

## **Lloyd Banks f/ Mobb Deep**

### **"Get Clapped"**

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[Lloyd Banks] + (Havoc)

Front on me and get (clapped) front on him and get  
(clapped)

Front on us and get (clapped) you get clapped nigga

[Prodigy] + (Havoc)

Front on me and get (clapped) front on him and get  
(clapped)

Front on us and get (clapped) get clapped, get clapped

[Chorus: Havoc]

My niggaz feel different, cause everything is good

They actin like I changed, like I went Hollywood

Like I don't keep it street, like I ain't got the heat

Like I ain't homicide, all over the beat

Like I ain't full of beef, like I don't really care

Cause I ain't camera shy, we can do it anywhere

It's diamonds in my chain, it's diamonds in my ear

A nigga come up slippin, I'll make him disappear

[Lloyd Banks]

Uhh, hey nigga

Fuck all the slick talk, get bread instead

Stay low, strap up, metal on, inf' red

Too smooth, won't slip, new jewels, don't trip

Been around the world twice, jet Leer, boat whip

Oh shit, I'm hella rowdy and I'm nuttin nice

Money ain't shit but a number, name your fuckin price

Dick rider, coat tailor, ass kisser

Sucker for love, type to pick up the glass slipper

Look around ask nigga, before you add liquor

Cause bein a ad-libber to be in a bag wit'cha

I'm seein the bad picture of bein a cab skipper

Broke as fuck, waitin for Satan to come and get'cha

Keep your clique tight, know your goals, don't speed,  
slow ya roll

Don't speak, learn the codes - 'fore they pop ya ass

Barbecue your body with beans out of the shottie

While I'm in the Maserati with somethin that's gon' slob  
me

[Chorus] w/ ad libs

[Prodigy]

Yea... my trigger finger is feenin, the nigga up here is a demon

Nigga my fangs start showin if I'm seein you dreamin  
Get too close and I'm bustin, it won't be no discussion  
I'm a boss I don't speak - I just nod my head  
And you turned up missin with your own page in the feds

I got power, and I will flex on you real quick  
Call yo' dogs, call yo' clique, hug yo' moms 'fore you split

Cause you ain't never gon' see that bitch again  
And this ain't a war nigga we just havin fun wit'cha  
Like a bib wit a baby, if I smack you I might kill ya  
Half a million in diamonds, half a bid from rhymin  
And I'm steady and climbin - that mean I'm still blowin up

Got you burn while you lookin, see my Ferrari in Brooklyn

On the corner, I'm murderin through, so come through  
I light yo' buildin on fire, it's why these rappers retire  
Cause they tired, of dealin with the niggaz like me

[Chorus] w/ ad libs

[Lloyd Banks]

Yeah, now enough 'bout all the lame shit, them wrestlin games kid

I need the rocks to fill the rest of the chain with  
I need the block to fill up best that I came with  
I need the cops to get the fuck off my dick  
Different day, same shit, media and paparazzi love  
envy and betrayal, my heart's cold as hockey gloves  
I light it up and take off that beef and broccoli high  
Chocolate thai, green skunk; South Jamaica, Queens punk

Stand up ya boy's back, put your grams up, get money  
You ain't heard nuttin but a hit from me

Quit dummy, cause it's the changin of the gods  
Beat bitches over their head, the caveman of the squad

Any belly fall victim cause they raised 'em up so hard  
So my nine is on my hip, and my praises up to God  
Cause we in a battlefield, where the razors lead to scars

And the lasers need to hold slugs in and out your clothes

[Chorus] w/ ad libs

[Lloyd Banks]  
Yeahhhhhh, yeahhhhhh  
Yeahhhhhh, yeah!  
Aiiyo P, fuck these niggaz man  
I'll buck these niggaz man  
Ain't nobody else gettin no money, this is our year  
Next year, is our year  
The year after is our year  
The year after is our year  
YEAH! G-G-G-G-G G-Unit!

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