Soul Clap

Styles

[Verse 1]
I'm a drink 'til I drop on my ass, this is Holiday
I'm a go and celebrate and hop on the ass
That's one more chance, Dick Frank White ain't dead
Think you the shit, leave me your chick, the light ain't red
Matter fact just want to leave 'cause the fights is on
I'm a still be here when the lights is on
Got a fat ass in front of me, Dutch in my mouth
Wit a Corona in my left hand
You try to front I'll coma your best man
I keep a trick on my sleeve, more like a two fifth on my sleeve
Then I switch it to the trey-duce
In my back pocket, so me and love can stay loose
It's like thugs ain't partyin, I smoke 20 dimes
I seen 20 dimes I love they body and
P tryin to score for the night
And to tell you the truth, my shit blown if we war for the night[Hook: x 2]
We gon' drink 'til we drunk, dance 'til we drop
And ain't nobody leavin 'til the music stop
Can I get a Soul Clap [gun clicks]
Can I get a Soul Clap [gun clicks][Verse 2]
Ah-yo shit is still gravy though
I keep a open case, the block hot I need a song for the radio
P at the club, niggas scared to let they lady go
Foot Locker 4 for 20's
Could a had her some jeans, Nike Airs, I keep all my money
Still slide out the club wit a gorgeous honey
I don't care if it's a hole in the wall, I feel comfortable
Violate P, that's a hole in your jaw
All I want is cranberry and Courvoisier
I'm trying to talk to a dime
Motherfucker, but I still take my time
Cocksucker, to rob why'all niggas for why'all Cardiers
I got a flow that you hardly hear
And a gun wit a silencer, why 'cause they hardly hear
I got honies flockin around, smoke in the air
Wit a cool ass bomb like Bob Marley there[Hook: x 2][Verse 3]
I'm the gentleman to hold the door
I'm the gangsta that's lettin off the three while loadin the four

Rather get a Soul Clap than clap your soul
Honey askin how many blunts I have to roll
I'm a smoke til I'm high, drink til I'm drunk
I'm on my tour, shit and I ain't get a wink in a month
My favorite color is green
But I'm stacked for the moment so I'ma pick pink for the month
If you could take a hint, then after this party
If you want, hop in the Viper limo with the tints
Got the fifty Cal, so hold that
Tell 'em roll back
I show niggas the real meaning of Soul Clap[Hook: x 2]

Songwriters
Styles, David / Westfield, Richard Allen / Thomas, Dennis Ronald / Smith, Claydes / Mickens, Robert Spike / Brown, George Melvin / Bell, Ronald Nathan / Bell, RobertPublished by
Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/