

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 nigga)

Front on me and get clapped
Front on him and get clapped
Front on us and get clapped (get clapped get clapped)

I know this feel different cause everything is good
They actin like I changed like i went hollywood
Like i dont keep it street like i aint got the heat
Like I aint homicide all over the beat
Like I aint for the beef like i dont really care
Cause i aint camera shy we can do it any where
Theres diamonds in my chain theres diamonds in my ear
A nigga come slippin ill make him dissapear

Ay nigga fuck all the slick talk get bread instead
Stay low strapped up metal on inf red
Too smooth wont slip new jewels dont trip
Been around the world twice jet, lear, boat, whip
Oh shit, im hella rowdy and im nothin nice
Money aint shit but a number name ya fuckin price
Dick rider, coat taylor, ass kisser
Sucker for love, time to pick up the glass slipper
Look around ass nigga before u add liquer
Cause bein an add libber he'll be ina bag with ya
Im seein a bad picture of bein a cab skipper
Broke as fuck waitin for satan to come and get ya
Keep ya clique tight know ya goals
Dont speed slow ya role dont speak learn the code
For they pop ya ass barbeque ya body
With beans outta the shotty while im in the mozzerati
With somethin thats gonna swallow me

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My trigga finger feenin that nigga p a demon
Nigga my fangs start showin if im seein u dreamin
Get to close and im bustin it wont be no discussion
Ima boss i dont speak i just nod my head
And 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
Cuz u aint never gone see that bitch again
And this aint a war nigga we just havin fun with ya
Like a bed with a baby if i smack ya i might kill ya
Half a million in diamonds half a billion from rhymin
N im steady climbin that means im still blowin up
Got you burned while u lookin see my ferrari in brooklyn

On the corner of murda and duke so come through
Ill light ya buildin on fire thats why these rappers retire
Cuz they tired of dealin with niggaz like me

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Now enough with all the lame shit 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 fuck off of my dick
Different day same shit media and popperazzi love
Envy and betrayel my hearts as cold as hockey gloves
I light up and take off that beef and brocolli high
Chocolate tie, green skunk, south jamaica queens punk
Stand up ya boys back put ya grams up
Get money you aint heard nothin but a hit from me
Quit dummy cause its a changin of the guards
Beat bitches 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 battle field where the razors lead to scars
And the lazors lead to holes, slugs in n out ya clothes

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Yea Hey Yo p, fuck these niggaz man
Ill buck these niggaz man, cant nobody else get no money
Cause this is our year, next year is our year
The year after is our year, the year after is our year
Yea GGGGGGGGGG G-Unit