

Stroke 9

"Clap Your Hands"

Visit "[Clap Your Hands](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[LL Cool J]

Yeah..

Yeah I like that guitar man, yeah

Yo E-Love I like the way you flipped that guitar man

Knahmsayin? It was a good idea man, knahmsayin?

Yeah

It's kinda like freakin me, yaknahmsayin?

I wanna get hype man, I wanna do this, yaknahmsayin?

Just gon' chill, check it out

Slick as Vaseline, smell good as cologne

I'm like a muscle man in jail -- they leave me alone

I rhyme like Superman, you rap like Jimmy Olson

I break you like a bottle of green Golden Molson

You ain't a real rhymers, you look like a actress

How you gon' sleep on me holmes, do I look like a
mattress?

Am I that old, do I walk like Grady?

I'm a hundred-fifty proof, Smirnoff is only 80

Don't you EVER try to rock my house

I'm a real cool cat, know what I'm sayin Mickey Mouse?

The poetry specialist, so take a dose of this

Now think about it -- can you really come close to this?

You soft as powder, weak as a cabin cooler

Ugly as work shoes, messin with the Ruler:

the ultimate writer reciter and def entertainer

I work myself harder than a boxer's trainer

Chorus: LL Cool J

Clap your hands everybody (aiyyo)

And everybody just clap your hands (aiyyo)

Clap your hands everybody (aiyyo)

And everybody just clap your hands (aiyyo)

I said, clap your hands everybody (aiyyo)

And everybody just clap your hands (aiyyo)

Clap your hands everybody (aiyyo)

And everybody just clap your hands (aiyyo)

[LL Cool J]

You end up, underneath my sneaker

You're dog doo-doo, I'm watchin you get weaker
You can't believe, the skill and dexterity
LL Cool J, and the J is for Jeremy
So BUFF ME, James Todd the earthquaker
That's right my brother, you're goin out like Sega
{*censored*} chewed, so whassup dude?
One of my battles'll get your girlies in the mood
Sucker MC's really make me sick
I'm so bad, I can suck my own {dick}
If you go to your girl's house and I'm there already
Don't go Crazy cause my name ain't Eddie
Rhymes so rough, it's like a course in trigonometry
When Einstein was talkin, he was talkin bout ME
The Prince of the Earth, and I'ma give birth
to a rhyme so hard you look soft as a Smurf
Gigglin and wigglin, so how we goin out?
LOVELY, and that's without a doubt!

Chorus 3/4X

[LL Cool J]

Rappers are my servants, they serve me like an
emperor
When I'm through, you'll need a nurse to take your
temperature
and cool you down, cause you're cold as leftovers
Not the ones on the table, I'm talkin about RUFF rovers
You can't get over -- what's my name, Goofy?
You smoke I'm no joke, so my brother break out the
looseys
and take a pull, cause the buck stops here
I get swift as a magician, wreck {shit} and dissappear
Don't cross me, or lose your loyalty
to the Prince of the Rap Court, I'm royalty
And it ain't no puzzle, it's a shame how rappers guzzle
paragraphs I put together so I carry a muzzle
to shut em up and cut em up and make em be quiet
I'm a one man RIOT, so don't even TRY IT
The Prince of special tactics, plus I'm athletic
Before you play your hand you better do some
calisthetics
Jumpin jacks, squats, push-ups, the whole nine
Speak your piece, then I'ma go for mine
And I guarantee you, I'm gonna strike again
I recommend my friend you drop the pen and give in
Cop out to one rhyme cause you're facin ten
I ain't Sidney Poitier but we can 'Do This Again'
I'm nice wit mines, and I gotta admit it
You don't really wanna battle, why don'tcha just forget
it!

Chorus 1/2

[LL Cool J]

But if you're hard headed and you still don't understand

Here's a little sample -- EHM EHM, my man

BRRRRRRRING "Hello?"

{*cut n scratch "Cool J"*}

".. takes everything you've got" -> Cheers (theme song)

{*cut n scratch "pushin a broom"*}

".. sure would help a lot" -> Cheers (theme song)

[LL Cool J]

Check my stats, how we livin, I thought so
I'm fresh, oh yes, but can they flow, hell no
My rhymes are up to date, excellent, on point
I'm tellin you, they're the serious joint
I eat my steak fast, I drink my brew slow
My voice is milky with a nice clear flow
I eat like a fat man, and walk like a gigolo
I'm not a ballplayer, so now Y'KNOW!

Clap your hands everybody (aiyyo)
And everybody just clap your hands (aiyyo)
cause I rock the house, everybody (aiyyo)
And everybody just clap your hands (aiyyo)

Knowhat!msayin? And I'ma be straight til the year 3000
That's word to mother, knahmsayin?
And I say mother with a V cause the V is for Victory
yaknahmsayin?
Cause I'm the victor in this game, word up
Knahmsayin? That's what time it is, peace

{*crew applause*}

That man, he sure is FUNKY FUNKY FUNKY
FUNKY! Funky, he sho' is!
You best believe he's FUNKY!
You didn't KNOW??? FUNKY!

Visit [Stroke 9](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.