

Clap

Wu-Tang Clan

Call it the Hollow Bone syndrome line
Select sweet nine, face this, watch his whole face lift
Bracelets, murder niggas, luxurious, banks I was draped
Caked out, half a million dollars in coats
Flows is genetic, the Corleone connection in all
Selection, stock brokers with coats on
Make coke suggestion, all twin glizzies
Fireman, Gucci boots on, sideways action, murder niggas fear me yo
Cash that he did Clinton, rentin his mother crib out
We send organize the Bill of Rights get lid
Drugs that Hendrix was on, conversatin like the Dutch
Richie Conaway, Goodfellas who honor Rae
Flows that blow thru your roll and Holland
Everybody now, trip up niggas, in clicks we posin rhyme black
Half the year, half my niggas sittin upstairs
Takin pictures of ya niggas wack gear

Listen to the (Clap)
Real niggas (Clap)
Rich niggas (Clap)
My bitches (Clap)
If you love pussy then y'all niggas (Clap)
If you love to get ate, then ya ladies (Clap)
If you real fucked up, then ya'll niggas (Clap)
If you bare witness to Allah y'all (Clap)
Aiyo you see me on the big screen y'all niggas Clap
(Jeans with a gangster lean, y'all Clap)
Good hats, sloppy automatics that Clap
(Big shit, thunder) Get around that

Porcelain floors with a dog named Ginger
Bottle cap niggas that rhyme, we the winners
Then slide thru your hood in hoods
Me, Cliff, Patrick, Gary Grice and my man C. Woods
Holdin up gorilla, two niggas got a hold that shit
One shot and ya mans on it
The little kids watch from down the block
Jury box, murder hop, six stash botch, fit hit the ran spots
Spit at the statue with cash and throw dough at it
Fuck bitches raw, why? cuz I'm a pro at it
Big birds danglin, cameras snatch, flash and pop from every angle and
2000 Mark Damon'in

Clap ya hands now, Clap, Clap ya hands now, Clap, Clap
Clap, Clap ya hands now, Clap, Clap, Clap ya hands now
People Clap ya hands

I drink till I'm drunk,
smoke skunk with my stinkin ass, smell the funk
Eekin out the pours, cum stain, shitty drawers
Pissin down ya elevators shaft, no class, writin graf' on ya walls
It be us, fuck ya law, niggas my cause is "because"
No yin to my yang, it's a black thing
Used to be in chains, now we snatch chains
Took the crack game applied it to the rap game, y'all
Pop quiz, now, what artist hits the hardest?
Ya down with the syndrome: retarded

I think it was them swordsmen,
place them chess pieces on the boards and
Take it to square, this ain't no Yakool affair
Or a New World Disorder, got us, fuckin the coal miner's daughter
That y'all, but not us

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During this time, I intend to teach you the Shaolin poem
The rules and commandments, that void, deceit
Cruelty and unkindness, always help the weak
Never despise the poor, always respect yourself