

# Clap Your Hands

Rah Digga

Yo Yo Yo Yo

Everybody

Everybody

Everybody

Now tell everybody how you came up with your name

What was it like try'na get up in the game

Dirty Harriet's the name saying anything goes

Acting like you never seen a tomboy in dress clothes

Like you run around splurging, deepen the excursion

TV people pissed cause I spit the dirty version

Now tell everybody what be going through your mind

Up on the stage when you bout to bust a rhyme

Seein' people on my left, seein' people on my right

Every now and then you come across a f\*\*ked up mic

Make sure they got water stay steady with the light

And I rock it so tight, make the bitches start a fight

Now tell everybody bout niggas in your camp

How we be rolling, when we work and we lam

Got Rock Sham Bus Ramp Spliff me six

And another set of caps double that in the Bricks

Some smoke, some drink, some battle just for kicks

Some'll give your ass a Duffy just for try'na take flicks

Now tell everybody what be going through your brains

Celeb chick up in the rap game

Smoke a rogie in a store getting tipsy on a plane

Take a whole lot of money

f\*\*k around and ride the train

Say my voice too maley, can't understand me

No album out superbitch won a Grammy

[Chorus:]

All the ladies in the place clap your hands

All the fellas in the house clap your hands

Everybody (Everybody)

Everybody (Everybody)

Say "Come on, bounce, come on, bounce" (Everybo-dy)

Everybody (Everybody)

Everybody (Everybody)

Say "Come on, bounce, come on, bounce" (Everybo-dy)

Now tell everybody bout niggas on your block

In New Jerus where the crime don't stop

See a bunch of little niggas wearing scuffed up Tim's

If his stash been tapped it was probably Juanes Mins

Some like to shoot dice f\*\*k around lose friends

Some'll blow your brains out get you for your rims

Now tell everybody bout bitches 'round the way

Who like to hustle

Lose scams everyday

Type of chicks hit first

Even let they kids curse

Get a check every month

Day job as a nurse

I'm bumping out the crib playing scratch card numbers

So I'ma get slick

Evict they own man running

Now tell everybody how we dipping in the stash

Or with the swerve don't be spending no cash

Drinking all type of goodies

Sending heads on a run  
Everytime I pass a L  
Here comes another one  
Now bitch got the munchies  
Making heads front me  
Dipping in the dro  
Niggas f\*\*k around and jump me  
Now tell everybody how we keep it on lock  
Now where we headed when the block get hot  
Now we speeding on the Ave.  
Puffing on lots of gandas  
Pumping Jay shit  
Somebody got Nastradamus  
Kicking one-liners  
Car full of rhymers  
Dipping down the block when the cops get behind us  
Now tell everybody where you heard it all first  
Type of shit going into Digga verse  
Say intellect punch lines  
Kill 'em all one time  
Voice still crazy  
Even when I kick my fun rhymes  
Digga supreme  
Clientele like ghost faces  
Niggas have to go rewrite in most cases  
[Chorus:]  
All the ladies in the place clap your hands  
All the fellas in the house clap your hands  
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Other Rah Digga songs