

Snoop Dogg f/ Big Bamm

"Make it Clap"

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[Snoop Dogg]

Fuck it

Hey, Buck, I told you, my nigga

Turn the track up a little bit in my ear drums, man,
need to hear that

Detail

It's so gangsta

Chorus: Snoop Dogg

I make it clap

Hell yeah

I make it clap

Fa' sho, cuz'

I make it clap

Yeah, yeah-yeah-yeah

I make it clap

Hook: Snoop Dogg

A little somethin' for the bitches, and somethin' for the
G's

A little somethin' for my peoples 'round the world,
stackin' cheese

We gettin' money, y'all

We gettin' money, y'all

Now if ya bankroll fat and you can bet right back

And blow a hundred thousand, nigga, on a night like
back

We gettin' money, y'all

We gettin' money, y'all

[Verse 1: Snoop Dogg]

I get my focus, then ride, I put some Hen in my life

I get my pen and my pie

Man, I drift when I drive

I feel the breezes I breeze, I got the keys to my boat

Ain't that a bitch, motherfucker, say the Dogg on coke

I sold coke my whole life, I never snort that shit

See I'm a ex-gangbanger, you can quote that shit

I'm livin'

Everyday like Thanksgivin'

I watch my big homey Tookie get murdered in prison

Now I can't sit back
I gotta spit that rap
I hit the streets with this heat, I got some cases to beat
I ain't bitchin'
Nigga snitchin'
They think I'm crippin'
And trippin' and flippin'
But trip this
You know I'm dippin'
With the bulletproof, tucked in a snub
I got the streets on lock
And now I'm up in the club
Thy kingdom come
Thy will be done
Thirteen years
Later, motherfucker, and I'm still number one

Repeat Chorus

[Verse 2: Big Bamm]
I make it clap (BRRAT!)
Ain't no questions about it
Bigg Snoop Dogg is who the ese is down with (Boss)
And on one
I was slingin' in Yale
It's 2007 and I got pussy to sell
Young Bamm, and I'm a beast on these streets
Now let me rap or take some game on this Snoop Dogg
beat
Buck found me in the trap
From a quarter ounce of crack
To a thousand square feet
In the creek, in the back
I'm young, rich and strap, and I'm a make it Tron max
Sippin' cold cognac
On the old Cadillac
I put it down for the Pound like
Everyday
So when you see me, holla "Church!" cause I keep it
that way
Yeah
We gon' bust in the air
I make the .40 cal clap like the motherfuckin' snare
From the L-1-3
To the DPG
I just got my weed license, fuck the L.A.P.D.

Repeat Chorus

[Verse 3: Snoop Dogg]
This old man, yeah, he sure can

D-O-Double G with twenty mil in his hand
I stand tall, against the wall, I'm gonna ball and I'll walk
it off
My favorite shows to watch, on the phone, I don't really
talk at all
From the valley Lowes of Clarksdale
I'm Gangsta, Gangsta like Avon Barksdale
You know the word is out
He's on the loose
I'm back in the hood again, sippin' on that Gin & Juice
Superman got dressed in the phone booth
Wha-wha-what, what you gon' do, my niggas is on you
See I was all about peace to your way
You motherfuckin' mouth, tell the police, now it's on
Yeah
My gangsta boots is laced up
I came here to shoot this motherfuckin' place up
Don't play no games, don't say no names
Don't do nothin', get popped in your motherfuckin'
brain

Repeat Chorus Twice

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