

Timbaland % Magoo F/ Sebastian

"Clap Your Hands"

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Yo Yo Yo Yo
Everybody
Everybody
Everybody

Now tell everybody how you came up with your name
What was it like try'na get up in the game
Dirty Harriet's the name saying anything goes
Acting like you never seen a tomboy in dress clothes
Like you run around splurging, deepen the excursion
TV people pissed cause I spit the dirty version
Now tell everybody what be going through your mind
Up on the stage when you bout to bust a rhyme
Seein' people on my left, seein' people on my right
Every now and then you come across a fucked up mic
Make sure they got water stay steady with the light
And I rock it so tight, make the bitches start a fight
Now tell everybody bout niggas in your camp
How we be rolling, when we work and we lam
Got Rock Sham Bus Ramp Spliff me six
And another set of caps double that in the Bricks
Some smoke, some drink, some battle just for kicks
Some'll give your ass a Duffy just for try'na take flicks
Now tell everybody what be going through your brains
Celeb chick up in the rap game
Smoke a rogie in a store getting tipsy on a plane
Take a whole lot of money
Fuck around and ride the train
Say my voice too maley, can't understand me
No album out superbitch won a Grammy

Chorus:

All the ladies in the place clap your hands
All the fellas in the house clap your hands
Everybody (Everybody)
Everybody (Everybody)
Say "Come on, bounce, come on, bounce" (Everybo-dy)
Everybody (Everybody)
Everybody (Everybody)
Say "Come on, bounce, come on, bounce" (Everybo-dy)

Now tell everybody bout niggas on your block
In New Jerus where the crime don't stop
See a bunch of little niggas wearing scuffed up Tim's
If his stash been tapped it was probably Juanes Mins
Some like to shoot dice fuck around lose friends
Some'll blow your brains out get you for your rims
Now tell everybody bout bitches 'round the way
Who like to hustle
Lose scams everyday
Type of chicks hit first
Even let they kids curse
Get a check every month
Day job as a nurse
I'm bumping out the crib playing scratch card numbers
So I'ma get slick
Evict they own man running
Now tell everybody how we dipping in the stash
Or with the swerve don't be spending no cash
Drinking all type of goodies
Sending heads on a run
Everytime I pass a L
Here comes another one
Now bitch got the munchies
Making heads front me
Dipping in the dro
Niggas fuck around and jump me
Now tell everybody how we keep it on lock
Now where we headed when the block get hot
Now we speeding on the Ave.
Puffing on lots of gandas
Pumping Jay shit
Somebody got Nastradamus
Kicking one-liners
Car full of rhymers
Dipping down the block when the cops get behind us
Now tell everybody where you heard it all first
Type of shit going into Digga verse
Say intellect punch lines
Kill 'em all one time
Voice still crazy
Even when I kick my fun rhymes
Digga supreme
Clientele like ghost faces
Niggas have to go rewrite in most cases

Chorus:

All the ladies in the place clap your hands
All the fellas in the house clap your hands
Everybody (Everybody)
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