

# Clap Back

## Ja Rule

[Intro - Ja Rule]

Yeah, yeah.. haha yeah!  
I gotta get my headphones  
All my gangsta niggas 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!  
Black Child what up!  
I'd like to welcome all my niggas  
To the world famous Murda Inc. Show  
Big shout to all my Queens niggas in Staten Island  
Niggas in Uptown, niggas in Brooklyn niggas  
All my Bronx niggas yeah, all my Jersey niggas! you know?  
We doing it real big right here! all my money niggas  
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 niggas a real question (holla back)  
What do you do - when niggas spit at you?

[Hook - Ja Rule]

Clap back, we gon' clap back  
We gon' clap back, we gon' clap back  
(Let's take 'em to war niggas!)  
We gon' clap back, we gon' clap back  
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[Verse 1 - Ja Rule]

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 slinging soccer fields of yay  
They don't respect that, don't get your mind 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 if I'm up in the Maybach  
Fasten them holding the throwback, West 44 Lakers  
Let's make no mistakes when these F's take place  
What's the 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'

[Hook - Ja Rule]

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[Verse 2 - Ja Rule]

The Rule be "In Da Club" rude motherfucker poppin the bubbly  
When shit get ugly I hug the snub closely  
But usually we still see your bitches  
Dancin on some freak shit, trying to ride my dick  
I can't handle it, lower their manners  
To get they ass infront of my dick to dance, to B.I.G.'s "One More Chance"  
Catching hate from a glance, but I'm a giant  
These niggas is mere ants, I'll stomp 'em wit a shank  
Give bitches the back hand, pimp shit, it's not realistic  
The game is helpless, let's not get it twisted  
I'm young, wrapped, 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 cause the werewolves is out the prowl  
What's the procedure when you got a gun on you face  
When you got one in your waist

Let's cock back nigga air out the space! (C'mon!) We gon'

[Hook - Ja Rule]

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[Verse 3 - Ja Rule]

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  
All 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 niggas all over my dick, like hoes  
I'm the star at these shows, I must be as hot as they come  
What's the 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'

[Hook - Ja Rule]

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[Outro]

[Ja Rule] Yeah, my nigga Zino in this motherfucker

[Benzino] That's how we do it, know what I mean

[Benzino] Buck '89 what's up baby, I see you

[Ja Rule] Break 'em down nigga! break 'em down!

[Benzino] Bring them birds, in the motherfucking house

[Benzino] It's not a game no mo'

[Ja Rule] Queens in this motherfucker

[Benzino] You know

[Ja Rule] All my Jersey niggas, all my Boston niggas

[Ja Rule] All my Brooklyn niggas, Brooklyn sir what up!

[Ja Rule] Haha, yeah, holla at me man

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>