

Hopkins Mary

"Clap Your Hands"

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[Pudgee]

I'm "Out For Justice" like Steven Seagal, so y'all bust this

You know I come with a swing I swing it smooth with roughness

Me and the Rascals, yeah that's the right hand to me
Like Archie Bunker we keep it "All in the Family"

You George Michael, a monkey's on your back

So relax, I got wild stacks of raps you can't match

Bigger and badder don't matter you can't get with
the Kid like Billy who's nastier than Caligula

So say hey HEY I come around quick

And got everything covered like a condom on a dick

I slow it down a bit, but I get real still

To the point and very short like I'm Bushwick Bill

To you and sooner or later I say real soon

Bang zoom, like "Honeymooners" right a mental to the moon

So don't hand me that mammy about a Grammy

Youse a cracker like a cinnamon graham, clap your hands

[Pudgee]

I'm not a fan of soap operas but I'll be your "Guiding Light"

Not a country singer but I +Yoakam+ like +Dwight+

From the streets y'all makin I think you should be takin notes

For the simple fact you're "Out of Touch" like Hall & Oates

Many places I've been many things I did

From "The Jeffersons" to "227" along with Marla Gibbs

Now I'm in the game yes the fame I had to have it

To make musical magic for all of the demographics

Take your pick I make these for those who cannot stand me

Lyrically I'm burnin kids like the swiss nanny

If beef is what you're lookin for then say so

You better bring more niggaz than Hammer does to a stage show

Approach me in public and you're as good as dead

And if I let you survive, you're wearin wooden legs
No shame in the game, I'm the kid and like Evelyn
Champagne
Damn, clap your hands

[Pudgee]

You're gettin two choices life or death which one do
you choose
Move your pelvis like Elvis, "Blue Suede Shoes"
Or be a part of the lives I've rocked
The jailhouse rock, cause I clock, in every state on
every block
I got the crew for your existance to be erased
but you couldn't get drink if I threw it at you in your face
Charles Bronson, "Death Wish", try if you wanna die
But you don't know that I'ma break you up just like Guy
You know the rhymer so it's best to be on your guard
I leave you hangin like your girl when your joint ain't
hard
And next time your people see me at a jam
In memory of your loss they'll clap their hands

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