

Clap

Hooded Fang

Clap

Yo, some niggas need the Henney to endure the drama
All I need is information on your crib and armour
When it comes to creepin' niggas know that I'm the father
Need guns get your own gats and never charter
Like a fucked up barber I push your wig farther
Pull strings have you gettin' clapped and things
My gat is freaky to lick more than any shorty's tongue ring
Any nigga threatenin' my life's a done deal
Watch a bitch get her fill
Then she snitch and squeal
Blow a nigga have 'em leakin' to the court of appeal
Serchin' for Hav is like a search through fog
How you like to make a last pit stop at the morgue
Niggas wanna spread their wings then I'm clippin' 'em off
Niggas wanna spread rumors I shoot their mouth off
And clap a bastard in the first degree
Bust that, gimme that, nigga get clapped
And clap a bastard in the first degree
Bust that, gimme that, nigga get clapped
And clap a nigga in the first degree
Yo, yo, you 'bout to be another dead rapper but who know
Maybe its us, maybe its them other crews
We'll see, 'til then, all I know is how to get the guns in
And give it to a nigga good when he startin'
Fuck that, fuck y'all, fuck all of this shit
Y'all better protect that boy, I'll murder that kid
You got jokes but ain't nobody over here laughin'
All you get is standin' ovation with mack 10's
45ths and more shit we applaud it
Niggas runnin' wit cops, scared to go to war with
Some real rap niggas, we'll catch you at the source awards
From gettin' at this nigga, pardon my force

You better get from around that nigga or you catchin' it too
Your power is no match for my strength of wolves
Nigga we came into this game on this drama shit
More money more murder that's how we live it
More diamonds more guns is the beginnin'
More of this gangsta shit can wear you out
Niggas see my gold max and you went all out

I clap a bastard in the first degree
Bust that, gimme that, nigga get clapped
And clap a bastard in the first degree
Degree in drama knowledge, you nigga just pay the homage
You niggas should be abolished for that rappin' ass garbage

To me, you just a target, easy to hit
With that loud bark Stevie Wonder couldn't even miss
Then it's 1, 2, 3, baby boy you gettin' hit
And ripped, like a whole bitch, by the vultures
Rusty ass germs niggas already know this
Kill who you run with, in charge off who you die with
Prada'd up, Gucci'd up, died on some fly shit
Regulate a wig split a little nigga big nigga
Any nigga kill you your man to the pen shit
So fuck niggas they ain't on my level
'Cuz I been did it

Talk about cliques most infamous run with it
Catch your body's syndrome, most niggas sick with it
And clap a nigga in the first degree
Aiyyo, fall back, step back, we built to last
Get back, move back, this is that smash
This is that murder you niggas get bucked
Your image gets shattered your bitches get fucked
We Mobb Deep anytime we stomp niggas out
Or I might catch you all on myself and spaz out
How heavy it plays out, you niggas is assed out
Take yourself to the first safe house and lock it down
So we wildin', for two thousand and two poundin'
Any nigga out runnin' with their mouth bound 'em
Guns clap security be callin' for back up
[Incomprehensible] bullets
Drop leavin' them bagged up
Why we mash in a jag truck, with the 22's
They spin like how the 44 spun on you
And clap you niggas in the first degree

Bust that, gimme that, nigga get clapped
 And clap a bastard in the first degree
Bust that, gimme that, nigga get clapped
 And clap a nigga in the first degree

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