

# Nolia Clap

Juvenile

Wacko, Juvenile, Skip!

Hollaback

Where H-town at...ATL at...Miami, Lil Haiti, Lauderdale at...

Ya'll hear dat Nolia clap?

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I say da U gon do dey thing wodie please believe  
If not we'll make it hard for u cowards to breave  
One thing about a ghost, keeps sh\* up a sleeve  
Juve and skip attack the boards, while I plug em wit 3's

Every stash spot i got, I stuff it wit g's  
don't need a chain or a whip to snatch me a freak..  
I'd rather ride around in my hooptie blowin on trees  
With two heaters in my lap..bumpin 400 degreez

I 'on rock wit juvenile. what clown? datz my dawg..  
Say dat sh\* again I'll wack all ya'll.  
Get on some bo? sh\*...smack all ya'll  
Prolly get on dat rob sh\*...crack all ya'll

I neva talk sideways I put ya on da highway  
Have ya sweatin in da chicken coop like smokey off Friday  
Catch ya in da nolia have ya runnin down da driveway  
Tryna bring ya down ? Yippe Ka Yay

Where da Bay at...to dat 'lay at  
where dem teks, where dem 9's, where dem k's at  
west coast whats up, west side whats up  
where NY at..., NJ at, Philly Philly, DC, VA at

east coast whassup, east side whassup  
I'm straight hollygrove ya know dat  
But I'm ol' skool, fisher projek like a throwback  
Now I told you now you know dat  
You ain't welcome here, you ain't see I'm Gone on my doormat  
So stupid why...you ain't abide by dat  
If I catch you on my porch, you gon die by dat  
Right there, by them leaves..you can lie by dat  
On side of dat dog doo doo, you can dry like dat  
Cause this is payback for anyone who eva said dat  
Look, I'm safe wit this vest...Gon get his head packed  
Or get his face slashed, get his neck jooked  
Look in my face...this how death look  
If ya deaf look, I won't play witcha  
Gun talk is all I'm gonna say to ya  
So learn to read lips...cause see we tripz  
Every time dat alk and dem trees mix

Where da Row at, Interscope at... Choppa City, Universal, Cut Throat at...

where my pimps wassup, all my playaz wassup  
where UTP at, Crime Lab at, Rap A Lot, DTP, Aftermath at  
all my souljas wassup, all my gangstas wassup

we from the dirrty dirrty ya heard me ya shoot and get shot from under the d

partment line we  
bout as long as ya block i travel all over the states been in some serious s  
pots carzy not  
knowing if them people gon' kill me or not all that booting up and stunnin a  
nd gon get u no where  
if u aint bout shooting them subs dont even go there if u scared show u scra  
ed and put ur sets  
down we aint got a way lookin for beef u can go away now gotta holla at ?? s  
urvival these  
people be my people hook me up with some prada clap for a PM calp for a bben  
z and if u clap right  
here ill give u twenties and tens 3rd ward got money  
we got plenty to spend quit spending on transportation we got plenty of them  
YEA THIS IS BIG BUISNES RIGHT HERE RAP-A-LOT UTP 2004 PUT UR U'S UP