Clap

Wu-tang Clan

Clap

Yo, some niggas need the Henney to endure the drama All I need is information on your crib and armour When it comes to creepin' niggas know that I'm the father Need guns get your own gats and never charter Like a fucked up barber I push your wig farther Pull strings have you gettin' clapped and things My gat is freaky to lick more than any shorty's tongue ring Any nigga threatenin' my life's a done deal Watch a bitch get her fill Then she snitch and squeal Blow a nigga have 'em leakin' to the court of appeal Serchin' for Hav is like a search through fog How you like to make a last pit stop at the morgue Niggas wanna spread their wings then I'm clippin' 'em off Niggas wanna spread rumors I shoot their mouth off And clap a bastard in the first degree Bust that, gimme that, nigga get clapped And clap a bastard in the first degree Bust that, gimme that, nigga get clapped And clap a nigga in the first degree Yo, yo, you 'bout to be another dead rapper but who know Maybe its us, maybe its them other crews We'll see, 'til then, all I know is how to get the guns in And give it to a nigga good when he startin' Fuck that, fuck y'all, fuck all of this shit Y'all better protect that boy, I'll murder that kid You got jokes but ain't nobody over here laughin' All you get is standin' ovation with mack 10's 45ths and more shit we applaud it Niggas runnin' wit cops, scared to go to war with Some real rap niggas, we'll catch you at the source awards

From gettin' at this nigga, pardon my force

Your power is no match for my strength of wolves Nigga we came into this game on this drama shit More money more murder that's how we live it More diamonds more guns is the beginnin' More of this gangsta shit can wear you out Niggas see my gold max and you went all out I clap a bastard in the first degree Bust that, gimme that, nigga get clapped And clap a bastard in the first degree Degree in drama knowledge, you nigga just pay the homage You niggas should be abolished for that rappin' ass garbage To me, you just a target, easy to hit With that loud bark Stevie Wonder couldn't even miss Then it's 1, 2, 3, baby boy you gettin' hit And ripped, like a whole bitch, by the vultures Rusty ass germs niggas already know this Kill who you run with, in charge off who you die with Prada'd up, Gucci'd up, died on some fly shit Regulate a wig split a little nigga big nigga Any nigga kill you your man to the pen shit So fuck niggas they ain't on my level 'Cuz I been did it Talk about cliques most infamous run with it Catch your body's syndrome, most niggas sick with it And clap a nigga in the first degree Aiyyo, fall back, step back, we built to last Get back, move back, this is that smash This is that murder you niggas get bucked Your image gets shattered your bitches get fucked We Mobb Deep anytime we stomp niggas out Or I might catch you all on myself and spaz out How heavy it plays out, you niggas is assed out Take yourself to the first safe house and lock it down So we wildin', for two thousand and two poundin' Any nigga out runnin' with their mouth bound 'em Guns clap security be callin' for back up [Incomprehensible] bullets Drop leavin' them bagged up Why we mash in a jag truck, with the 22's They spin like how the 44 spun on you And clap you niggas in the first degree

You better get from around that nigga or you catchin' it too

Bust that, gimme that, nigga get clapped
And clap a bastard in the first degree
Bust that, gimme that, nigga get clapped
And clap a nigga in the first degree

Lyrics provided by https://damnlyrics.com/