

# Get Clapped (feat. Mobb Deep)

## Lloyd Banks

Front on me and get clapped  
Front on him and get clapped  
Front on us and get clapped  
You get clapped n\*\*\*\*Front on me and get clapped  
Front on him and get clapped  
Front on us and get clapped  
Get clapped, get clappedI know this feel different 'cause everything is good  
They actin' like I changed, like I went Hollywood  
Like I don't keep it street, like I ain't got the heat  
Like I ain't homicide all over the beatLike I ain't for the beef, like I don't really care  
'Cause I ain't camera shy we can do it anywhere  
There's diamonds in my chain, there's diamonds in my ear  
A n\*\*\*\* come slippin' I'll make him disappear  
Ay n\*\*\*\* f\*\*\* 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, lear, boat, whipOh s\*\*\*\*, I'm hella rowdy and I'm nothin' nice  
Money ain't s\*\*\*\* but a number name ya f\*\*\*\*in' price  
D\*\*\* rider, coat Taylor, a\*\* kisser, sucker for love  
Type to pick up the glass slipperLook around a\*\* n\*\*\*\* before you add liquor  
'Cause bein' an ad-libber he'll be in a bag with ya  
I'm seein' a bad picture of bein' a cab skipper  
Broke as f\*\*\*\* waitin' for Satan to come and get yaKeep ya clique tight, know ya goals  
Don't speed, slow ya role, don't speak, learn the codes  
For they pop ya a\*\* barbecue ya body with beans  
Outta the shoty while I'm in the Maserati  
With somethin' that's gonna swallow me  
I know this feel different 'cause everything is good  
They actin' like I changed, like I went Hollywood  
Like I don't keep it street, like I ain't got the heat  
Like I ain't homicide all over the beatLike I ain't for the beef, like I don't really care  
'Cause I ain't camera shy we can do it anywhere  
There's diamonds in my chain, there's diamonds in my ear  
A n\*\*\*\* come slippin' I'll make him disappearMy trigger finger feenin' that n\*\*\*\* P is a demon  
N\*\*\*\* my fangs start showin' if I'm seein' you dreamin'  
Get too close and I'm \*\*\*\*\* it won't be no discussion  
I'ma boss, I don't speak, I just nod my headAnd you turn up missin' with ya own page in the feds  
I got power and I will flex on you real quick  
Call ya dawgs, call ya trick, hug ya momz for you split  
'Cause you ain't never gone see that b\*\*\*\* againAnd this ain't a war n\*\*\*\* we just havin' fun  
with ya  
Like a bed with a baby, if I smack ya I might \*\*\*\* 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 of murda and duke, so come through  
 I'll light ya buildin' on fire that's why these rappers retire  
 'Cause they tired of dealin' with the n\*\*\*\*\*z like me  
 I know this feel different 'cause everything  
 is good  
 They actin' like I changed, like I went Hollywood  
 Like I don't keep it street, like I ain't got the heat  
 Like I ain't homicide all over the beat  
 Like I ain't for the beef, like I don't really care  
 'Cause I ain't camera shy we can do it anywhere  
 There's diamonds in my chain, there's diamonds in my ear  
 A n\*\*\*\*\* come slippin' I'll make him disappear  
 Now enough with all the lame s\*\*\* 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 f\*\*\* off of my d\*\*\*  
 Different day, same s\*\*\* media and paparazzi  
 love  
 Envy and betrayal, my heart's cold as hockey gloves  
 I light it up and take off that beef and broccoli high  
 Chocolate tie, green skunk, south Jamaica queens punk  
 Stand up ya boy's back put ya grams up  
 Get money you ain't heard nothin' but a hit from me  
 Quit dummy 'cause it's a changin' of the guards  
 Beat b\*\*\*\*\*es over the head the caveman of the squad  
 And he barely fell victim 'cause they  
 raised him up so hard  
 So my 9 is on my hip and my praise is up to God  
 'Cause we in a battlefield where the razors lead to scars  
 And the lasers lead to holes, s\*\*\*\*\* in n out ya clothes  
 I know this feel different 'cause  
 everything is good  
 They actin' like I changed, like I went Hollywood  
 Like I don't keep it street, like I ain't got the heat  
 Like I ain't homicide all over the beat  
 Like I ain't for the beef, like I don't really care  
 'Cause I ain't camera shy we can do it anywhere  
 There's diamonds in my chain, there's diamonds in my ear  
 A n\*\*\*\*\* come slippin' I'll make him disappear  
 Hey, ayo P, I'll buck these n\*\*\*\*\*z  
 Can't nobody else get no money?  
 This is our year, next year is our year  
 The year after is our year, the year after is our year  
 Yeah, G-Unit

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>