

**S.A.S.****"Dutty Clap feat. Jim Jones"**Visit "[Dutty Clap feat. Jim Jones](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

Verse 1

Mayhem:

May been shifty, since a likkle pickney  
While idiot boy dem on the strip try and stick me  
He from Harlem, down to Brixton, you know  
We cop whips with kicks and pinstripe uno  
Who wanna test, Mr. Don Dada  
Who rock Prada, so go suck ya mumma  
See, blow the track out, Jim's in the house now  
Man done shook out, gull the skin out ya  
What you check boy you running yuh lip  
You get smoked like I'm bunning a spliff  
You sonofabitch  
This is blitz town, and if some boy a come  
When we spit rounds on your town, then you run silly  
Bluck papa, done doggin' top shotta  
In love with fame and the stardom  
Oh, now what's the remedy on all ties  
Spit 16 bars, the streets want more fire, see

Hook:

Mega &amp; Jim Jones:

Jim Jones:

You with me, then clap (clap)  
Keep moving yor back (back)  
You do it like that (that)  
Stay in tune with the track

Mega:

We flippin' them baggies  
My niggaz is aggie  
From Brixton to Hagney  
East Finchley Apache

Verse 2

Mega:

Spit in Juan, when you see that link is on  
Got the linkest charm, by the time you blink it's gone  
Ayo, I run for it, yuh done know my gun blow  
Buck and aim, if you F'in' 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 he-she man  
That's why the youths in the street call you Chi-Chi man  
I get respect in the streets, smoke and sex 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 jade  
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 a nigga pon de river like Elephant Man

Hook

Verse 3

Jim Jones:

Jim Jones a gangsta, stay blown and ganked up  
I'm rollin' that stank stuff, the chrome on my tank truck  
What, interior suede roof  
Fly 'til I die, like izzo in suede 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'ma 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

Hook

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