

# Fat Joe, No Drama (Clap & Revolve)

[Chorus:]

We just clap and revolve  
We just clap and revolve  
We just clap and revolve  
We just clap  
We just clap (Who want to pop off to the head get popped off Nigga)  
We just clap and revolve  
You don't wanna start no drama  
You, You, You don't wanna stop no drama

Yeah

We getting paper hear

Yeah

Got that crown holders shirt on, got like a million diamonds on it  
Ten million written all over that

We just clap and revolve  
We just clap and revolve  
We just clap and revolve  
You don't wanna start no drama  
We just clap and revolve  
We just clap and revolve

[Verse 1:]

Nine check  
Forty check  
K's check  
You be the first to go  
Haze yes  
Ye yes  
Motherfucker this is business, never personal  
This Coca baby  
I'm an 88er  
I put work in these streets  
Now do yourself the favor  
You bring the drama  
Then drama leads to choppers  
Then them choppers get to sprayin'  
And somebody need a doctor now  
You not an actor, not a rapper  
You's a clapper, you's a trapper  
Got a ratchet, so why you hire coppers now  
It is what it is; I got the gliz on me  
And don't nobody want it with the Big homey

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 2:]

Nigga want beef with me  
Must be out of his mind  
Nigga think that Joey past his prime  
Layed his ass flat in the street  
Yeah I splattered his mind  
Walk away with his life and his shines  
Yeah, I smell pussy pussy  
Yeah pussy pussy  
That's how h e looked when I left his fuckin face gushy  
Ask about it  
Cracks about it  
Went back to the crib and then we laughed about it  
I'm a rider, I'm a sider - I'n a money maker  
I decided you's a liar when it comes to paper  
Broad day we could clap it in these streets  
Middle the PJ's make em bring out these sheets

[Chorus]

[Verse 3:]

I got a thing for my little buddy  
That black Mac do his thing  
Leave a Nigga ugly  
Yo tell me the best of the best wont fix em  
We'll open your chest Nigga  
Your just a victim  
And I'm a rat killer  
You hear that BR-Rat Nigga  
I don't rap infact I'm just that Nigga  
Yeah it's crack Nigga  
A lot of bitches like to talk  
Make em bite they tongue  
Lot of niggaz claim New York but they not the one  
I'm in the streets muh'fucker you could call me Harlem  
You Bedstuy like Biggie  
The big homeys a problem  
Bronx bomber  
I'll leave you comatose  
We don't dance in your face, you muh'fuckers choke