

# 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