

**Keith Sweat F/ Kut Klose****"Noila Clap"**

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[Intro]

1,2,3,4 Buss it

[Juvenile]

uh huh Remix...Remix...

Wacko, Juvenile, Skip!

Hollaback...

Where H-town at... ATL at... Miami, Lil Haiti

Lauderdale at..

[Chorus]

Ya'll hear that Nolia clap?

Ya'll hear that Nolia clap?

I say the U gon' do they thing wodie please believe  
If not we'll make it hard for you cowards to breave  
One thing about a ghost, keeps shit up a sleeve  
Juve and skip attack the boards, while I plug em wit 3's  
Every stash spot I got, I stuff it wit g's  
Don't need a chain or a whip to snatch me a freak  
I'd rather ride around in my hooptie blowin' on trees  
With two heaters in my lap... bumpin 400 degreez  
I 'on rock wit Juvenile. What clown? Datz my dawg!  
Say that shit again I'll wack all ya'll  
Get on some bo shit...smack all ya'll  
Prolly get on that rob shit...crack all ya'll  
I never talk sideways I put ya on the highway  
Have ya sweatin' in the chicken coop like Smokey off  
Friday  
Catch ya in the Nolia have ya runnin' down the driveway  
Tryna bring ya down? Yippie kay-yay

Where the Bay at...to that 'lay at

where them Teks, where them 9's, where them K's at

[Chorus]

west coast what's up, west side what's up

where NY at..., NJ at, Philly Philly, DC, VA at

[Chorus]

east coast whassup, east side whassup

[Skip]

I'm straight holly grove ya know that  
But I'm ol' skool, fisher projek like a throwback  
Now I told you now you know that  
You ain't welcome here, you ain't see "I'm Gone" on my  
doormat  
So stupid why...you ain't abide by that  
If I catch you on my porch, you gon' die by that  
Right there, by them leaves.. you can lie by that  
On side of that dog doo doo, you can dry like that  
Cause this is payback for anyone who eva said that  
Look, I'm safe wit this vest...Gon' get his head packed  
Or get his face slashed, get his neck jooked  
Look in my face... this how death look  
If ya deaf look, I won't play witcha  
Gun talk is all I'm gonna say to ya  
So learn to read lips... cause see we tripz  
Every time that alk and them trees mix

Where the Row at, Interscope at... Choppa City  
Universal, Cut Throat at..

[Chorus]

where my pimps whassup, all my playaz whassup  
where UTP at, Crime Lab at, Rap A Lot, DTP, Aftermath  
at

[Chorus]

all my souljas whassup, all my gangstas whassup

[Juvenile]

We from the dirrty dirrty ya heard me ya shoot and get  
shot  
From under the department line we bout as long as ya  
block  
I travel all over the states been in some serious spots  
Crazy not knowing if them people gon' kill me or not  
All that booting up and stunnin' and gon' get you  
nowhere  
If you ain't bout shooting them subs don't even go  
there  
If you scared show you scared and put yo' sets down  
We ain't got a way lookin' for beef you can go away  
now

Gotta holla at these niggaz bout my survival  
These people be my people, hook me up with some  
Prada  
Clap for a PM clap for a Benz and if you clap right  
Here I'll give you twenties and tens  
3rd ward got money we got plenty to spend  
Quit spending on transportation we got plenty of them  
YEA THIS IS BIG BUSINESS RIGHT HERE RAP-A-LOT UTP  
2004  
PUT YO U'S UP

[Chorus]

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