

Da Wild Boyz "Click Click (Cash Money Diss)"

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[CHORUS] 2x's

Anytime you come to New York City
click, click
Juvey money, give me your shit
click, click
Even if I catch you in the ride, you robbed
All y'all niggas gonna die word born

[Ms. Cali]

I'm an east coast bitch
Pull, cock, spit
Hot boys shit
Straight, run your shit
Bling, bling
Yeah i want the rolex and chains
Medallions and rings
Bracelets and earrings
Comin' up north
Stuntin', niggas we gunnin'
Hit y'all for somethin'
Hit y'all for frontin'
Bitch cat mark from the blocks where i be at
Juvenile'll get slapped
Bet u understand that
B.G., I got you
Dope needle pop you
Stompin' with big dogs
Lil' Wayne wrong game
Hop turn south
My click still rocks

Eat your face New York Style, you'll get it in streets
New getty the streets
Beat your head to a break beat
Fuck B.G.
I'll merk Juvenile
Lil' Wayne, you still a child
Stay in your place,
Fo' i empty in you face
You bitch cats get mashed out, catch you in my city
Don't check um, lay em down, hit em, buck 50
Ear to ear

Bring yo monkey ass up here
B.G., them lips, hammers pushed through your shit
Up against the wall, bling, comin' off your wrist
Face that wall, where yo chopper now bitch
Runnin' now trick, it's New York City
We don't play fair nigga, we get gritty
Fuck New York ha
Slick talk ha
Quick talk ha
We gone fuck you ha
Y'all been played out
Lungs hanging out
Eyes open war
you gone die in New York

[chorus] 2x's

What kinda boy put a glock in your head
What kinda boy make sure you dead (wodie)
What kinda boy take it off your wrist
Shove the fifth through your lips
Slap the shit out yo chick (wodie)
What kinda boy run New York with thugs
See them Hotboy niggas fill 'em up with slugs (wodie)
What kinda boy run with cats in the south
See Juvenile and Wayne, put the gat in they mouth
(wodie)
What kinda boy can't respect B.G.
With them big ass lips, how that nigga gone speak
(wodie)
What kinda nigga wild out in the club
Signing Hotboy shows, just to stick 'um up (wodie)
We don't like y'all niggas for real
We catch you in New York, click click you deals (wodie)
What kinda boy catch Wayne on my girl
Put the heat into his braids, give that nigga the curl
Boy you got that watch on
Gat you up
Boy you got that ice on
Gat you up
You got a 30 mil' deal huh
Gat you up
You don't know about the real huh
Gat you up

My glock is hot, my glock is hot (what, what)
My glock is hot, my glock is hot (what, what)
My glock is hot, my glock is hot (what, what)
My glock is hot, my glock is hot (what, what)
My glock is hot

[chorus] 2x's

Wild Boyz run up in your studio bitch
Let me catch you in New York on some hot boy shit
I'ma murder you, y'all niggas can't come up here
We got niggas in the hoop, that make y'all disappear
It's war son, beef, I'ma burn your flesh
Since y'all wanna be hot, we gone burn you to death
Juv, you think its sweet, since the hot bullshit
We gone cool you nigga, on some gun bust shit
We gone rock you nigga, on some N.Y. shit
Let us out, but y'all niggas can't come and chill
If we see you, pull ill, chase you, clips spill
Nigga U Understand that, clack up, done deal
Break y'all crack, corny nigga for this here
Y'all set it off, get your city, come up here
Bury y'all niggas, hands tied, butt fucked
The block hot Wayne, show yo young ass the pain
Catch yo potnas shit, word to mind it'll bang
All y'all cowards, gun lead showers
Got a bitch with a dick, face fuck y'all for hours

[chorus] 2x's

[Talking]

Look y'all cats is assed. Y'all niggas can't rhyme.
How you gone settle on my click.
You can't come to New York, no more. We see you it's
on.
You can't come to Brooklyn,
we'll rob you and send yo ass back in a box.
You can't come to the Bronx,
we'll stomp you the fuck out, muthafucka.
Any one of the bubbles, y'all barred.
You barred from the capital of the world, muthafucka.
We catch you in Jersey, we gone gang up on you
niggas,
take your cars and break your jaws.
It's over, see let's get um.
Wild Boyz lock this. My click in the south, we gone air
y'all out.
New York, Jersey, Connecticut,
y'all niggas is disconnected from here. Holla back.
Mannie Fresh, Juvenile, Lil' Wayne, B.G.,
and the rest of y'all non-rappin' ass niggas.
We gone fuck over all y'all.
Y'all ain't Cash Money, y'all crash dummies.
That's my word, Wild Boyz, east and south connection.
Rest of you muthafuckas stay out my muthfuckin'
business,
you heard me. What, what up, Wild Boyz

my glock is hot, my glock is hot
my glock is hot, my glock is hot
my glock is hot, my glock is hot
my glock is hot, my glock is hot
...my glock is hot
...my glock is hot
...my glock is hot
...my glock is hot
...N-Y-C is hot
...New Jersey's hot
...Connecticut is hot
...So whatcha got
...My glock is hot
...My glock is hot

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