

No Drama

Fat Joe

We just clap and revolve
We just clap and revolve
We just clap and revolve
We just clap
We just clap (Who want to pop off to the head get popped off Nigga)
We just clap and revolve
You don't wanna start no drama
You, You, You don't wanna stop no drama

Yeah
We getting paper hear
Yeah
Got that crown holders shirt on, got like a million diamonds on it
Ten million written all over that

We just clap and revolve
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We just clap and revolve
You don't wanna start no drama
We just clap and revolve
We just clap and revolve

Nine check
Forty check
K's check
You be the first to go
Haze yes
Ye yes
Motherfucker this is business, never personal
This Coca baby
I'm an 88er
I put work in these streets
Now do yourself the favor
You bring the drama
Then drama leads to choppers
Then them choppers get to sprayin'
And somebody need a doctor now
You not an actor, not a rapper
You's a clapper, you's a trapper
Got a ratchet, so why you hire coppers now
It is what it is; I got the gliz on me
And don't nobody want it with the Big homey

Nigga want beef with me
Must be out of his mind
Nigga think that Joey past his prime
Layed his ass flat in the street
Yeah I splattered his mind
Walk away with his life and his shines
Yeah, I smell pussy pussy
Yeah pussy pussy
That's how h e looked when I left his fuckin face gushy
Ask about it
Cracks about it
Went back to the crib and then we laughed about it
I'm a rider, I'm a sider - I'n a money maker

I decided you's a liar when it comes to paper
Broad day we could clap it in these streets
Middle the PJ's make em bring out these sheets