

# Clap

## Raekwon, Ghostface Killah & Method Man

### 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

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

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

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