

Ya Boy "Clapp For Me"

Visit "Clapp For Me" on MotoLyrics.com

Where the dope at, in my dope sack I'm from the city where they know it ain't no hope at Getting dirty money, I ain't worried where the soap at Looking for the money, found the money, I got low jack Lost some niggas but I know they still watching Headed for the top anything else's not an option Caution, move cool, I've been through some shit Now I'm hard like the stuff that you move through your bricks

Haha, young rocker, bay area hoffer Solid in these streets where they sing like Sinatra Put it in your girl make her holler like an opera Rose bubble bath, convict mobster

[Hook]

Hey, black car, black card, black shades Top there, I done thinking bout my block days I done lost some loved ones and shared some tears But they clap for me, I'm still here Clap for me, clap for me, clap for me, I'm still here Clap for me, clap for me, clap for me, I'm still here

First nigga with a benz and a backpack Got alone for about 10 then I stacked that But that's that, where the motherfucking cash at And back in the hood, where the hoes had ass that And fuck ass cap, them niggas can't have jack For the labels that didn't sign me, can kiss my ass crack

I'm the incredible, my balls got federal, agents man, cause I'm fragrant

Tat myself, got a phone in the basement Game need change, said they looking for replacement Ah, when I'm in the hood, they know it's all good They know I hold it down like a young nigga should

[Hook]

Hey, black car, black card, black shades Top there, I done thinking bout my block days I done lost some loved ones and shared some tears But they clap for me, I'm still here

Clap for me, clap for me, clap for me, I'm still here Clap for me, clap for me, clap for me, I'm still here

Look, somehow, someway, my people gotta make it out the ghetto one day Drug sales and gun play on the one way Nigga slide through, leave them holy like Sunday, amen That's why I keep a bad bitch in that great benz I ain't tryina see the mortuary or the state pen Why these clown niggas claiming that they made him If you made one, motherfucker go and make 10 Black card game, full of made men, 101 north to the fucking interstate 10 Clap for me, kid is amazing, came a long way from begging work at the day's inn.

[Hook]

Hey, black car, black card, black shades Top there, I done thinking bout my block days I done lost some loved ones and shared some tears But they clap for me, I'm still here Clap for me, clap for me, clap for me, I'm still here Clap for me, clap for me, clap for me, I'm still here.

Visit <u>Ya Boy</u> page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

<u>MotoLyrics.com</u> | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.