

Jim Jones **"Clack Clack"**

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Chorus (Akon):

Tryin' not to pull a trigga from my gun today
When they come the money we don't pla-ay
Just cooperating you will walk away
Over ever sleep in your break toda-ay
Clack Clack
It's the sound when I bust mind
Clack Clack
It's the sound of my TekNine
Clack Clack
It's the sound when I do crime
Clack Clack
Make a deliver at all time

Verse 1 (Jim Jones):

Spinnin' through the city top
Damn, lookin' pretty, verbal drome,
What the fuck is my city
Niggas lookin' at me, they bitches wanna get with me
the whole let, bitch, why don't yo pop beeky
call the trone
so much shy, so much tikky tikky
I hate the womens, mother fucker, won't you come and
get me
'cause we trippin' up
no, nigga, ain't we sleepin' up
one false move that will get you crushed
bang bang, cars gone gettin' up,
'cause lil' mama when we're gettin' up
I want a phone, but you brakin' up
You see my niggas, are workin' hell, you tell'em and
you say what's up
because i'm gone, nigga
you catch me dipped through traffic and down me
checkin' the dragons that gonna fly up in the mornin'
I'm such a bully on the plane with lewie back
and when we land we got the fully fully,
got be fully, loaded

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Verse 2 (Jim Jones):

I hate the sheet shockin' funny
Steady hatin' on my nigga,
Steady cakon' we gon' keep gettin' money
You're heady akin'
My killers be fedy chasen
Whole click on the stood, when the we could really
racing
Feel the thunder from th eshocks when they shody
dump
Rush your A.K., watch you like the Johnny Pop
Listen to I'll be the real make you're body jump
bod the fire tell the pony jump, really stump
horses in the bolshit
i met them with the polses
got a 2 12 with cop in a thumb
yeah, smashin' with somethin' fall
told you don't worry about it, have the song, yeah
when make the move, i'm in a move for a good less
put the expiration they left the hood passed
shake the ready on the mouth, do it
Now that's what I call Konvict Muzik
is birdman, mother fucker

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