

The Diplomats "Dutty Clap"

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"Dutty Clap"

[Jim Jones]

May been shifty, siz a nickle, pent me
Will be that boy, up on the strip, try and stick me
He from Harlem, down the bricks, then you know
We cop whips with kicks and pinstrip uno
Who wanna test? Mr. Don Dada
Who rough harder, to go sucka ya ma-ma
See? Blow the track out, just in the house now
Man done shook out, gun the skin out ya
What you checker? You running your lip?
You get smoked like I'm blunting a spliff, you
sonofabitch
This is blitz town, and a sound boy will come one way
Spit rounds, on your town, then you run semi
Bluck papa, the doggin' top shotta
In love with fame or the stardom
Oh, now what's the remedy on all ties
Spit sixteen bars, the streets want more fire, see?

[Chorus 2x: Jim Jones (S.A.S.)]

You with me, then clap clap
Keep moving yor back back
You doing it like that that
Stay and two in the track
(We flipping them baggies
My niggaz is aggie
From bricks in to hag me
It's fishy and bassy)

[S.A.S.]

Spit in, juan, when you see that link is on
Got the linkest charm, by the time you blink it's gone
Aiyo, I run for it, your done off, my gun blow
Buck your aim, if you effin' around like Sonny Dames of
Sneezies man, believe me man
I'm off the, heezy and, got the greasy plan
Your crew sweet like a ishi man
That's why the use on your street call you Chichi, man
I get respect in the streets, smoking cess in the jeep
Sittin' back, sip the yac', you be stressin' the freaks

Spittin' raps, not a skit on my meat
Cuz I'm thick from the, fitted cap to the crest in my feet
I ain't conceited, believe it, I'm just fillin' I'm jake
The pull Benz, got the gat and I'm feelin' the kid
Yo, I'm good to go, and it's evident fam
I leave the nigga Pon De River like Elephant Man

[Chorus 2x]

[Jim Jones]

Jim Jones a gangsta, stay blownd in gangsta
I'm rollin' that stanksta, the chrome on my tank truck
What? Enter in the slave roots
Fly til I die, like izzo in suade boots
Yeah, let's talk about ice, the chain on my neck
Looks like New York in it's lights, cocaine on my jets
I'm a New Yorker for life, new porsche in white
Who thought of this life, two wrongs make it right
I'mma get lost in the light, I speed in my cars
Outlaw all my life, police on my car
Cuz I don't pause for the light, I don't show no respect
Dipset out in Euro, S.A.S., we connect

[Chorus 2x]

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