# Click Click

## Miss Derringer

We get that paper baby boy, it's easy
You want to be who? You can't be me
Shorty gave me that ass on GP
Rollin' in a G-500, or the Porsche, roof open
And I know that you're hopin' that I fall real soon
But I ain't goin' nowhere, hate to bust your balloon
And there ain't that much room for all us
Limited space, the game like a tour bus
I won't break, I just take, take and take
Rape and rape, the game til there's no more cake
Snitch ass niggaz givin' up identities
Ain't my forte makin' pennies
They soft like ice cream, sweeter than Ben & Jerry's
Like [Incomprehensible], leavin' nowhere to be found but buried
The gun won't fail me, the money won't leave me
Stop schemin' on me baby 'cause it ain't that easy
Niggaz leave prints 'cause their palms so greasy
Their mind read easy, I see right through 'em
The AK'll do 'em, like nobody doin' 'em
Stop, it's best that you keep it movin', you'll get shot
We ain't lickin' niggaz, we ain't bustin' shots in the air
No warnin' shots, the fuck out of here
Oh man homey, hate to do you like this
Oh man homey, when the tooley go click, click, click
We ain't lickin' niggaz, we ain't bustin' shots in the air
No warnin' shots, the fuck out of here
Oh man homey, hate to do you like this
Oh man homey, when the tooley go click, click, click
It's the young high-roller, the talk of New York
David got my neck lookin' like a lightning bolt
I'm in that two-door Range Stormer
My truck plush, and the wheels are the size of rims on a school bus
I need that Bill Gates money, that's fifty-one billion
Six hundred Ki's, that's fifty-one million
Me and 50 in Hollywood, with Quincy Jones
Since the Feds bought Nextel, I trashed my phone
Listen homes, everything glisten homes
Yeah my gun and my rims both sit on chrome
You move your weight in the car, I move weight by the carload

I dropped in Marcy in a Murcielago
My connect is a Cuban named Flaco
With my aim, you a human taco
Meetin' shells, yo the Feds tryin' to peep our sales
My daughter grow up, she in Harvard and Yale, yeah
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Oh man homey, when the tooley go click, click, click
You see me rollin', Mack-10 showin' out the window
When you catchin' me shootin' out the Coup, then switch your lane
You don't want me creepin' two miles an hour, with my seat low
'Cause I'll hop up out the roof with fully-autos and embed it in your brain
It's like fee, fie, foe, fum, I smell the blood of a jealous ass punk
One, two, three hundred shots
Fittin' to ring off them things off, and cook the block
Old people, the pets and the kids
Whoever in the way, them strays gon' hit
And we don't give a fuck about the police nigga
This ain't Manhattan, this Queens nigga
We're immune to the violence, it's nothin' to me
Fuck 'em they don't give a fuck about P
If they could kill me, believe me, they would
That's why I set it off, and I get 'em real good
When them street, lights, come on nigga
You best, have, your gun on nigga
'Cause tonight we ride and you die
As soon as I walk up, or drive-by
We ain't lickin' niggaz, we ain't bustin' shots in the air
No warnin' shots, the fuck out of here
Oh man homey, hate to do you like this
Oh man homey, when the tooley go click, click, click
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