

Clap Clap

K Koke

Brap, Tap, Blookum blookum, Blai blai
Mack claps
These little dick heads die, die
They act bad
The four fizzy
Sky, sky
Clap, clap
With my nigga, fly by

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These little dick heads die, die
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The four fizzy
sky, sky
clap, clap
With my niggas, fly by

I could have done sent a slug for you niggas
But I had to pull the plug for six figures
It's big buisness
Fucking with me
You ain't fucking with me
30 man threw bricks
Are you fucking silly
When I clap I buss a round of applause
When you clap
There go rounds out the four
Pumping rounds at your door
Clack, clack, get down on the floor
Rack, tack, your man's in the morgue
Man bangs for the boards
Wait pause, you ain't real like me
Bust steal like me
Talk about it on the beat
And get VIP
I'm a real life G
I slip regardless
But I didn't get whipped in the barbers
So holla at you damn boy
Shots follow when I bang toys

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Hard hitters, polo
Watch how I go go
Sitting in the whip on my solo
Four fizzy cocked make it go go
I'm make a funeral for this fuck a promo
No shouts outs, no prints, no logo
My glock got socked
The nickel plates got blood
Now Koke brings the Mac and the 38 snub
You know we do this thing in the club
Like blah blah, aye aye
I'm gonna get the dirty thing and spray
Like fuck nigga
30 man, my brothers like what you saying
I ain't fucking playing
I'm gonna beat you to death with no fucking spray
Count yourself lucky Koke pulled the plug
I was waiting on the call in the pub with gloves
I'm itching to go
I ain't got no deal, so I'm itching to blow

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