

# 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, yeeeeeeuh!  
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!