

Clap

Chamillonaire & Paul Wall

[Hook - 4x]

(hey-ya hey-ya), ooh-oooh-oooh (clap)[Chamillonaire]
Only imagine, how close all the diamonds in the jewel sit
Invisible set and canary yellow, as a tulip
See I can spit some calm words to you, through my two lips
I can have them hollow tips, popping up out them two clips
You pick, don't run up on me with your tool slick
I'll be damned if I get jacked with a strap, under my blue nit
Don't do nothing foolish, cause I'll completely lose it
Give a nigga a new breathing hole, with a pool stick
I got hoes square rooted, doubles and cubics
They come in groups of two or mo', and they be wanting do it
Got females that do lick, and some that strictly do dick
But if you freaky prove it, I'll go get the cool whip
If you love your shirt so much, that you don't wan' remove it
Then you can get up out my party, you can get excluded
Don't know what click that you with, but I'm king of the new click
Color Changin' Click-clack rap, I plan to rule it clap

[Hook - 4x][Chamillonaire]

If you owe me any more than zero cents, time to collect fool
I step through, and re possess the nigga my respect's due
Hope the numbers you wrote in the middle, of that check's true
Unless you fast, and don't think a bullet can catch you
Buy a drink I bet you, that she gon get the next two
Or she'll be standing next to, the pay phone and get.
Left too bad, your homie had already left too
Can't take you home look at your feet, and now she right and left too
Who's next to, let Koopa undress you and sex you
Can't get you pregnant, condom packs go in and get two
We can chop it up like O.G. Ron C, and Mike Watts do
Or treat you like some Southern music, and make sure you get screwed[Hook - 4x]

[Chamillonaire]

Internet, Chamillonaire.com on my channel
Run up on the vehicle, I bet that boy get handled
I don't like your tone of voice, you better calm your grammar
And slap you with the baking soda, my arm and hammer
Chain hanging to my nuts, is kinda like you tasting
Ice, if your tongue is in the right location
I don't fight temptation, I invite temptation
Cause I got a lap that, I would like your face in
Hey ya-hey ya, ooh-whoa Kemosabi
This liquor in my body, and I'm ready to party

Hey ya-hey ya, ooh-whoa Kemosabi
Hypnotic is for kids, we sipping Gin and Bicardi
Hey ya-hey ya, the minute she saw me
She whispered, all the things she wanna do
So you know I'ma do, just what a playa do
And let her leave with me, then send her home to you probably[Hook - 4x]Hey ya-hey ya, hey
ya-hey ya
Heeeee-oooooh, hey ya - 4x
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>