

Fat Joe, No Drama

[Chorus]

We just clap and revolve
We just clap and revolve
We just clap and revolve
We just clap
We just clap (Who want to pop off to the head get popped off Nigga)
We just clap and revolve
You don't wanna start no drama
You, You, You don't wanna stop no drama

Yeah

We getting paper hear

Yeah

Got that crown holders shirt on, got like a million diamonds on it
Ten million written all over that

We just clap and revolve
We just clap and revolve
We just clap and revolve
You don't wanna start no drama
We just clap and revolve
We just clap and revolve

[1st Verse]

Nine check
Forty check
K's check
You be the first to go
Haze yes
Ye yes
Motherf**ker this is business, never personal
This Coca baby
I'm an 88er
I put work in these streets
Now do yourself the favor
You bring the drama
Then drama leads to choppers
Then them choppers get to sprayin'
And somebody need a doctor now
You not an actor, not a rapper
You's a clapper, you's a trapper
Got a ratchet, so why you hire coppers now
It is what it is; I got the gliz on me
And don't nobody want it with the Big homey

[Chorus - 2X]

[2nd Verse]

Nigga want beef with me
Must be out of his mind
Nigga think that Joey past his prime
Layed his ass flat in the street
Yeah I splattered his mind
Walk away with his life and his shines
Yeah, I smell pussy pussy
Yeah pussy pussy
That's how h e looked when I left his f**kin face gushy
Ask about it
Cracks about it
Went back to the crib and then we laughed about it
I'm a rider, I'm a sider - I'n a money maker
I decided you's a liar when it comes to paper
Broad day we could clap it in these streets

Middle the PJ's make em bring out these sheets

[Chorus]

[3rd Verse]

I got a thing for my little buddy
That black Mac do his thing
Leave a Nigga ugly
Yo tell me the best of the best wont fix em
We'll open your chest Nigga
Your just a victim
And I'm a rat killer
You hear that BR-Rat Nigga
I don't rap infact I'm just that Nigga
Yeah it's crack Nigga
A lot of bitches like to talk
Make em bite they tongue
Lot of niggaz claim New York but they not the one
I'm in the streets muh'f**ker you could call me Harlem
You Bedstuy like Biggie
The big homeys a problem
Bronx bomber
I'll leave you comatose
We don't dance in your face, you muh'f**kers choke