

Hurricane Chris

"The 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)

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(Let me get that hand clap)

Give me that hand clap

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Two for the show

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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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