

Juvenile

"Noila Clap"

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[Intro]

1,2,3,4 Buss it

[Juvenile]

uh huh Remix...Remix...

Wacko, Juvenile, Skip!

Hollaback...

Where H-town at... ATL at... Miami, Lil Haiti

Lauderdale at..

[Chorus]

Ya'll hear that Nolia clap?

Ya'll hear that Nolia clap?

I say the U gon' do they thing wodie please believe
If not we'll make it hard for you cowards to breave
One thing about a ghost, keeps shit up a sleeve
Juve and skip attack the boards, while I plug em wit 3's
Every stash spot I got, I stuff it wit g's
Don't need a chain or a whip to snatch me a freak
I'd rather ride around in my hooptie blowin' on trees
With two heaters in my lap... bumpin 400 degreez
I 'on rock wit Juvenile. What clown? Datz my dawg!
Say that shit again I'll wack all ya'll
Get on some bo shit...smack all ya'll
Prolly get on that rob shit...crack all ya'll
I never talk sideways I put ya on the highway
Have ya sweatin' in the chicken coop like Smokey off
Friday
Catch ya in the Nolia have ya runnin' down the driveway
Tryna bring ya down? Yippie kay-yay

Where the Bay at...to that 'lay at

where them Teks, where them 9's, where them K's at

[Chorus]

west coast what's up, west side what's up
where NY at..., NJ at, Philly Philly, DC, VA at

[Chorus]

east coast whassup, east side whassup

[Skip]

I'm straight holly grove ya know that
But I'm ol' skool, fisher projek like a throwback
Now I told you now you know that
You ain't welcome here, you ain't see "I'm Gone" on my
doormat
So stupid why...you ain't abide by that
If I catch you on my porch, you gon' die by that
Right there, by them leaves.. you can lie by that
On side of that dog doo doo, you can dry like that
Cause this is payback for anyone who eva said that
Look, I'm safe wit this vest...Gon' get his head packed
Or get his face slashed, get his neck jooked
Look in my face... this how death look
If ya deaf look, I won't play witcha
Gun talk is all I'm gonna say to ya
So learn to read lips... cause see we tripz
Every time that alk and them trees mix

Where the Row at, Interscope at... Choppa City
Universal, Cut Throat at..

[Chorus]

where my pimps whassup, all my playaz whassup
where UTP at, Crime Lab at, Rap A Lot, DTP, Aftermath
at

[Chorus]

all my souljas whassup, all my gangstas whassup

[Juvenile]

We from the dirrty dirrty ya heard me ya shoot and get
shot
From under the department line we bout as long as ya
block
I travel all over the states been in some serious spots
Crazy not knowing if them people gon' kill me or not
All that booting up and stunnin' and gon' get you
nowhere
If you ain't bout shooting them subs don't even go
there
If you scared show you scared and put yo' sets down
We ain't got a way lookin' for beef you can go away
now

Gotta holla at these niggaz bout my survival
These people be my people, hook me up with some
Prada
Clap for a PM clap for a Benz and if you clap right
Here I'll give you twenties and tens
3rd ward got money we got plenty to spend
Quit spending on transportation we got plenty of them
YEA THIS IS BIG BUSINESS RIGHT HERE RAP-A-LOT UTP
2004
PUT YO U'S UP

[Chorus]

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