

Gorilla Zoe "Hood Clap"

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If you hood and you know it clap you hands
If you hood and you know it clap you hands, let's go

Still getting money, spendin' money outta town
That sounds kinda funny ain't the banks closed down?
The stores closed down, the dealership's too
But we still ridin' clean, everything's brand new

Never go broke nigga ain't nobody stressin'
I ain't never graduate I can't even spare a session
Only thing that I'm testin' is this new Camaro
My chain look like fruity pebbles

The whole world trippin', we ain't worried bout nothing
Still in the hood getting money we stuntin'
If you hood and you know it clap your hands
If you hood and you know it clap your hands

Spent two on the shoes, spent three on the pants
You ain't even paid your rent, man you hood clap your
hands
If you hood and you know it clap you hands
If you hood and you know it clap you hands

They say invest in stock, then go and buy some bonds
We invest in the block, we get it by the ton
Put a ring on her finger, now we put it in her tongue
You can call me Billy Clinton, call Lewinsky
[Incomprehensible]

They steal Ore we steal them thangs
They fuck with McCain, we sell cocaine
Nigga fuck George Bush, his daddy and his mama
I'm smoking up Obama while I'm countin' up these
hundreds

Black trash bag like we finna do laundry
But it's full of money, magic city Monday
When we leave the club she tell me put it in her tummy
You think we goin' broke? Man you niggas so funny

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Drive a different car every night, hit the bar every night
Ice shine so bright I'm like a star in the night
Say you betta hide your wife, I could change your life
tonight
Make her juice box wet, yeah, the broad lay pipe

Yeah, he ain't fuckin' any these bitches like ya celibate
She fuck wit me 'cause I'm hood and it's evident
I'm so hood, I just ball for the hell of it
I smoke good back kush for the smell of it

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They say that I was too hood for MTV or BET
So they can find me in a DC 6, just me and my bitch
That's a nine millimeter, getting money, droppin' bricks

All I do is get money, what the fuck do you do?
Spend ya time on Myspace? Waste ya life on Youtube?
Bitches tryin' to be something that they not, my dear
There's a whole lotta lame ass niggas out here

I am not one but I betcha I could spot one
Them lame ass niggas make me hit you with a shotgun
Tote tag, plastic bag, yellow tape to match
Out ridin' chalk lines, shawty it's a round

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