

## Fes Taylor f/ Mr. Prezident

### "G-Clap"

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[Chorus: Mr. Prezident] Can I get a G-Clap? For my G's on the grind Where that cheese at? Got money on they mind Cuz we need that, new coupe wit the seat back This is how your G mack, now let me get a G-Clap [Fes Taylor] Clap, clap, I ain't talking bout Fans putting hands together, I'm demanding cheddar Only rock name brands and better So my wolves still band together I take on, any MC, band, whoever Me and Prez jump off, get banded together It's the new 2 Live Crew, I get hoes to do Shit your man couldn't pull off, boo That's the new V-12, I pull off two With your press on hair weaves, pull off tools Pants off, drawers move, pull off too I still stroke in the whip, two door coupe Yup, something like Rudolph in his youth You shining, now all of a sudden we cool Beef in the hood, try to bring the streets back Drama with Taylor, is how you get a G-Clap [Chorus 2X] [Mr. Prezident] Me, I'm like collar, your boy get dollars Fresh out the coupe, no scuff on my pradas I'm just cooling, fly like an ostrich Kidnap your broad for a week like a hostage I'm in the drop six, she my top chick My co-pilots, all on my cockpit No conscience, me, I don't play the role Air force Pete, ma, nah I kept the sacred ho A G grind it up, especially when the cake get low Alien pinky ring, make my whole finger glow Whoa, you see the chain and the bezel That should tell you right there, niggas ain't on my level Benz wit the metal, first one to act up Hit him in his chest, make his ass do a back tuck Stab me back, what? Mash like a mack truck All my G riders, throw them G stacks up [Chorus 2X]

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