The Clap

Infant Sorrow

We got the clap
You got the clap
We cook the rocks
You took the smack
Oh yeah

We got the clap
You got the clap
We took the yellow ones
You took the black
Uh huh

We got the itch
You got the scratch
Burns burns burns like the head of a match
You took the front
I took the back
Oh Yeah

We got the clap
We got it

We got the clap
You got the clap
Wipe my face
On the welcome mat
Uh huh

We got the junk
You got the junk
Shake shake shake
Taste the spunk
Uh huh, I said the spunk

We got the clap
Can't be beat
Got it off the back of a toilet seat
Shake your hips
Mind your feet

Oh yeah

We got the clap
We got the clap
We got it

We got the itch
You got the scratch
Burns burns burns like the head of a match
You took the front
We took the back
Oh yeah

Catch my drift
Catch that too
Caught it off a buck-tooth prostitute
You took the front
I took the back
Oh yeah

We got the clap
(We got the clap, can't be beat)
I got the clap
(Got it off the back of a toilet seat)
You got the clap
(Shake your hips, mind your feet)
Oh yeah

We got the clap
You got the clap
We got the clap!

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