

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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