

## Hurricane Chris "Hand Clap"

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Ay, Ay, Ay, Ay, Ay  
Now turn me up a little  
Move  
Now turn me up a lil  
Bom, Bom, Bom, Bom, Bom, Bom, Boom  
Bom, Bom, Bom, Bom, Bom, Bom, Boom  
Bom, Bom, Bom, Bom, Bom, Bom, Boom  
Bom, Bom, Bom, Bom, Bom, Bom, Boom

(Chorus)  
Give me that hand clap  
(Let me get that hand clap)  
Give me that hand clap  
(Let me get that hand clap)  
Give me that hand clap  
(Let me get that hand clap)  
Give me that hand clap  
(Let me get that hand clap)  
Now Rick James wit it  
Give me that hand clap  
(Let me get that hand clap)  
Give me that hand clap  
(Let me get that hand clap)  
Give me that hand clap  
(Let me get that hand clap)

One for the money,  
Two for the show  
Clap your hands if you've got a bankroll  
One for the money,  
Two for the show  
Clap your hands if your money on the floor

[Verse 1]  
Get me get that hand clap  
Let me get that hand clap, clap  
They pull me out the club cuz I ain't know how to act  
But I ain't really trippin'  
We finna sneak through the back  
And I got some like a grenade for them haters who  
wanna jack  
Soo Woo ( Blood Gang Call)

Here we go me and my clique  
Yeah I'm shining like a light  
I get them diamonds on my wrist  
Let me get a hand clap, hand clap  
Lil momma breath stank so I told her bad back  
And payin' me some water so I can roll harder  
Slam on tha haters, like my name Vince Carter  
They looking at me crazy cuz I bounce around the club  
But I keep clapping my hands like I'm tryin' to kill a bug  
Row, row, row your boat gently down the stream  
Ain't nobody in the club finna like me  
Plus I gotta G-G-Gorillas in black tees  
Make the whole club clap like it sum kind of disease

(Chorus)

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[Verse 2]

Well I hope you ain't tired of clapping your hands  
Cuz we just got in the club  
I spent 75 dollars on this shirt just for the club  
Hell naw! I ain't leaving!  
Let's hits the VIP with them chicks and get freaky  
Lil momma don't believe me  
I showed her, I showed her  
I beat it out the frame,  
I told her I'm a beast  
And lil momma I'm Hurricane  
And now 50/51 stater shinin' on them haters  
Jumping, stomping, hanging, clapping, knocking over

the tables  
In a club, we get ratchet until we fight  
Yeah I'm stunting in his face cuz I got a big bank  
Like big bank hank  
Cuz my money don't fold  
Open up and blind them with a mouth full of gold  
Let me get a hand clap  
If you got that Hollaback  
And now I'm out my mind  
I think I need to be slapped  
Let me get a hand clap  
If you got that Hollaback  
And I'm out my mind  
I think I need to be slapped  
Like that'

(Chorus)

Give me that hand clap  
(Let me get that hand clap)  
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[Verse 3]

Now drop that beat  
Turn it up  
That's too loud, mayne  
Turn it down  
Now turn it back up  
Put your hands up and make em' clap  
Cuz now we yawning  
If you wake, we make your hand clap  
Just stay at home  
You got a pocket full of money (ahhh)

Oohh that's wazzup  
Let me catch you by the bathroom  
You gone get snuck  
I rock that E-A-S-E-C-G  
I'm Hurricane  
And I'm S-O-U-T-H-S-I-D-E  
It's what I claim  
And let me see you put your arm up  
And Rick James  
I get to clapping my hand like I'm finna going insane  
Lil momma wanna marry me  
Just give me sum brain  
I'm gripping, gripping the grain  
Let me see you Rick James  
One for the, one for the money  
Two for the show  
All ya'll haters better slow your roll  
Or you ain't gotta chill  
I can make you chill with a backslap  
So security wont trip  
They'll think I'm doing the hand clap

(Chorus)

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