

Lloyd Banks, Get Clapped

[Lloyd Banks:]

Front on me and get clapped
Front on him and get clapped
Front on us and get clapped
(You get clapped nigga)

[Prodigy:]

Front on me and get clapped
Front on him and get clapped
Front on us and get clapped
(Get clapped, Get Clapped)

[Chorus: Havoc]

Now niggas feel different, cause everything is good
They actin like i changed, like I went hollywood
Like I dont keep it street, like I aint got the heat
Like I ain't homicide, all over the beat
Like I ain't for the beef, like I dont really care
Cause I aint camera shy, we can do it anywhere
There's diamonds in my chain, there's diamonds in my ear
A nigga come up slippin, I'll make 'em disappear

[Verse 1: Lloyd Banks]

Aye nigga, fuck all the slick talk
Get bread, instead
Stay low, strapped up, metal on, inf red
Too smooth, won't slip, new jewels don't trip
Been around the world twice,
Jet, leer, boat, whip, oh shit
I'm hella rowdy and I'm nothin' nice
Money ain't shit but a number, name your fuckin price
Dickrider, coattailer, ass kisser, sucker for love
Type to pick up the glass slipper
Look around, ass nigga, before you add liquor
Cause bein a ad-libber, it'll be in the bag with ya
I'm seein the bad picture, of bein the cab skipper
Broke as fuck, waitin for satin to come and get ya
Keep your click tight, know your goals
Don't speak, slow your roll
Don't speak, learn the codes, before they pop your ass
Barbeque your body, with beans outta the shotty
While I'm in the Mazzaradi, with somethin thats gon slob me

[Chorus: Havoc]

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[Verse 2: Prodigy]

My trigger finger is fiendin, that nigga P is a demon
Nigga, my fangs start showin if I'm seein you dreamin
Get too close and I'm bussin, there won't be no discussion
I'm a boss I dont speak, I just nodd my head
And you turn up missin with your own page in the FEDs
I got power and I will flex on you real quick
Call your dawgs, call your clique hug your moms before you split
Cause you ain't ever gonna see that bitch again
And this ain't a war nigga we just havin fun with ya
Like a bear with a baby, if I smack you I might kill ya

Half a million in diamonds, half a billion from rhymin
And I'm steady and climbin, that means I'm still growin up
Got you burned while you lookin, see my Ferrari in Brooklyn
On the corner, I'm murderin groups, so come through
I'll light your building on fire, thats why these rappers retired
Cause they tired, of dealin with them niggas like me (Get clapped..)

[Chorus: Havoc]

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[Verse 3: Lloyd Banks]

Yeeuh

Now enough with all the lame shit and wrestlin games kid
I need the rocks to fill the rest of the chain with
I need the block to feel the best that I came with
I need the cops to get the fuck off my dick
Different day, same shit
Media and poparrazi love, envy and betrayal,
My heart's cold as hockey gloves
I light it up and take off that beef and brocolli high
Chocolate thai, gleam, stunk, South Jamaica Queens punk
Stand up, your boy is back, put your grams up, get money,
You ain't heard nothin but a hit from me, quit dummy
Beuase its the changing of the gods
Beat bitches over the head, the caveman of the squad
And they barely for a victim because they raised him up so hard
So my nine is on my hip and my praise is up to god
Because we in a battlefield, where the razors lead to scars
And the lazars lead to holes, slugs, in and out your clothes

[Chorus: Havoc]

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[Lloyd Banks:]

Yeeeeeah, yeaaaaah, yeeeeeah, yeeeeeuh!
Ayo P, fuck these niggas man
I'll buck these niggas man
Can't nobody else get no money
This is our year
Next year is our year
The next year is our year
The year after is our year
YEEUH- G-G-G-G-UNIT!