty confetti
Right after I said, bye bye to Ali Ba Ba the punany, papa's machete
Hope ya ready, but if you're not, guard ya knot
Grill, nose opposed to blows that's all the same spot
Still chill, I rock real and raw like a brawl's a small fight
Shorty taking tall mics so practice saying, alright
(Aight?)
The party, tight
Pass the ball all in the back head towards the front
'Cause the wall won't fall
I might make moves and motions
Start a crammed commotion
Make kitties and titties in the city glow like lotion
Remember freestyles where freebies
Systems still sound like CB's, I eat tracks leave them wheaties
I'm greedy, can't see me
Wit bifoc's I fry then fly folks with high hopes
Watch my smoke now why choke
Sly stroke get by nope now negro
You were, dead-ass wrong
Head too strong, now here's your zero
We can get deep like way down
Hi lobsters, seaweed, sand, sunk ships and missing mobsters
Hip-hoppers know hard, guess who's back again
That Naughty click clan to make you clap your hands
Clap your hands this evening, come on y'all, say, it's alright
Clap your hands this evening, come on, say, it's alright
Clap your hands this evening, come on y'all, say, it's alright
Clap your hands this evening, come on, say, it's alright
To all my people on the left

(Clap to this)
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(Clap to this)
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And in the front don't stop
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