

Clap Back

Ja Rule

Yeah, yeah, yeah!

I gotta get my headphones

All my gangsta niggaz is in the building on this one!

You know! Yeah yeah ya know

It's real! Hussein what's happ'nin' nigga?

I see you, aight Shadow what's poppin' blat!

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 niggaz

To the world famous Murda Inc. Show

Big shout to all my Queens niggaz in Staten Island

Niggaz in Uptown, niggaz in Brooklyn niggaz

All my Bronx niggaz yeah, all my Jersey niggaz! You know?

We doing it real big right here! All my money niggaz

This shit commentated on the one's and two's!

They call me the Mighty Rule! How ya livin'?

This real shit we talkin'

I wanna 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 gon' clap back, we gon' clap back

(Let's take 'em to war niggaz!)

We gon' clap back, we gon' clap back

We gon' clap back, we gon' clap back

(Let's take 'em to war niggaz)

We gon' clap back, we gon' clap back

We gon' clap back, we gon' clap back

(Let's take 'em to war niggaz!)

We gon' clap back, we gon' clap back

We gon' clap back, we gon' clap back Fuck if they hollin' 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 duce 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 Maybach
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 gon' clap back, we gon' 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

Thats 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 niggaz is mere ants, I'll stomp 'em wit his thangGive 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

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!)

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We gon' clap back, we gon' clap back

We gon' clap back, we gon' clap back Like 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 gon' 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
 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!)
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 (Let's take 'em to war niggaz!)
 We gon' clap back, we gon' clap back Yeah, my nigga 'Zino in this motherfucker
 That's how we do it, know what I mean?
 Buck '89 what's up baby, I see you
 Break 'em down nigga! break 'em down!
 Bring them birds, in the motherfucking house
 It's not a game no mo'
 Queens in this motherfucker
 You know
 All my Jersey niggaz, all my Boston niggaz
 All my Brooklyn niggaz, Brooklyn sir what up!
 Yeah, holla at me man

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