

# Clap Your Hands

## A Tribe Called Quest

Clap your hands now, clap your hands now  
Clap your hands now, clap your hands now  
Clap your hands now, clap your hands now  
Clap your hands now, clap your hands now Brothas know the flavs when the Quest gets loose  
Slammin' sucka fuckas like the wrestler Zeus  
Crazier than Tupac in that flick called Juice  
Cock is longer than the hat worn by Dr. Seuss  
Love a girl in Daisy Dukes like them kids called Deuce  
Gets paid to sex the hoochie like my main man Luke  
Control the mic like Denzel on the girls  
Wack MCs be on the nuts like Rocket J. Squirrel The worst thing in the world is a sucka MC  
Favorite rap group in the world is EPMD  
Can't forget the De La, the two originality  
And if I ever went solo, my favorite MC would be me  
Phife Dawg up in the house, I give a shout out to Snoopy  
Peace to all the Questers, to hell with the groupies  
Like um, Ralph up to Potsie, Brooklyn to Dodger  
Laverne to Shirley, Rerun to Roger, Ren to the Stimpy, Laurel to Hardy  
Q-Tip and Phifer, they mashed up the party Kick the rhymes and more rhymes, kick the beats and more beats  
We'll have you scratchin in your head, like Shaheed on Technics  
For those who wanna oppose, just take a stand  
But for now, just shut your shit and clap your hands Clap your hands, clap your hands  
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Clap your hands, clap your hands  
Clap your hands, clap your hands  
Clap your hands, clap your hands You just wanna dance man, then clap your hands  
If you venture up the wrong road, then the circumstance  
Will be crucial, I got hundreds of rhymes  
That'll suit you, so listen  
The Abstract intuition is very very worthy  
I can feel ya out from Russia to Jersey  
Can't understand, the underground, it gets deep  
The low, the Nikes, the links, the jeeps The women, the lingo and all the other goods  
Peace to the hoods, that keep my shit on play  
Please don't do the mute when you hear me on the juke  
Brothas know my angle, it's the Star-Spangled  
Black banner, hook up the beats at the funk manner

If want a roll, then dough I be rakin  
The scope is on the world, 'cuz it's mine for the takin'  
You know I'm gonna do itMy shit is rock solid, but it flows like fluid  
Chemists get confused of my ill composition  
This is the third of the new Tribe addition  
MCs be swingin', but alot of them be missin'  
So shut your bloodclot and listen 'cuz I'm bringin' you the ill rendition  
I'd like to send this out to the L.E.S, gotta alot of rhythm  
And style and finesse, come here love, hot sex on a plat  
And when your done with that then clapClap your hands, clap your hands  
Clap your hands, clap your hands  
Clap your hands, clap your hands  
Clap your hands, clap your hands  
Clap your hands, clap your hands  
Clap your hands, clap your hands now  
Clap your hands now, clap your hands now{ Keep bouncing }

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