

Bobbie Singer

"Click Clack"

Visit "[Click Clack](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Lil' Jon Talking]

YEAH! check this out (what's up?)

You bout to witness, some real muthafuckin game
(okay)

All the way from the muthafuckin STL (okay)

Wit ya boy Lil' Jon (YEAH!) that's me nigga (uh-huh)

ATL, its goin' down, Kemo (YEAH!), my nigga Kaos
(YEAH!)

So spit that muthafuckin real shit for these bitch ass
niggas (uh uh)

Hook [1- Kemo 2- Kaos] (x2)

1- Click clack, click clack goes the AK

2- You know mo get left in the urr, yes'ir yes'ir so uh

1- It's pistol play, every day, all daaaaay

2- There's too many niggas that I know from the block
get knocked and uh..

[Verse 1: Kemo]

I'm a, grind a fuck off my dick

I'm a, reach back slap the fuck out my bitch

Dump rounds, watch shells jump the fuck out the clip

36 ounces on the scale, chop the fuck out a brick

Damnit I'm sick, watch me while I handle my shit

Eat bitch niggas for breakfast like ham and my grits

Rollin them bole, cross me and I'm smokin yo ho

Just because I live out here there ain't no control of the
MO

Holdin the fo', fo' cock it back then I blow

The brains out the other side of yo 'fro

Muthafucka because you jivin them mo'

Bend over, you know that I'm the pride of the M.O.

Jump out the bushes like "surprise" on the mo

We on yo block, with the cake and no need for no glock

It's a hatin I receivin yo spot

I just wanna be yo cut so muthafuckin bad my dick ain't
hard

I spray AK Allay, 45 hundred tips off in yo jaw bitch

Hook (x2)

[Verse 2: Kaos]

Niggas try me like new pussy but always end up gettin
fucked

Cuz I'm takin niggas heads off like Chris Pronger wit
that puck

See all the niggas that I roll wit give out punkin heads
urry week

Dumpin lead, thurl g's, run up in the club pumpin shit
We out that Lou, I thought you knew me and my crew is
unstoppable

Like Warner to Faulk, Hakim, Proehl, Holt & Bruce
You couldn't top us or stop us wit choppas or proper
voppers

Derty if you paid for it, even if you prayed for it
It ain't gon' happen like yo squad beatin the Lakers in 4
It ain't gon' go mo, yo boys want mo'

They roll wit bitch niggas, pussy whipped niggas, big
lipped niggas

Them talk shit niggas, can't get rich niggas, you know
them

Get pissed niggas that's always wit niggas, that make
a bitch

Trick niggas, them skeet lil' shady slick niggas, we
lunatic niggas

Keepin them brick niggas, switch hit niggas, sit and sip
niggas

Them nina click niggas

Hook (x2)

[Verse 3: Kemo]

Now watch me, parlay to the muthafuckin Cut' and get
my gat

Investigate all you want, you ain't never know where my
pistol at

No suspect, no motives, no witnesses, no clue

Nigga my alibis that I don't know what the fuck done
happened to you's

Wit my crew that night, drank a brew that night, shake
a booty that night

Act a fool tonight, celebrate put 17 shots off in you
tonight

Seems to be another kinda red comin from ya head in
The same slum wit a government infrared deal

Same stuff and a real deal, same song wit that la-bel

And I gotta keep my shit cocked cuz the block be hot

That's why I be screamin that same shit (what kind of
shit nigga?)

Insane shit, I remember when we used to get up on the
roof and

Nigga the next police ride down this muthafuckin nigga

we shootin
Hoes in a blue suit and hideout, regroup and
Every pistol we shoot man, we gotta use 2 hands
Nigga I'm comin, nigga I'm gunnin', nigga I'm bustin,
nigga you runnin
Jumpin, nigga you duckin'

Hook (x4)

Visit [Bobbie Singer](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.