

Clique (Ft. Gunplay & Rockie Fresh)

[Rick Ross](#)

Hottest niggas in the game
MMG, tour starts in a few weeks
If you fucking with it, fuck with me
Ha ha Watch me cost a buck, chain cost me a truck
Double MB the clique my coupe more than your bus
Think it's all facade, but nigga just double R
See me jumpin on stage, more chains than Mardi Gras
Bitches been going wild hit the sound cliche
Give me two bitches we could do this three ways
Four miss calls on my iPhone five
Bitch six feet tall got me fighting for my life
Telephone lines ringing, calling Angie Martinez
Think I've just seen the boss, see dating to Puerto Rican
All gold jewels in this snow white mink
Kanye shoes sorry no ID, John Legend flow the magnificent me
Roll hard give me molly coffee by the key
Got the weed roll twist hard a few weeks
She said fuck me, must wanna fuck me
Man we be the clique, man I'm so the shit
Boy just simmer down, man I take the bitch
Yeah we at the game and we sit front row
Every time you see me I'll be on the front row
Thick Cuban link, new Benz, gold piece
Benz outside aint' even gotta speak
New Cuban link with the all gold piece
Benz outside I ain't even gotta speak, uh As I look around and I do it like my clique (Maybach Music)
You know this bad bitches they want the, they want the, they want Yeah I'm talking gun play, yeah I'm walking
too
Yeah that nigga ready, yeah that defo true
Yeah I'm really bad yeah I out anybody
Point him out, I light a joint and take his face and out it
Yeah I spill my Corse on your Michael Kors, whore
Yeah so the fuck what? I could buy you more
Yeah in front of hood, yeah I'm from the floor
Hoes in the roof, hardly had a door
Kitchen on door, pitchin on purp
Free different digies all lit up like a fur
Nigga where your fee, see the white fright hair
So matter ain't think everything pair

Man the clique As I look around and I do it like my clique (Maybach Music)

And all this bad bitches man they wonder

They wonder, they wonder, they wonder [Verse 3: Rockie Fresh]

Yeah yeah yeah

Now extra double M dream team doing something special

Bout to kill the shit so get the casket and the shovel

And new Olympic sevens I need rings and the medal

When I'm not from Trillville but I tell 'em get up on my level

I'm always going higher, I'm still mo' fire

Do a lot of stuntin' but it's only too inspire

Remember just a year ago these hoes ain't wanna speak

Now they all be tryin to freak, they think I know Wale and Meek

I got a bad white bitch I know they spend cake on

Just hope that she never fall off like Kreayshawn

Even if she do forever I'm shit

So much dope I'ma get we legit

I ain't fucking with my clique As I look around and I do it like my clique (Maybach Music)

You know this bad bitches they want the, they want the, they want Maybach Music

Songwriters

William Roberts, David Pullen, Richard Morales Jr. Published by

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