

# Clap

## Young Rome

Oh, just show a little flesh  
Let me see a little flesh, mami  
Just show a little flesh  
Let me see a little flesh, mami  
Just show a little flesh  
Let me see a little fleshIm so hood and I can't change  
Rip blocks from Venice  
All the way to Fullton to Saint James, L.A. to BK  
Young Rome and Im serious  
Born hustler more clever then my nemesisPop bottles like Im Michael Jordon in the 90s  
Six ring all I do is big things  
Fall sickin' my taste  
Big ass, small waist, flawless face  
Really dont matter the race'Cause we all black as soon as the lights go out  
If the head good I might show out  
If it's right that Im tight like a fin  
When dis pipe blow out  
The fifth ward, let a psycho outYoung Rome like a redneck with his rifle out  
Whats that glow, mami ice no doubt  
Rhinestone never  
We have conference calls with Jacob  
Been like this ever since I got my cake upPick the dirt off the concrete and shake up  
Been caring my timbs since B2K's break up  
Im like Patton with no Shaq, Kobe the mailman  
One word that dont compete in my brains is failing manMami show a little flesh, let me see you ma  
Put some Cris on your tits, rub it in ya ma  
Let your boyfriend go, hes a chi chi man  
Put some Cris on your tits, rub it in ya maWe bag more then broads  
We bag cities  
You can have those hood rats with them T bag titties  
Rome gotta like him, Im slappin' these dudes silly  
Rip the nerve out your body that dont feel meAnd I rock the party like Bizzy B in his prime  
Im cool as an AC Im not Busta Rhymes  
No disrespect but Im smooth as a Jazz artist  
But live as the Roots  
Homey Im beyond the hottestIm not a star, Im the sun, not number 2, I am the 1  
I am not a rose, I am the gun  
And I spit for the half Nash niggas sleep on cots  
Started from nothing

Dreamin' of boats and yachts  
 Man I use to dream a lot but then I stop sleepin'  
 Git on my grizzle and kept bizzy  
 Got my mind right, money right, never tricked  
 Chicks mad 'cause Im tight  
 Cheap as a birds language, I ain't the one mami  
 Mami show a little flesh, let me see you ma  
 Put some Cris on your tits, rub it in ya ma  
 Let your boyfriend go, hes a chi chi man  
 Put some Cris on your tits, rub it in ya ma  
 Mami show a little flesh, let me see you ma  
 Put some Cris on your tits, rub it in ya ma  
 Let your boyfriend go, hes a chi chi man  
 Put some Cris on your tits, rub it in ya ma  
 Mami show a little flesh, let me see you ma  
 Put some Cris on your tits, rub it in ya ma  
 Let your boyfriend go, hes a chi chi man  
 Put some Cris on your tits, rub it in ya ma  
 Man I done seen it all  
 Niggas clapped up over brick shoot outs  
 With po po, pepper stray, bully sticks  
 Broads impressed with this willy shit  
 Think willys a trick?  
 Have Diddy sippin' on Cris on some silly shit  
 I dont drink from yellow bottles  
 I like my liquor brown as just jo, hold a grudge no  
 I erase enemys like Bubba fat  
 Take stars to ball  
 Clap like the Grammy Awards  
 Down hits, seven up, spit hit, seven up  
 Missed seven enough, deep shred 'em up  
 Set 'em up, wet 'em up, shock won't let 'em up  
 Hit 'em twice some more 'cause he ain't dead enough  
 Call me Iron Man  
 Think Im sexy now, you should see me in my boxer  
 You think my flow is obnoxious  
 I got old donuts in my refrigerator  
 Harder then you, you niggas know how we do  
 What bitch?  
 Mami show a little flesh, let me see you ma  
 Put some Cris on your tits, rub it in ya ma  
 Let your boyfriend go, hes a chi chi man  
 Put some Cris on your tits, rub it in ya ma  
 Mami show a little flesh, let me see you ma  
 Put some Cris on your tits, rub it in ya ma  
 Let your boyfriend go, hes a chi chi man  
 Put some Cris on your tits, rub it in ya ma

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>