

Kane And Able F/ Master P, Prime Suspects

"Thank U *"

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* this is actually a remix of "HandClap" which is a bonus track on "The W"

[Intro: Raekwon (Angela Neal)]

We gon' what? *beat kicks in*

Cl-ap, cl-ap nigga

And snap uh, that's a part of the game

That's the part of the game nigga that you never understood

And a problem to fuckin' stand you

You know who's around this nigga

Best to respect, I see who you are

[Hook: Angela Neal]

I wanna thank, I wanna thank you Mr. DJ, Mr. DJ

Raekwon and Ghostface, U-God and Method Man

On a Mathematics beat, Mathematics drop the beat

[Ghostface Killah w/ Angela Neal ad-libs]

Porcelaine floors with a dog named Ginger

Bottle cap niggaz that rhyme, we the winners

Then slide thru your hood in hoods

Me, Cliff, Patrick, Gary Grice and my man C. Woods

Holdin up gorilla, two niggaz got a hold that shit

One shot and ya mans on it

The little kids watch 'em down the block

Jury box, murder hop, six stash botch, fit hit the ran spots

Spit at the statue with cash and throw dough at it

Fuck bitches raw, why? cuz I'm a pro at it

Big birds danglin, cameras snatch, flash and pop from every angle and

2000 Mark Damian

[Chorus: Ghostface Killah (U-God) w/ Angela Neal ad-libs]

Listen to the (clap)

Real niggaz (clap)

Rich niggaz (clap)

My bitches (clap)

If you love pussy then y'all niggaz (clap)

If you love to get ate, then y'all ladies (clap)
If you real fucked up, then ya'll niggaz (clap)
If you bare witness to Allah y'all (clap)
Aiyo you see me on the big screen y'all niggaz clap
(Jeans with a gangster lean, y'all clap)
Brim hats, sloppy automatics that clap
(Big shit, thunder) Get around that

[Hook: Angela Neal]

I wanna thank, I wanna Thank U, Mr. DJ, Mr. DJ
Wu-Tang and Ghostface, Wu-Tang and Method Man
On a Mathematics beat
My hands are clappin my body's movin
My body's movin from side to side
The beat is so funky, funky
Wu-Tang and Tony Starks, Johnny Blaze
Mathematics on it, so rock it all night long

[Method Man w/ Angela Neal ad-libs]

Clap ya hands now, people clap ya hands

I drink till I'm drunk, smoke skunk with my stinkin ass,
smell the funk
Eekin out the pours, cum stain, shitty drawers
Pissin down ya elevators shaft, no class, writin graf' on
ya walls
It be us, fuck ya law, niggaz my cause is "because"
No yin to my yang, it's a black thing
Used to be in chains, now we snatch chains
Took the crack game applied it to the rap game, y'all
Pop quiz, now, what artist hits the hardest?
Ya down with the syndrome: retarded
I think it was them swordsmen, place them chess
pieces on the boards and
Take it to square, this ain't no Yacub affair
Or a New World Disorder, got us, fuckin the coal miner
daughter
That y'all, but not us

[Chorus]

[Hook: Angela Neal]

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[Angela Neal (Method Man)]
Rock it all night long
Check out Ghostface, check out Method Man
Mathematics beat, Mathematics beat
Check out Angie, that's me, on the vocals
All night, all night long
HandClap (clap ya hands now) come on come on
HandClap (clap ya hands now) come on come on
(Clap, clap, clap ya hands now)

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