

## **Slim Thug "Click Clack"**

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I was taught only reach for the heat if you busting  
So when lift this shirt that's the end of discussion  
Click clack motherfuckers, I ain't trying to hear nothing  
Click clack motherfuckers, I ain't trying to hear nothing

When snitch niggaz give police clues to watch  
Well, I'ma give them faggot niggaz news to watch  
My trigger blow niggaz out they shoes and socks  
I guarantee I won't miss you if I use the dot

I'm Slim Thugga motherfucker, best respect my G  
Or they gon' say they name after R.I.P.  
How dare you pussy niggaz tissue slugs 'bout me  
'Cause then I'm a get to show ya how thug I be

And I don't give a fuck what set you claim  
They got rich niggaz that blow out brains  
Just 'cause you from the projects don't mean you hard  
Most of them hoods y'all repping ain't seen you broads

I was taught only reach for the heat if you busting  
So when lift this shirt that's the end of discussion  
Click clack motherfuckers, I ain't trying to hear nothing  
Click clack motherfuckers, I ain't trying to hear nothing  
now  
Don't make me pull it on ya, on ya, on ya, ya hear me?  
Don't make me pull it on ya, on ya, on ya

Big home, big car, big jewelry  
Whispers in the street, all the talk of robbery  
Ain't no Quad Studio, Tupac and P  
For every watch there's a glock, come shop with me

Hood DVDs the closest you get to TV  
BE or MT, the whole world done see me  
'VH1 Behind The Scenes', there's 'bout to be a three-  
peat  
So keep on rewinding your part and others try and  
defeat me

Strap like the movie, better yet the sequel  
Strap Before Rap, we'll call that the prequel

I told ya wit the pen, there shall be none equal  
But since he ain't write it, that makes him more lethal

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So when lift this shirt that's the end of discussion  
Click clack motherfuckers, I ain't trying to hear nothing  
If you smart you gon' hit the ground running and  
ducking

A lot of rap niggaz be trying to play hard  
Knowing damn well that they lying and they fraud  
They talk that hard shit when somebody press record  
When there's beef in the streets they run to their body  
guard

I'm still a hood nigga, you can catch me on the block  
And when I'm the club you can catch me wit the glock  
I know them jackass plotting trying to catch me wit a  
knot  
But we gon' see if them laws can come catch me when  
he's shot

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