

Clap Back

Ja Rule

Yeah, yeah. haha yeah!
I gotta get my headphones
All my gangsta niggaz is in the building on this one!
You know! Yeah yeah ya know
It's real! Hussein what's happ'nin nigga?
I see you, aight Shadow what's poppin BLAT!
Haha haha, yeah my nigga O-1 in the motherfucking house
Jody in the house (Jody Mack!)
My nigga Cadillac, Gotti what up!?!
Blackchild what up!?!
I'd like to welcome all my niggaz
To the world famous Murda Inc. Show
Big shout to all my Queens niggaz in Staten Island
Niggaz in Uptown, niggaz in Brooklyn niggaz
All my Bronx niggaz yeah, all my Jersey niggaz! you know?
We doing it real big right here! all my money niggaz
This shit commentated on the one's and two's!
They call me the Mighty Rule! how ya living?
This real shit we talking
I wanna ask all my gangsta niggaz a real question (holla back)
What do you do - when niggaz spit at you?!
Clap back, we gon' clap back
We gon' clap back, we gon' clap back
(Let's take 'em to war niggaz!)
We gon' clap back, we gon' clap back
We gon' clap back, we gon' clap back
(Let's take 'em to war niggaz)
We gon' clap back, we gon' clap back
We gon' clap back, we gon' clap back
(Let's take 'em to war niggaz!)
We gon' clap back, we gon' clap back
We gon' clap back, we gon' clap back
(Let's take 'em to war niggaz)We gon' clap back, we gon' clap back
Fuck if they holl'in about Rule nigga, here's the real
I'll pop ya top like Champagne bottles that chill
Wear nothing but ice, smiles tinted up to The Greatest
Tell em I'm nice too, plus push them nice coupes
The Inc roll like duece man, I'm ol' G Bobby J
And we slingin' soccer fields of yay
They don't respect that, don't get your minds around
You'll get it pushed back, y'all don't want that
I send em to the morgue while keepin my bitches bouncin fa sho

"In Da Club" with no gun, got em taking it off
Can't help that, I'm the nigga that puts it down
Once I hit that, that's it I'm up in the May (bach)
Send them home in the throwback, West 44 Lakers
Let's make no mistakes, when these reps take place
What's your procedure with a gun in your face? When you got one in your waist, let's cock back
nigga air out the space!
(C'mon!) We gon' Rule be "In Da Club" rule motherfucker poppin the bubbly
When shit get ugly I hug the snub closely
But usually we still see your bitches
Bouncin on some freak shit, trying to ride my dick
I can handle it, long as they manage
To get they ass in front of my dick and dance, to Big's "one more chance"
Catching hate from a glance, but I'm a giant
These niggaz is mere ants, I'll stomp 'em out wit a shank
Give bitches the back hand, this pimp shit, it's not realistic
The game is heavy, let's not get it twisted I'm young, black, and gifted, but still at the bottom
And stuck somewhere between Gomorrah and Saddam
I'm here to make this rap shit hotter than Harlem Fuck the Dog beware of Rule, cause I'm the
problem
What's your procedure with a gun in your face?
When you got one in your waist, let's cock back nigga air out the space!
(C'mon!) We gon'
Like Bush and Saddam, I'm a find out
Where Em Laden's hiding and bomb him first
It could be much worse, I could be hotter than yo scrubs
Mask and glove, gun hot from burnin ass up
I'd rather be bossed up, wit a bunch of broads
The preachers daughter screaming out "Fuck the lord!"
I may have struck a chord, wit the Christians
But y'all got the freakiest bitches out of all the religions
And God gave me his blessings to handle my business On these wanksta snitches, let the nina
blow kisses
If she some how misses, he gon' meet the mistress
And "Clap that boy" like Birdman and Clipse
I got these niggaz all over my dick, like hoes I'm the star at these shows, I must be as hot as they
come
What's your procedure with a gun in your face?
When you got one in your waist, let's cock back nigga air out the space!
(C'mon!) We gon'
Yeah, my nigga 'Zino in this motherfucker
That's how we do it, know what I mean
Buck '89 what's up baby, I see you
Break 'em down nigga! break 'em down! Bring them birds, in the motherfucking house
It's not a game no mo'
Queens in this motherfucker
You know
All my Jersey niggaz, all my Boston niggaz
All my Brooklyn niggaz, Brooklyn sir what up!

Haha, yeah, holla at me man
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>