

Clap First

Mobb Deep

[Havoc]

Aiyyo P man, it's that shit!

That real shit! That's comin back around And we've been on it.. for a long time now!

You know who started this shit

So you know who gon' finish it.. Yo, I don't give a fuck who lookin or starin at me

Get your gulliest nigga, fuck it and send him at me

I got the recipe to make paper, they wanna clap me

Misery love company and they see we happy

They even dap me but I see right through the bullshit Word to the tally hope my hammer clap, more than a lil' bit

You fuckin with lil' bitches I'm fuckin with grown women And fuck if they gold diggin, as long as I'm hittin
they gets nathan, afraid not for penetration

A little tongue and some cock, they say I'm nasty But I only freak with my main shorty

Thought she had me handled cause she tattooed my name I see you niggaz schemin my niggaz I see you comin

You lookin at a nigga whose stomach is used to touchin That's a problem, they say at the top, it get lonely

What's really good with you homey, you think you know me

I clap the chrome, you niggaz beter step lively They say life's a bitch, but don't remind me [Chorus: repeat 2X]

Fuck waitin for you to make a move - clap first

I gotta do it my nigga win or lose - clap first

When these slugs hit you 'member they was meant for you - clap first Ain't nobody on this earth invincible -
clap first [Prodigy]

Yea yea yea yea, aiyyo

I pledge allegiance to our flag, may no man put asunder

Gun in my pants, make my shit sag

Tougher(?) letters on my hand, spells what I stand for

Hop out the trenches on niggaz, they runnin from us

Flip on you and your mans, for speakin on my thugs P hoppin fences and benches, avoidin them slugs

Real slow when they back out, you cockin shit back I got one in the head and I'm turnin ya hats

Then I spit what I want you to know with these raps Albums sellin like drugs, we gettin it back

Bodies wrapped in Versace quilts, home invasions

Bitch-ass niggaz is found in the basements Smoke with the family, and spill drinks for our dead

Drive in the backseat, fucked up your lady head

Rolled back up the window, and then we slid

As I roll what's left of this, triangle bag man (See, that's what the fuck I'm talkin bout) (Niggaz can't FUCK with
us!) [Chorus]

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