

Clappers (Dotcom Remix)

Wale

Shawty got a big ol' butt oh yeah! (Bounce) Shawty got a big ol' butt oh yeah! (Bounce) Clappers to the front,
front, front, front
Clappers to the front, front, front, front
Shawty got a big ol' butt, oh yeah! Bounce, bounce, bounce, fool I put the city on
Bounce, bounce, bounce, fool then I put my niggas on
Bounce, bounce, bounce, fool I ain't gotta say too much
It's fan participation keeping Wale in the stadium ????
Raffle, see that from a block away
I ain't pessimistic but I dropped a couple knots today
Ooh bet she call you not today
I called 'em mama lighters out, I know the dame like Scott would say
Ooh I wonder if she shot up
I just know her favorite song is "Started from the Bottom"
And I ain't hating mama, fact I wanna take your number
Said you save yo bread from Magic something happened then went wala! Now shawty got a big ol' butt oh yeah!
Shawty got a big ol' butt oh yeah!
Clappers to the front, front, front, front
Clappers to the front, front, front, front
Shawty got a big ol' butt, oh yeah! Shawty come shake that ass for me
Let a trippy nigga see what you working with
Can you clap that ass, do a handstand, girl
Girl make your booty wiggle, do a perfect split
She got the fattest ass, she got the perfect titts
And I wanna get some head, c'mon work your lips
I'm high in the clouds and not coming down
I'm so turned up I can't find the ground
Sippin' syrup by the gallon smoking kush by the pound
Make it flood with the ones, your bitch might drowned
Juicy got chips like Frito-Lay
And I'm fucking these chicks out of D.O.A.
I'm so dope boy fresh that you think that I'm selling blow
Take your chick to V.I.P. and get her pregnant in her throat (damn, damn) Shawty bust it open for me, I might
throw this cash
Shawty throw that ass like a Hail Mary pass
I'm fucking me a new chick erry night
Make that ass clap, I don't care about that cellulite uh Shawty got a big ol' butt oh yeah!
Shawty got a big ol' butt oh yeah!
Clappers to the front, front, front, front
Clappers to the front, front, front, front

Shawty got a big ol' butt, oh yeah! Clappers to the front, got a backwood full of skunk
Got a white boy with the funnel gentrifying, that's what's up!
Look, clappers to the front, all you niggas got the skunk
Now she finna bust it loose, I'm screaming rest in peace to Chuck
This that D-M-V, we up at K-O-D
And I can CC you these C-C's
But don't be O-CUh shout out to that cellulite
Got a real bad bitch that will sell you white
Got another bad bitch that'll sex you right
Got a couple hood rats on Section eight
Make a nigga cum, don't procrastinate
Ass on 5-0 come crack the case
Got ass for days, come after day
This ass on fire, evacuate
Throw that ass in the air, evaporate
Where your money? Where the bitch? Evaluate
If you 'bout big money elaborate
I'mma shake this ass 'till I graduate nigga Now shawty got a big ol' butt oh yeah!
Shawty got a big ol' butt oh yeah!
Clappers to the front, front, front, front
Clappers to the front, front, front, front
Shawty got a big ol' butt, oh yeah! Uh, bounce, bounce, bounce, bounce, bounce, bounce, bounce
Bounce, bounce, look look
Rest in peace for Chuck, yeah yeah
Sayin' rest in peace for Chuck, yeah yeah
Sayin' rest in peace for Chuck, yeah yeah
And in that city I'm the one
In your street, D street
Roseville, ?
Garfield, ? Shawty got a big ol' butt oh yeah!
Shawty got a big ol' butt oh yeah!

Songwriters

OLUBOWALE AKINTIMEHIN, ONIKA TANYA MARAJ, MARK HENRY, JORDAN HOUSTON,
WILLIAM MILLER, MARK STEVENS, KEVIN BION SPENCER
Published by
Lyrics © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Universal Music Publishing Group
Song Discussions is protected by
U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damonlyrics.com/>