

# 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