

Busta Rhymes Feat. Spliff Star "Make It Clap"

Visit "[Make It Clap](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

Just make it clap, just make it clap
Aey yo we 'bout to take everybody from every street
And throw a party in the Grand Canyon, come on
Ah ha, yeah yeah, uh ah uh, yeah yeah, ah, ah, ah
(See ya know what it is?)
(Flip mode baby)
Check it

Hey, hey, ain't no fakin' the fluid
Water drippin' off asses of women that's shakin' it to it
While I'm takin' you through it, no mistakin' my crew is
(Flip mode baby)
I got you actin' all stupid

Now I'm back in the cupid, just to tell you the truth is
Them niggas that be havin' you blacken and ready to
lose it
Pushin' Lambos and Harley rockin' Roberto Cavalli
(Huh)
Now I got a new hobby, diamonds and tattoos and
bodies

Watch me crash through the party, go 'head and spaz
girl
Tattoo in the name of my click across yo' ass girl
We 'bout to blast girl, from here to Albuquerque
Like Jamaican niggas rockin' big chains in soccer
Jerseys

Take you on hotter journeys, the way we put it down
And be hittin' be havin', you shittin' more than a box of
Hersheys
We come to control it we come to command it
And just for the record we always come to set a new
standard
Act like you know

In case you ain't know and in case you ain't heard
And if you want us to set it just give me the word
This one goes out to my soldiers that be flippin' them
birds
To all my shorties wigglin', they shakin' their curves

Just make it clap
Just make it clap
Just make it clap
Just make it clap

See you's a hot little mama, it's only right that I holla
Love your face, love your smile, love that ass in a Prada
Make it, bounce up and down like the six four Impala
Turn around wiggle it, like you shakin' it for dollars

Girl your skin tone pretty and you love to wear Vickey
Sport Gucci and Gabbana when you love the world is sticky
Got a, crib in the city with a cherry eight fifty
We could cruise down the avenue and shop till you dizzy

Throw some karats in your pinky, have your neck and wrist blingy
I could bless you with it all boo but never say gimme
We can, pop yellow bottles push whips in all models
Vroom vroom on the Calisport instead of Gucci goggles

I'm a fly little nigga boo enough for you to dig it boo
Hit me up later we can go somewhere and kick it boo
The name is Spliff baby, I'll make you man hate me
'Cause my shit's steak and gravy plus my pipe gettin' crazy baby

In case you ain't know and in case you ain't heard
And if you want us to set it just give me the word
This one goes out to my soldiers that be flippin' them birds
To all my shorties wigglin' they shakin' their curves

Just make it clap
Just make it clap
Just make it clap
Just make it clap

I say come on if you're ready, we wylin' all night
We make you feel good, make you feel right
See they drunk off of the henny, niggas wanna fight
Shit these bitches be wearin' be fittin' real tight

Niggas up in the club, niggas outside
Bag a couple bitches, bring 'em inside
Shorty dodgin' and dippin', shorty tryin' to hide
Busy dodgin' a nigga because she wanna ride, come

on if ya

All ready we come to muscle y'all women
Come on, rastle and try to hustle and hustle y'all
women
Come on, see how we bubble y'all women
(You you you you)
Come on, dibble and dabble how we be lovin' y'all
women, come on

Let's get it on and let me hit it with my fitted on
Never mind a slow jam pump one of Biggie's songs
Strip, yell or purr her off, show me that butter soft
Open up wide ma swallow when I let it off, yo

In case you ain't know and in case you ain't heard
And if you want us to set it just give me the word
This one goes out to my soldiers that be flippin' them
birds
To all my shorties wigglin' they shakin' their curves

Just make it clap
Just make it clap
Just make it clap
Just make it clap

Just make it clap
Just make it clap
Just make it clap
Just make it clap

Visit [Busta Rhymes Feat. Spliff Star](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.