Clap Back

Poppet

Yeah, yeah, yeah!
I gotta get my headphones
All my gangsta niggaz is in the building on this one!
You know! Yeah yeah ya know
It's real! Hussein what's happ'nin' nigga?
I see you, aight Shadow what's poppin' blat!
Yeah my nigga O-1 in the motherfucking house
Jody in the house
(Jody Mack!)
My nigga Cadillac, Gotti what up?
Blackchild what up?
I'd like to welcome all my niggaz
To the world famous Murda Inc. Show
Big shout to all my Queens niggaz in Staten Island
Niggaz in Uptown, niggaz in Brooklyn niggaz
All my Bronx niggaz yeah, all my Jersey niggaz! You know?
We doing it real big right here! All my money niggaz
This shit commentated on the one's and two's!
They call me the Mighty Rule! How ya livin'?
This real shit we talkin'
I wanna ask all my gangsta niggaz a real question
(Holla back)
What do you do, when niggaz spit at you?
Clap back, we gon' clap back
We gon' clap back, we gon' clap back
(Let's take 'em to war niggaz!)
We gon' clap back, we gon' clap back
We gon' clap back, we gon' clap back
(Let's take 'em to war niggaz)
We gon' clap back, we gon' clap back
We gon' clap back, we gon' clap back
(Let's take 'em to war niggaz!)
We gon' clap back, we gon' clap back
We gon' clap back, we gon' clap back
Fuck if they hollin' about Rule nigga, here's the real
I'll pop ya top like Champagne bottles that chill
Wear nothing but ice, smiles tinted up to The Greatest
Tell 'em I'm nice too, plus push them nice grooves
The Inc roll like duce man, I'm ol' G Bobby J

And we sling at soccer fields the yay
They don't respect that, don't get your minds around
You'll get it pushed back, y'all don't want that
I send 'em to the morgue while keepin' my bitches bouncin' fa sho'
"In Da Club", with no gun, got em taking it off
Can't help that, I'm the nigga that puts it down
Once I hit that, that's if I'm up in the Maybach
Fasten them holding the throwback, West 44 Lakers
Let's make no mistakes, resents take place
We'll still proceed you with a gun in your face
When you got one in your waist, let's cock back nigga ample space!
(C'mon!)
We gon'
Clap back, we gon' clap back
We gon' clap back, we gon' clap back
(Let's take 'em to war niggaz!)
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We gon' clap back, we gon' clap back
We gon' clap back, we gon' clap back
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We gon' clap back, we gon' clap back
We gon' clap back
The Rule be "In Da Club" rude motherfucker poppin' the bubbly
When shit get ugly I hug the snub closely
But usually we still see your bitches

Thats is known for quick shit, trying to ride my dick
I can't handle it, lower their manners
To get they ass in front of my dick to dance, the bitch want more chance
Catching hate from a glance, but I'm a giant
These niggaz is mere ants, I'll stomp 'em wit his thang
Give bitches the back hand, pimp shit, it's not realistic
The game is helpless, let's not get it twisted
I'm young, wrapped, and gifted, but still at the bottom
And stuck somewhere between Gomorrah and Saddam
I'm here to make this rap shit hotter than Harlem
Fuck the Dog beware of Rule, 'cause I'm the problem
We'll still proceed you with a gun in your face
When you got one in your waist, let's cock back nigga ample space!
(C'mon!)
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We gon' clap back, we gon' clap back
Like Bush and Saddam, I'm a find out
Where 'em Laden's hiding and bomb him first
It could be much worse, I could be hotter than yo scrubs
Mask and glove, gun hot from burnin' ass up
I'd rather be bossed up, wit a bunch of broads
The preachers daughter screaming out "Fuck the law!"
I play a struck chord, wit the Christians
But y'all got the freakiest bitches out of all the religions
And God gave me his blessings to handle my business
All these wanksta snitches, let the nina blow kisses
If she some how misses, he gon' meet the mistress
And "Clap that boy" like Birdman and Clipse
I got these niggaz all over my dick, like hoes
I'm the star at these shows, I must be as hot as they come
We'll still proceed you with a gun in your face
When you got one in your waist, let's cock back nigga ample space!
(C'mon!)
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We gon' clap back, we gon' clap back
We gon' clap back, we gon' clap back
Yeah, my nigga 'Zino in this motherfucker
That's how we do it, know what I mean?
Buck '89 what's up baby, I see you
Break 'em down nigga! break 'em down!
Bring them birds, in the motherfucking house
It's not a game no mo'
Queens in this motherfucker

You know
All my Jersey niggaz, all my Boston niggaz
All my Brooklyn niggaz, Brooklyn sir what up!
Yeah, holla at me man

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