

Rah Digga

"Clap Your Hands Bonus Track"

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Yo Yo Yo Yo

Everybody

Everybody

Everybody

Now tell everybody how you came up with your name

What was it like try'na get up in the game

Dirty Harriet's the name saying anything goes

Acting like you never seen a tomboy in dress clothes

Like you run around splurging deepen the excursion

TV people pissed cause I spit the dirty version

Now tell everybody what be going through your mind

Up on the stage when you bout to bust a rhyme

Seein' people on my left, seein' people on my right

Every now and then you come across a fucked up mic

Make sure they got water stay steady with the light

And I rock it so tight, make the bitches start a fight

Now tell everybody bout niggas in your camp

How we be rolling, when we work and we lam

Got Rock Sham Bus Ramp Spliff me six

And another set of caps double that in the Bricks

Some smoke, some drink, some battle just for kicks

Some'll give your ass a Duffy just for try'na take flicks

Now tell everybody what be going through your brains

Celeb chick up in the rap game

Smoke a rogie in a store getting tipsy on a plane

Take a whole lot of money

Fuck around and ride the train

Say my voice too maley, can't understand me

No album out superbitch won a Grammy

Chorus:

All the ladies in the place clap your hands

All the fellas in the house clap your hands

Everybody (Everybody)

Everybody (Everybody)

Say "Come on, bounce, come on, bounce" (Everybo-dy)

Everybody (Everybody)

Everybody (Everybody)

Say "Come on, bounce, come on, bounce" (Everybo-dy)

Now tell everybody bout niggas on your block

In New Jerus where the crime don't stop

See a bunch of little niggas wearing scuffed up Tim's

If his stash been tapped it was probably Juanes Mins

Some like to shoot dice fuck around lose friends

Some'll blow your brains out get you for your rims

Now tell everybody bout bitches 'round the way

Who like to hustle

Lose scams everyday
Type of chicks hit first
Even let they kids curse
Get a check every month
Day job as a nurse
I'm bumping out the crib playing scratch card numbers
So I'ma get slick
Evict they own man running
Now tell everybody how we dipping in the stash
Or with the swerve don't be spending no cash
Drinking all type of goodies
Sending heads on a run
Everytime I pass a L
Here comes another one
Now bitch got the munchies
Making heads front me
Dipping in the dro
Niggas fuck around and jump me
Now tell everybody how we keep it on lock
Now where we headed when the block get hot
Now we speeding on the Ave.
Puffing on lots of gandas
Pumping Jay shit
Somebody got Nastradamus
Kicking one-liners
Car full of rhymers

Dipping down the block when the cops get behind us

Now tell everybody where you heard it all first

Type of shit going into Digga verse

Say intellect punch lines

Kill 'em all one time

Voice still crazy

Even when I kick my fun rhymes

Digga supreme

Clientele like ghost faces

Niggas have to go rewrite in most cases

Chorus:

All the ladies in the place clap your hands

All the fellas in the house clap your hands

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