

# Juelz Santana, Niggaz Get Clapped

(feat. Gravy & JR Writer)

[Verse 1: Juelz Santana]

Im Still Poppin A Roog-A-Dook  
Still Hoppin In The Newest Coupes  
Still Got Me A Hula Hoop  
Still Got Me From Off The Toon (Yeah!)  
And She Will Swallow A Hula Hoop  
Come To, She Will Swallow Some Juicy Fruit  
All She Needs Is A Bed, Bottle And A Lucy Lius  
And She Go Like A Gear Throttle In Mula Shoes  
My Lifes Cloudy  
Tight Rowdy  
Bad Boys 2 The Hood Mite Allow Me  
I Bow These Streets To The Dirt  
I Drown These Beats With A Verse U Fuckin Wit Me  
I Proudly Squeeze It And Murk  
And A Zee Wit The Doors Up Speedin Thru Forester  
All Wagner Skeetin A Broad Up  
I Believe Its A Daughter  
Ill See Ya Tomorrow

[Chorus:]

Niggaz Get Jacked Wit, I Unn Care Who U Rap With  
I See U Shinin Brotha Man, Take Off That Shit  
U Niggaz Aint Learn Yet, Ya Hustlin Backwards  
I Sell Drugs, Hooks, Bullets And Rachets  
Niggaz Get Jacked With, I Unn Care Who U Rap With  
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[Verse 2: Gravy]

Yo Im A Crook When I Spit It  
I Dunn Even Gotta Write It  
Im A Star Man, Got The Whole Hood Excited  
Lettos, Baking Soda, Cocaine, Bottled Water  
Let It Drop, Bag It Up, Read The Scale, Add It Up  
Mars Stars Get Set, Y'all Niggaz'll Get Wet  
Who Wouldve Ever Thought Man, Gravy And Dipset  
Im Baggin Em And Crushin Em (Eh!)  
Chicks Wanna Fuck With Em (Eh!)  
But I Aint Trustin Em, Never Lovin Em (Eh!)  
The Nervin Em, Im Servin Em, Fans Want A Word With Him  
Cuz The Flow Is Murderin Em  
Yo My Shits Hot, Y'all Niggaz'll Get Dropped, Get Shot  
We Handled That Coke Nigga, Wrap It Up In Ziploc  
You'se A Homo Thug, Wit Ya Toes Out Of Flip Flops  
Wait Till My Shit Drops, After Ya Shit Flops  
Im Highly Anticipated, Niggaz Mad I Made It  
So They Hate It While I Wait It  
Im So Disturbin I Got 32 Ways To Handle U Niggaz Like Julius Erving Berwitz

[Verse 3: Jr Writer]

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Uh, The Dips A Fire, Getcha Flyers

Posters, Y'all Jokesters Like Richard Pryor  
Niggaz Say I Aint A Pimp That Pricks A Liar  
I Mite Drive Thru The Hood In A Whip Rekaya  
Bump In A Joint, Bump Her A Joint  
Puffin Like This Is Nothing  
This Just Something A Bump  
Watchu Kno About Hustlin Appoints  
It Get Crazy At Nights  
Heads And Dopefins Cravin For White, Right?  
Thats The 80s Delight  
Its So Much Niggas Wit Rocks That Look Like A Palestanian Fight  
But I Roll Wit Arabian Nights  
Taliban, Pakistan  
Man About 80 In Sight  
80 More In The Bushes, Baby Thats Right  
Anotha 80 On The Roof Just Waitin To Bout  
Hate It, Thats Life  
I Stay In With The Boxers  
Open Up My Sun Roof And Stay In Da Boxa  
With Cannon A Glock Ya  
Cannons'll Pop Ya  
Startin With Ur Nana  
Grandma And Papa  
Mama, Kids, Ram In Ur Casa  
U Gon Need Nurses, Ambulance, Doctors  
U Ran Wit The Coppas  
I Ran Wit The Coblas  
Platinum Why As Ran In The Copper  
Damn This Imposter, U Den Ran From Schemes  
I Den Ran Sum Schemes That Ran For Some Chocolate  
Care Man I Got Cha  
U Aint Even Got To Spit  
Soon As I Start The Click  
I Hand-Do The Rossla  
I Hand-Do Wit Rosters  
The Hand-Dos With Rosters  
The Boy Is Hot, Hot Damn  
Hand Him An Oscar  
I Hand Him Some Oscars  
Delirando Oh Its A Prada  
U Can Tell I Spend Her, Whole Enchilada  
Then On 5th Ave, Big Bag Shit Dag  
Holy Moly Mother Of God, Who Is This Bad?  
Im A Slick Lad  
Ritz Sick Big Pad  
Five Bites Six Jags  
Rise Like Six Flags  
We The Dips, Fag  
Dont Get Stabbed  
Headshot, Bed Cop, Stitched Abs, Piss Bag

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