

## Redman F/ George Clinton

### "Clans, Posses, Crews and Kliks"

Visit "[Clans, Posses, Crews and Kliks](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Rock] Aiyyo Son (yo) aiyyo come downstairs Son  
(what?)  
[batty bwoy] Asshole, asshole, asshole!  
[Rock] There's like six bitch-ass niggaz on the corner  
Son  
(Aiyyo word?) These niggaz is rappin, kickin raps n shit  
Can't tell these niggaz they ain't hype  
They punk smooove bullshit, just meet me downstairs  
Son  
I'ma set it on these niggaz Son  
[Ruck] Yo I'ma be right there man, I'm gettin dressed  
now  
[Rock] These niggaz have no idea Son, check it check it

Verse One: Rock, Ruck

And one time for your mind, one time for the snitch  
droppin dime  
Me don't wanna hear you whine when my nine's to your  
spine  
Glock diss, Rocky, Mountain, energy's from my  
fountain of youth runnin through my brain pounded  
So don't be found in my clutches  
If you don't who Sparsky is, then you don't know who  
Dutch is  
Don't get snuffed kid, we cause ruckus  
And rock mad domes while we at it who's the first up  
to see blackness like the universe

Fuck that, niggaz better start runnin for shelter  
Live and direct with a nine tenth that's that nigga from  
Heltah Skeltah  
Word em up I murder ducks who never heard of Ruck  
plus  
My mind illz on rhyme skills with the nine that I buck  
(blahhh)  
Girls demand me, mad bitches I slam the  
microphone you hand me till the judge remand me  
(what)  
Can we, get along like Rodney, and Rock please  
Put these niggaz in they proper place cause you cocky

I, be the drama bringer wringer of a niggaz neck  
Wrecker of a set I buck shots with a steel tec  
Wussy, where's all them suckers talkin tracks bout they  
RnRin

(They heard us comin and turned to track stars, check  
it)

I be, never sloppy, I be ROTC  
I rock heads from Bedrock to Yugoslav-ia  
Robbin you and your crew blind yeah we do crimes  
Find that Absolut's fine, or in to behind  
Now you whine, but yo stop the blood clot cryin  
Like Screwface, I in the mood to bash your eyes in  
Devils does know who I am, madman from Heltah  
Skeltah  
Mr. Flipster, ROCK, Grandson of Sam

As the World Turns in my search for tomorrow  
I seek the God in life, for some insight  
Freaky like a golden shower when my golden bowels  
Hit instrumentals get influential like Colin Powell, now  
Fuck the world, stick my dick in the dirt  
Pull tunes on spooks who claim I ain't cool like Levert  
Expert when I network my lyrics like a rebel  
Vexed cause the devil never take me to that next level  
It's never humble in asphalt jungles  
When you slang rocks and Ricans in back deal with  
bundles  
Some may wonder, the evil these two men do, torment  
you  
Lyrical landlord, your fuckin rent due

Chorus:

Clans, posses, crews and kliks  
All y'all bitch niggaz can suck my dick  
Kliks, posses, crews and clans  
Can't none of y'all niggaz fuck with me and my man

Verse Two: Rock, Ruck

Aiyyo, one's for the, shots I pop  
Two's for the anti-real snakes I fought and dropped  
Three's for the irrational Ruck, bitch!  
I be Rock and the four's for hip-hop cause with this shit  
we rip shop  
Ask me how foul I am, mannn you know damn well  
it was me that hit your bitch up in my man's van  
Too plexed your grand-pops then like corn I pop shit  
You can't flush, fuckin with us you're smacked with  
hock spit

Who dare square with Rock me I break you  
Tree times worse dan a bumba claat earthquake do  
Heltah Skeltah is hectic hit the deck then step  
if you wanna hear your neck click  
See this center, but really play no basketball  
I do my shootin with a motherfuckin mac you fall  
To the floor, OGC hit up everything that come through  
the door  
Recognize Heltah Skeltah mean war

So what's the reason for the treason, punk you wanna  
die  
My mind crucify those who try to defy  
God cipher devine drop bombs on the blind  
In the mood to get rude with the lyrics instead of my  
nine (hah)  
Now I (what) want a nigga to come with hand skills  
Man chill, might end up in a landfill  
Stand still, nigga you know the position  
Glocks clickin from niggaz who ain't got pots to piss in  
Plus I get hyped when my mic strikes windpipes  
Me and Rock is this tight (there'll never be no fist  
fights)  
You're lip punks when my fifth smokes the rich folks  
who sniff coke, now your bitch broke ain't no misquote  
I just spoke, wicked ways with words of wisdom  
Like Cyclops I spot fly shots with ill vision  
Similar to none Son so it fuckin seem  
Savages get sewn the fuck up with shots to they spleen

Chorus: repeat 4X

Visit [Redman F/ George Clinton](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.