

Fat Amy

"No Drama"

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[Chorus]

We just clap and revolve

We just clap and revolve

We just clap and revolve

We just clap

We just clap (Who want to pop off to the head get
popped off Nigga)

We just clap and revolve

You don't wanna start no drama

You, You, You don't wanna stop no drama

Yeah

We getting paper hear

Yeah

Got that crown holders shirt on, got like a million
diamonds on it

Ten million written all over that

We just clap and revolve

We just clap and revolve

We just clap and revolve

You don't wanna start no drama

We just clap and revolve

We just clap and revolve

[1st Verse]

Nine check

Forty check

K's check

You be the first to go

Haze yes

Ye yes

Motherfucker this is business, never personal

This Coca baby

I'm an 88er

I put work in these streets

Now do yourself the favor

You bring the drama

Then drama leads to choppers

Then them choppers get to sprayin'

And somebody need a doctor now

You not an actor, not a rapper
You's a clapper, you's a trapper
Got a ratchet, so why you hire coppers now
It is what it is; I got the gliz on me
And don't nobody want it with the Big homey

[Chorus - 2X]

[2nd Verse]

Nigga want beef with me
Must be out of his mind
Nigga think that Joey past his prime
Layed his ass flat in the street
Yeah I splattered his mind
Walk away with his life and his shines
Yeah, I smell pussy pussy
Yeah pussy pussy
That's how h e looked when I left his fuckin face gushy
Ask about it
Cracks about it
Went back to the crib and then we laughed about it
I'm a rider, I'm a sider - I'n a money maker
I decided you's a liar when it comes to paper
Broad day we could clap it in these streets
Middle the PJ's make em bring out these sheets

[Chorus]

[3rd Verse]

I got a thing for my little buddy
That black Mac do his thing
Leave a Nigga ugly
Yo tell me the best of the best wont fix em
We'll open your chest Nigga
Your just a victim
And I'm a rat killer
You hear that BR-Rat Nigga
I don't rap infact I'm just that Nigga
Yeah it's crack Nigga
A lot of bitches like to talk
Make em bite they tongue
Lot of niggaz claim New York but they not the one
I'm in the streets muh'fucker you could call me Harlem
You Bedstuy like Biggie
The big homeys a problem
Bronx bomber
I'll leave you comatose
We don't dance in your face, you muh'fuckers choke

