

## Red Cafe "Clak Clak"

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[Intro]

Niggaz just love the cash  
Shake down niggaz say yea  
1-9 niggaz love the cash  
H-A-R-D-R-O-C-K yo BK no, oh, oh, oh

[Bridge]

You ain't gotta love what I do, like what I do  
But you gon' respect what I do  
I don't like nothin' about you, frontin' about you  
We gon' get money without you

[Verse 1]

When shake down come through, who you gon' run to?  
Have my money or we gon hunt you  
Clak clak show you what the gun do  
My murder game like a Roy Jones one, two  
Now when the funds due who still gonna front you  
Son dude you might get slumped on a humble  
Might get a stealth torpedo to make you tumble  
Cause hazard to ya hustle  
Knew it wasn't hard to touch you  
Especially when the bark, bark got a muzzle  
And make the sound muffled  
Chah - Chah {\*silencer\*} Brook-lyn muscle  
Is I, always prepared for scuffles  
You see I must do what I must do  
Niggaz screamin' fuck me, well nigga fuck you!

[Chorus]

May I, keep a little something for the G's  
And, make a few ends while I breeze through  
The late night shift on some late night shit  
On the gangstas roam  
May I, keep a little something for the G's  
And, make a few ends while I breeze through  
The late night shift on some late night shit  
While ya mamma ain't home

[Verse 2]

My mercedes sittin on AMG's  
Squeeze three 80's 'til they empty  
Seen lately it's a style to hate me

But even when inside I'm cool like a A/C  
The nickel back sole in the park they paid me  
The PJ's get shot up they blame me  
Ya bitch wanna real nigga, she gon' page me  
I'm the voice of Brooklyn, nigga you crazy  
Questions need to be answered  
Sexy rap niggaz needing a dancer, I'm cancer  
Kill you in a matter of days  
You's a durag nigga that I battled ya ways  
It's inclusive, or shake a slug off, I'm elusive  
Got new guns can't wait to use it  
Although, I step all slow  
Get respect also, hold Tech's I'm all-pro

[Chorus]

[Bridge]

[Verse 3]

Now we official, I'll address my issues  
Either comply or I twist you, simple  
Hardrock, been livin' on Hard Knock  
Hate a bitch nigga that car hop, no  
The dashboard in my BM, kinda confusing  
Head game on my BM, cause confusion  
I pump rock myself, like the infusion  
Shake down got pink but not an illusion

[Chorus]

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