

# Soul Clap

## J-Direct

I'ma drink 'til I drop on my ass, this is Holiday  
I'ma 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 of fact just wanna leave 'cuz the fights is on  
I'ma 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  
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?  
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We gon' drink 'til we drunk, dance 'til we drop  
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Aiyo, 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  
Coulda 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 y'all niggas for y'all Cardiers  
I got a flow that you hardly hear  
And a gun wit a silencer, why? 'Cuz they hardly hear  
I got honies flockin' around, smoke in the air  
Wit a cool ass bomb like Bob Marley there  
We gon' drink 'til we drunk, dance 'til we drop  
And ain't nobody leavin' 'til the music stop  
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Can I get a Soul Clap?  
Can I get a Soul Clap?  
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 rollI'ma 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 monthIf 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 ClapWe gon' drink 'til we drunk, dance 'til we drop

And ain't nobody leavin' 'til the music stop

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