

Juvenile & U.T.P. "Nolia Clap"

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Uh, huh, remix, remix
Wacko, Juvenile, Skip
Hollaback
Where H-town at? ATL at Miami
Lil' Haiti, Lauderdale at

Y'all hear dat Nolia clap?
Y'all hear dat Nolia clap?

I say da you gon' do dey thing, wodie please believe
If not we'll make it hard for you cowards to bereave
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 degrees

I on rock wit Juvenile, what clown? datz my dawg
Say dat shit again, I'll wack all y'all
Get on some [unverified] shit, smack all y'all
Proolly get on dat rob shit, crack all y'all

I neva talk sideways, I put ya on da highway
Have ya sweatin' in da chicken coop like smokey off
Friday
Catch ya in da nolia have ya runnin' down da driveway
Tryna bring ya down [unverified] yippe, ka, yay

Where da Bay at? To dat 'lay at
Where dem teks, where dem 9's, where dem K's at?

Y'all hear dat Nolia clap?
Y'all hear dat Nolia clap?

West coast what's up? West side what's up?
Where NY at, NJ at, Philly Philly, b, V A at

Y'all hear dat Nolia clap?
Y'all hear dat Nolia clap?

East coast, whassup, East side, whassup?

I'm straight holly grove, ya know dat
But I'm ol' skool, fisher projek like a throwback
Now, I told you now you know dat
You ain't welcome here, you ain't see, I'm gone on my
doormat

So, stupid why you ain't abide by dat?
If I catch you on my porch, you gon' die by dat
Right there, by them leaves, you can lie by dat
On side of dat dog, doo, doo, you can dry like dat

'Cause this is payback for anyone who eva said dat
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 dat alk and dem trees mix

Where da Row at, Inter scope at Choppa City
Universal, Cut Throat at

Y'all hear dat Nolia clap?
Y'all hear dat Nolia clap?

Where my pimps, wassup, all my playaz, wassup?
Where UTP at, Crime Lab at, Rap A Lot, DTP, Aftermath
at

Y'all hear dat Nolia clap?
Y'all hear dat Nolia clap?

All my souljas, wassup, all my gangstas, wassup?

[Unverified] on the stage smokin' that triggady
Me and my nigga, Juve just got this bitch off the
higgady
Wassup, wassup, wassup, wassup, wassup, wassup
Wassup, wassup wassup, wassup?

[Unverified] on the stage smokin' that triggady
Me and my nigga, Juve just got this bitch off the
higgady
Wassup, wassup, wassup, wassup, wassup, wassup
Wassup, wassup wassup, wassup?

I guess I'm the bad guy in this movie, dente, dente
Dente, dente, here come Juvie
My court way don't have no life, we don't have nothing
But shootouts and murdas, we don't have no fights ya
know

You need a chance I'ma show ya a lick, have em' gift
wrapped
And Packed and sent out to his bitch
Hope his face be a diary lookin' for a way out
Believing in the gun but I know one day it's gone play
out

Trust me here 'cause this is UTP day now
When we hit the projects you know the rain gone faze
out
Wavin' them rags, stayin' close to the stash
My bitch gone put it in the bags when the popos pass

But they gone fuck with me anyway 'cause they know
my mag
And they really don't appreciate the way I brag
I've got 50,000 dollars in my grill 'cause I stay
Juvied worry 'bout me, don't you? Worry 'bout, what a
bitch do

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