

## Horst Chmela

### "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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