Clap Back (Radio Edit)

Ja Rule

Yeah, yeah, ha ha yeah!
I gotta get my headphones
All my gangsta niggas is in the building on this one!
You know! Yeah yeah ya know
It's real! Hussein what's happenin' nigga?
I see you, aight Shadow what's poppin' blat!
Ha ha ha ha, yeah my nigga O-1 in the motherfucking house
Jody in the house (Jody Mack!)
My nigga Cadillac, Gotti what up?
Blackchild what up?
I'd like to welcome all my niggas
To the world famous Murda Inc. Show
Big shout to all my Queens niggas in Staten Island
Niggas in Uptown, niggas in Brooklyn niggas
All my Bronx niggas yeah, all my Jersey niggas! you know?
We doing it real big right here! all my money niggas
This shit commentated on the one's and two's!
They call me the Mighty Rule! how ya living?
This real shit we talking
I want to ask all my gangsta niggaz a real question (holla back)
What do you do - when niggaz spit at you?!Clap back, we gon' clap back
We goin' clap back, we gon' clap back
(Let's take 'em to war niggas!)
We goin' clap back, we gon' clap back
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We goin' clap back, we gon' clap backFuck if they holl'in about Rule nigga, here's the real
I'll pop ya top like Champagne bottles that chill
Wear nothing but ice, smiles tinted up to The Greatest
Tell em I'm nice too, plus push them nice grooves
The Inc roll like deuce man, I'm ol' G Bobby J
And we sling at soccer fields the yay
They don't respect that, don't get your minds around

You'll get it pushed back, y'all don't want that
I send em to the morgue while keepin' my bitches bouncin' fa sho
"In Da Club" with no gun, got em taking it off
Can't help that, I'm the nigga that puts it down
Once I hit that, that's if I'm up in the May (bach)
Fasten them holding the throwback, West 44 Lakers
Let's make no mistakes, resents take place
We'll still proceed you with a gun in your face
When you got one in your waist, let's cock back nigga ample space!
(C'mon!) We gon'Clap back, we gon' clap back
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We goin' clap back, we gon' clap backThe Rule be "In Da Club" rude motherfucker poppin the bubbly
When shit get ugly I hug the snub closely
But usually we still see your bitches
That's is known for quick shit, trying to ride my dick
I can't handle it, lower their manners
To get they ass in front of my dick to dance, the bitch want more chance
Catching hate from a glance, but I'm a giant
These niggas is mere ants, I'll stomp 'em wit his thing
Give bitches the back hand, pimp shit, it's not realistic
The game is helpless, let's not get it twisted
I'm young, wrapped, and gifted, but still at the bottom
And stuck somewhere between Gomorrah and Saddam
I'm here to make this rap shit hotter than Harlem
Fuck the Dog beware of Rule, cause I'm the problem
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We goin' clap back, we gon' clap backLike Bush and Saddam, I'm a find out
Where Em Laden's hiding and bomb him first
It could be much worse, I could be hotter than yo scrubs
Mask and glove, gun hot from burnin' ass up
I'd rather be bossed up, wit a bunch of broads
The preachers daughter screaming out "Fuck the law!"
I play a struck chord, wit the Christians
But y'all got the freakiest bitches out of all the religions
And God gave me his blessings to handle my business
All these wanksta snitches, let the nina blow kisses
If she some how misses, he goin' meet the mistress
And "Clap that boy" like Birdman and Clipse
I got these niggaz all over my dick, like hoes
I'm the star at these shows, I must be as hot as they come
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When you got one in your waist, let's cock back nigga ample space!
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