

## **Destiny's Child F/ Timbaland**

### **"Gun Clap Music"**

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Walkin down the street with my, glock in my hand  
No safety, you know it and our guns don't jam  
Keep one in the hand and no need for cockin  
When niggaz start the poppin them shells get to  
droppin

[Chorus 2X]

Fuck rap music, this is gun clap music  
Fuck rap music, this is gun clap music  
Fuck rap music, this is gun clap music  
Load it up, cock it back and blast to it

[Fredro Starr]

Yo, who shot ya? It's too late to try to operate  
Hard escape through New York State  
It's on killa, fuck all the niggaz that hate  
I can feel ya shook when ya walk through the gate  
Your heartbeat break like a Kay Slay tape  
Bust guns to this, raisin the crime rate  
Niggaz better blast when it's time to shoot  
Niggaz on the roof tryna blast at you  
See me in the six coupe, twins engine  
Skiddin, murder scene left, God ridden  
New guns, old guns, need to test those  
I burn, baby, burn like sniffin asbestos  
Bust low, reload and stay low  
I twist more caps than the 40 oco  
Bitches know, could tell by the look on the thug face  
The way they play it in the club, it ain't safe

[Chorus]

[Sonsee]

A'yo I'm still not a hater but the heat'll spray ya  
Say hello to the bad guy, meet your creator  
Your gone, locked down streets in blocks down east  
Hopped out jeeps, knocked out teeth and chopped  
down beef  
With the boxpound heat, it's your option to die  
Poppin the nine at ten, then guns in the sky  
Grew up in the Stuy, peace to every ghetto

Up in the x-sincos with my niggaz from Queens wit  
heavy metal  
Drug raps through the PJ's, ki's and trees, now we payin  
DA's  
Gettin paid from three ways  
Who wanna die? It won't cost you a dollar  
Get your boys to follow of course you still gonna holla  
Money I'm sick, keep puttin clips in them rugers  
And spit, you couldn't measure my fifth with six rulers  
Hold up killer, I'm all about gettin loot  
And when I cock back duke I'm givin glock tattoo

[Chorus]

[Sticky Fingaz]

Some say the bigger the gun, the more damage it do  
I say the smaller the pistol, the better it shoot  
I give a holla to my niggaz in warfare  
Sticky don't care, if don't nobody else care  
And um, I'm always quick to reach for the glock  
So if you run up in my spot motherfuckers get shot  
In these streets niggaz drivin fives gettin set up  
Forgive but don't forget your benz'll get wet up  
Niggaz come around frontin, don't believe 'em  
You ain't no killer you be layin there bleedin  
Cause nigga you know me  
Don't make me blast you up and snatch your ass out  
the b  
And bitch niggaz don't blast back  
They like ladies, they take their ice chains to the casket  
And since we all came from the hood  
Got our name from the hood and our game from the  
hood  
I think it's time to kill for our good, time to heal our  
hood  
Be real to our hood  
And if we don't we'll have a race of babies  
That'll take 380's to school and get crazy  
And to my sons tryna make ones  
Sellin cracks on the blocks, watch out when the jake  
comes  
And to my real thugs get up, I know you fed up niggaz  
But keep ya guns up

[Chorus]

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