Soul Clap

Strange Fruit Project

I'ma drink 'til I drop on my ass, this is Holiday
I'ma go and celebrate and hop on the ass
That's one more chance, Dick Frank White ain't dead
Think you the shit, leave me your chick, the light ain't redMatter of fact just wanna leave 'cuz the fights is on
I'ma still be here when the lights is on
Got a fat ass in front of me, Dutch in my mouth
Wit a Corona in my left handYou try to front I'll coma your best man
I keep a trick on my sleeve, more like a two fifth on my sleeve
Then I switch it to the trey-duce
In my back pocket, so me and love can stay looseIt's like thugs ain't partyin', I smoke 20 dimes
I seen 20 dimes I love they body and
P tryin' to score for the night
And to tell you the truth, my shit blown if we war for the nightWe gon' drink 'til we drunk, dance 'til we drop
And ain't nobody leavin' 'til the music stop
Can I get a Soul Clap?
Can I get a Soul Clap?We gon' drink 'til we drunk, dance 'til we drop
And ain't nobody leavin' 'til the music stop
Can I get a Soul Clap?
Can I get a Soul Clap?Aiyo, shit is still gravy though
I keep a open case, the block hot I need a song for the radio
P at the club, niggas scared to let they lady go
Foot Locker 4 for 20'sCoulda had her some jeans, Nike Airs, I keep all my money
Still slide out the club wit a gorgeous honey
I don't care if it's a hole in the wall, I feel comfortable
Violate P, that's a hole in your jawAll I want is cranberry and Courvoisier
I'm trying to talk to a dime
Motherfucker, but I still take my time
Cocksucker, to rob y'all niggas for y'all CardiersI got a flow that you hardly hear
And a gun wit a silencer, why? 'Cuz they hardly hear
I got honies flockin' around, smoke in the air
Wit a cool ass bomb like Bob Marley thereWe gon' drink 'til we drunk, dance 'til we drop
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Can I get a Soul Clap?I'm the gentleman to hold the door
I'm the gangsta that's lettin' off the three while loadin' the four
Rather get a Soul Clap than clap your soul

Honey askin' how many blunts I have to rollI'ma smoke 'til I'm high, drink 'til I'm drunk
I'm on my tour, shit and I ain't get a wink in a month
My favorite color is green
But I'm stacked for the moment, so, I'ma pick pink for the monthIf you could take a hint then after this party
if you want, hop in the Viper limo with the tints
Got the fifty Cal, so hold that, tell 'em roll back
I show niggas the real meaning of Soul ClapWe gon' drink 'til we drunk, dance 'til we drop
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