

## **Eightball & MJG "Clap on"**

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[Intro]

Lay it down, lay it down cocksukaz  
All you hatas and bustas best beware  
Cuz the niggas who 'bout you comin' out hard  
On da outside lookin' in, on top of da world  
Space Age pimpin'  
And Living Legends, the mothafuckas back  
Guns cocked and reloaded  
Hmm... And they ridin' high, bitch

[Yung Joc - Chorus]

Clap on, clap off  
Got a strap that'll knock the trap off  
Clap on, clap off  
Got a strap that'll knock ya cap off

[8Ball - Verse 1]

Big face rubberband gimme dat shit nigga  
Don't need it anyway loud mouth bitch nigga  
Snitch nigga at da club like he ain't done nuthin'  
Chest poked out cocksuka you don't run nuthin'  
Ok I'ma pull a mafuckin' O.J.  
Leave da premises bloody ride off wit' da yay  
Pray you don't ever see it unfold in ya face  
Nigga dis shit and wax is da inner taste  
Off wit'cha fuckin' head, dispose of da body  
Put da work on da street, wrist froze at da party  
This here certified, industry, neva me  
Disrespect boy you know what it's gon' be

[Chorus X2]

[Yung Joc - Verse 2]

My nigga you know what its finnin' be  
Death to my enemies, patna you no kin to me  
Tell it to da guillotine  
Heard you been spillin' beans  
Birds from da Philippines  
One serve judge tellin' you he sick of me  
I ain't finnin' go back for nar a nigga naw  
One phone call bullets comin' through ya walls  
Play 'bout my mafuckin' money and da saw

My niggas tote throw aways, fuck da law  
Tools on deck wit' the tech's and da sawed-off  
Shots to ya neck what's left get hauled off  
Got 'em shot 'em bullets bouncin'  
Losin' blood by da ounces  
Momma cryin' up a river when da news announces

[Chorus X2]

[MJG - Verse 3]

I'm a pimp tight MJG plenty ammunition  
In my coat pocket, when I squeeze I'ma get attention  
You can talk shit just don't put my name in it  
Dis is real life and I don't play games in it  
I'm a stranger to you, so you can't handle me  
You ain't killin' nuthin' but ya homeboy's and ya league  
You can bump ya gums, all dat bullet talk you say  
Don't mean shit, mafucka dis a new day  
You can neva play me like piano, you sloppy  
I'm jus slippin' like Gianni Versace  
I'm like The Wire, you don't wanna start shit  
I get a dyke to kill you, and dump you in some  
apartments

[Chorus X2]

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