

## Hooters

### "Click Click"

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[CHORUS] 2x's

Anytime you come to New York City  
click, click  
Juvey money, give me your shit  
click, click  
Even if I catch you in the ride, you robbed  
All y'all niggas gonna die word born

[Ms. Cali]

I'm an east coast bitch  
Pull, cock, spit  
Hot boys shit  
Straight, run your shit  
Bling, bling  
Yeah i want the rolex and chains  
Medallions and rings  
Bracelets and earrings  
Comin' up north  
Stuntin', niggas we gunnin'  
Hit y'all for somethin'  
Hit y'all for frontin'  
Bitch cat mark from the blocks where i be at  
Juvenile'll get slapped  
Bet u understand that  
B.G., I got you  
Dope needle pop you  
Stompin' with big dogs  
Lil' Wayne wrong game  
Hop turn south  
My click still rocks

Eat your face New York Style, you'll get it in streets  
New getty the streets  
Beat your head to a break beat  
Fuck B.G.  
I'll merk Juvenile  
Lil' Wayne, you still a child  
Stay in your place,  
Fo' i empty in you face  
You bitch cats get mashed out, catch you in my city  
Don't check um, lay em down, hit em, buck 50

Ear to ear  
Bring yo monkey ass up here  
B.G., them lips, hammers pushed through your shit  
Up against the wall, bling, comin' off your wrist  
Face that wall, where yo chopper now bitch  
Runnin' now trick, it's New York City  
We don't play fair nigga, we get gritty  
Fuck New York ha  
Slick talk ha  
Quick talk ha  
We gone fuck you ha  
Y'all been played out  
Lungs hanging out  
Eyes open war  
you gone die in New York

[chorus] 2x's

What kinda boy put a glock in your head  
What kinda boy make sure you dead (wodie)  
What kinda boy take it off your wrist  
Shove the fifth through your lips  
Slap the shit out yo chick (wodie)  
What kinda boy run New York with thugs  
See them Hotboy niggas fill 'em up with slugs (wodie)  
What kinda boy run with cats in the south  
See Juvenile and Wayne, put the gat in they mouth  
(wodie)  
What kinda boy can't respect B.G.  
With them big ass lips, how that nigga gone speak  
(wodie)  
What kinda nigga wild out in the club  
Signing Hotboy shows, just to stick 'um up (wodie)  
We don't like y'all niggas for real  
We catch you in New York, click click you deals (wodie)  
What kinda boy catch Wayne on my girl  
Put the heat into his braids, give that nigga the curl  
Boy you got that watch on  
Gat you up  
Boy you got that ice on  
Gat you up  
You got a 30 mil' deal huh  
Gat you up  
You don't know about the real huh  
Gat you up

My glock is hot, my glock is hot (what, what)  
My glock is hot, my glock is hot (what, what)  
My glock is hot, my glock is hot (what, what)  
My glock is hot, my glock is hot (what, what)  
My glock is hot

[chorus] 2x's

Wild Boyz run up in your studio bitch  
Let me catch you in New York on some hot boy shit  
I'ma murder you, y'all niggas can't come up here  
We got niggas in the hoop, that make y'all disappear  
It's war son, beef, I'ma burn your flesh  
Since y'all wanna be hot, we gone burn you to death  
Juv, you think its sweet, since the hot bullshit  
We gone cool you nigga, on some gun bust shit  
We gone rock you nigga, on some N.Y. shit  
Let us out, but y'all niggas can't come and chill  
If we see you, pull ill, chase you, clips spill  
Nigga U Understand that, clack up, done deal  
Break y'all crack, corny nigga for this here  
Y'all set it off, get your city, come up here  
Bury y'all niggas, hands tied, butt fucked  
The block hot Wayne, show yo young ass the pain  
Catch yo potnas shit, word to mind it'll bang  
All y'all cowards, gun lead showers  
Got a bitch with a dick, face fuck y'all for hours

[chorus] 2x's

[Talking]

Look y'all cats is assed. Y'all niggas can't rhyme.  
How you gone settle on my click.  
You can't come to New York, no more. We see you it's  
on.  
You can't come to Brooklyn,  
we'll rob you and send yo ass back in a box.  
You can't come to the Bronx,  
we'll stomp you the fuck out, muthafucka.  
Any one of the bubbles, y'all barred.  
You barred from the capital of the world, muthafucka.  
We catch you in Jersey, we gone gang up on you  
niggas,  
take your cars and break your jaws.  
It's over, see let's get um.  
Wild Boyz lock this. My click in the south, we gone air  
y'all out.  
New York, Jersey, Connecticut,  
y'all niggas is disconnected from here. Holla back.  
Mannie Fresh, Juvenile, Lil' Wayne, B.G.,  
and the rest of y'all non-rappin' ass niggas.  
We gone fuck over all y'all.  
Y'all ain't Cash Money, y'all crash dummies.  
That's my word, Wild Boyz, east and south connection.  
Rest of you muthafuckas stay out my muthfuckin'  
business,

you heard me. What, what up, Wild Boyz

my glock is hot, my glock is hot  
my glock is hot, my glock is hot  
my glock is hot, my glock is hot  
my glock is hot, my glock is hot  
....my glock is hot  
....my glock is hot  
....my glock is hot  
....my glock is hot  
....N-Y-C is hot  
....New Jersey's hot  
....Connecticut is hot  
....So whatcha got  
....My glock is hot  
....My glock is hot

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