

## Click Clack!!!

Giggs

Emotions on the beat  
Emotion on the street  
The way I glide on the beat  
The way I ride on the street  
Like my flow's unique  
They say I'm coming hard and I'm just at peak  
So imagine me next year  
Trust me dog, I with the gun clear  
Nice on the track  
Have fresh home so free my nigga Max  
I got the star in the right hand  
Fuck the federals 'cause they took away the right hand  
They also got Jessie J  
Free all my dogs, too many fucking names  
Until they land I'ma bang  
Stay flagging black with the infamous gang  
OPB, SN1 fam we bang  
All day, every day, repping black gang

You don't wanna hear the click clack  
You don't wanna feel the kick back  
Nigga's gonna see his wig splat  
And they wonder why I did that  
You don't wanna hear the click clack  
You don't wanna feel the kick back

Click clack  
Click clack  
Click clack  
Kick back  
Rib snap  
Rip back  
Split hats  
Splish splash

Washed over dry land  
Can't stomach it  
They know in a couple years we'll be bossing it  
And the strip: nah it won't be theirs, we'll be running it  
Make a prick's body disappear, got my hollow tips  
Let me take you inside of this little life of mine  
They think that being Shocks that I live a life of shine  
Little did these pricks know that I'm struggling to grind  
Trying to get a little dough off this little half a nine  
Get a split neck for your shiny chain  
It don't bother me  
Big stress on my tiny brain  
I'll holler at a bitch  
Quick sex and some slimy brain  
Pissed 'cause there's no more cig left for my slimy grade  
Cock back, let the Remington ram at them  
Now you got a broke back  
And your skeleton's hit  
And your mother's shocked that it had to end up like this

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Go and get your gun we can have a dance  
Let my something off the second that my brother asked  
I feel the pain from my mother's heart  
Asking God to promise me another chance  
One beef lays down then another starts  
It's all bullshit I ride with a troubled heart  
I ain't shook just to fucking ask  
Keep following me undercover car  
I'ma wait 'til my dog's home  
Tiny getting locked up turned my heart stone  
So I'ma ride in your whole zone  
You niggas stunting with straps that I part own  
We're the bloodstained squad  
When the slugs take off  
That your mug frame will have to wipe the bloodstain off  
Something like Face/Off  
With your mug-free mop  
Bring it back like I just took a dub plate off

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