

Get Clapped

Lloyd Banks

Front on me and get clapped
Front on him and get clapped
Front on us and get clapped
You get clapped n****Front on me and get clapped
Front on him and get clapped
Front on us and get clapped
Get clapped, get clappedI know this feel different 'cause everything is good
They actin' like I changed, like I went Hollywood
Like I don't keep it street, like I ain't got the heat
Like I ain't homicide all over the beatLike I ain't for the beef, like I don't really care
'Cause I ain't camera shy we can do it anywhere
There's diamonds in my chain, there's diamonds in my ear
A n**** come slippin' I'll make him disappearAy n**** f*** all the slick talk, get bread instead
Stay low strapped up metal on inf red
Too smooth, won't slip, new jewels, don't trip
Been around the world twice jet, lear, boat, whipOh s***, I'm hella rowdy and I'm nothin' nice
Money ain't s*** but a number name ya f***in' price
D*** rider, coat Taylor, a** kisser, sucker for love
Type to pick up the glass slipperLook around a** n**** before you add liquor
'Cause bein' an ad-libber he'll be in a bag with ya
I'm seein' a bad picture of bein' a cab skipper
Broke as f*** waitin' for Satan to come and get yaKeep ya clique tight, know ya goals
Don't speed, slow ya role, don't speak, learn the codes
For they pop ya a** barbecue ya body with beans
Outta the shoty while I'm in the Maserati
With somethin' that's gonna swallow meI know this feel different 'cause everything is good
They actin' like I changed, like I went Hollywood
Like I don't keep it street, like I ain't got the heat
Like I ain't homicide all over the beatLike I ain't for the beef, like I don't really care
'Cause I ain't camera shy we can do it anywhere
There's diamonds in my chain, there's diamonds in my ear
A n**** come slippin' I'll make him disappearMy trigger finger feenin' that n**** P is a demon
N**** my fangs start showin' if I'm seein' you dreamin'
Get too close and I'm ***** it won't be no discussion
I'ma boss, I don't speak, I just nod my headAnd you turn up missin' with ya own page in the feds
I got power and I will flex on you real quick
Call ya dawgs, call ya trick, hug ya momz for you split
'Cause you ain't never gone see that b**** againAnd this ain't a war n**** we just havin' fun with ya
Like a bed with a baby, if I smack ya I might **** ya

Half a million in diamonds, half a billion from rhymin'

And I'm steady and climbin' that means I'm still growin' up
Got you burned while you lookin', see my Ferrari
in Brooklyn

On the corner of murda and duke, so come through

I'll light ya buildin' on fire that's why these rappers retire

'Cause they tired of dealin' with the n****z like me
I know this feel different 'cause everything is good

They actin' like I changed, like I went Hollywood

Like I don't keep it street, like I ain't got the heat

Like I ain't homicide all over the beat
Like I ain't for the beef, like I don't really care

'Cause I ain't camera shy we can do it anywhere

There's diamonds in my chain, there's diamonds in my ear

A n**** come slippin' I'll make him disappear
Now enough with all the lame s*** and wrestlin' games, kid

I need the rocks to fill the rest of the chain with

I need the block to feel the best that I came with

I need the cops to get the f*** off of my d***
Different day, same s*** media and paparazzi love

Envy and betrayal, my heart's cold as hockey gloves

I light it up and take off that beef and broccoli high

Chocolate tie, green skunk, south Jamaica queens punk
Stand up ya boy's back put ya grams up

Get money you ain't heard nothin' but a hit from me

Quit dummy 'cause it's a changin' of the guards

Beat b****es over the head the caveman of the squad
And he barely fell victim 'cause they raised him up so hard

So my 9 is on my hip and my praise is up to God

'Cause we in a battlefield where the razors lead to scars

And the lasers lead to holes, s**** in n out ya clothes
I know this feel different 'cause everything is good

They actin' like I changed, like I went Hollywood

Like I don't keep it street, like I ain't got the heat

Like I ain't homicide all over the beat
Like I ain't for the beef, like I don't really care

'Cause I ain't camera shy we can do it anywhere

There's diamonds in my chain, there's diamonds in my ear

A n**** come slippin' I'll make him disappear
Hey, ayo P, I'll buck these n****z

Can't nobody else get no money?

This is our year, next year is our year

The year after is our year, the year after is our year

Yeah, G-Unit

Lyrics provided by

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