

Clayborne Family

"Clayborne BBQ"

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[repeat in background]
Clayborne!

[Kool Keith]
Clayborne Family up in here (Clayborne)
Clayborne Family, Clayborne Family
Yeah, yeah, yeahhhhhh

Clayborne Family, move through the uninvited
Smack the pee out the guest list
What I got good thugs and guerilla bodyguards they
made of steel
I wonder who gon' protect this
You with the FBI, Secret Service men
I can't even reveal my vocal expression
How you gon' pose and tell the world you got mad
bodies?
Sold kilos of drugs standin next to detectives
I was believin that one time, you ain't gonna fool mine
But I'ma let you fool the public mind
An alert murder dog, youse a commercial fraud
With bras and thongs like a broad
Yo hype is well kept behind closed doors
The city think you hard, a lot of niggaz are dumb
The city think you God
You wouldn't hit a square all blindfolded
Keep your apron on, put up the curtain rod
You got everybody scared, you hurtin hard
I don't even trust the guy wearin the peach Izod

[Chorus: Clayborne Family]
What you drinkin with? Smell the funk get crunk
What you drinkin with? Get crunk, smell the skunk
What you drinkin with? Smell the funk get crunk
What you drinkin with? Get crunk, smell the skunk
What you drinkin with? Smell the funk get crunk
What you drinkin with? (Clayborne Family)

[Marc Live]
Clayborne Family, we strike with the ruthless touch
Ruthless what? Clear the block out

Crime family, everybody does somethin
Whatever, bring bad news bad weather
Cadillac, four deep with the battle axe
Trunk filled with that massive cash
It's massive stash, blunt tri-state
Go postal, coast to coast yo
We send the work straight out, straight to Kosovo
Felony clique we a terrible clique
You got another well we frost kid it's sick
24's, we got 24 whores
All 100% top shelf
They all cock back shot you fall back
Come chill black, we got the Hatfields
We been feudin for a hundred years, old

[Chorus] - 2/3X

[Jacky Jasper]
My fam is my fam
To put your body out my fam
Leave you down head slammed
Take your shit my fam
Clayborne we gone
Sit back and just throw airball
Recall, my family take it all
Escort, strip club, strip parlors
Pay up dollars to me or my brothers
Money folds, we run holes in the wall
Kids don't bite call the cops patrol
Powder cookers pinch yes we pushers
Don't associate with any users, hate ya
So we shoot up your Crown Victoria
My lawyer and me sit and laugh at ya
Cops scope kids jumpin rope arrest they hope nope
Y.O.'s traffic holdin my dope wodie
My hustler's hard goodie goodie read sticky sticky
My homey stick you for your money money

[Chorus] - 2/3X

CLAYBORNE!

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