We Got It for Cheap (Intro)

Clipse

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Fear him, as soon as you hear him
Upon my arrival, the dope dealers cheer him
Just like a revival, the verse tends to steer 'em
Through a life in the fast lane, like German engineer em
No serum can cure all the pain I've endured
From crack to rap to back to sellin it pure
For every record I potentially sell in the store
It's like Mecca to the dealer that's sellin it raw
So many deceive ya
I'm on top with the ki's, move over Alicia
I force feed ya the metric scale
Rap's like child's play, my show and tell
Within each verse you see the truth's unveiled
They manufacture proof as they lie to themselves
Puppets on the string like a yoyo
Bouncin like a pogo, they prayin I never go soloGot it for cheapThe wall's removed and now I see
My leg was pulled, the joke's on me
So heartbreakin, like lovin a whore
Might hurt ya once, but never no more
It's like tryin to fly but they clippin your wings
And that's exactly why the caged bird sings
Who can nickname it, the shame rings true
Seems to me reparations are overdue
I done been to the top, I done sipped the juice
And with that bein said, bird crumbs'll never do
Even on my last not a penny in the bank
I'ma stand on my own, so thanks but no thanks
Keep the pranks as I bid farewell
I gotta answer to Marcus and Jennel
And to little brother Terrence who I love dearly so
If ever I had millions never would you sell blow, neverGot it for cheapI'm the best since he died, and he lied
The spirit of competition, one verse could start jihad

CPR Pusha, the flow tends to revive
Pullin the covers back, I expose what you disguise
My presence is felt, the pressure is on
A four eleven Cuban helped us weather the storm
Pyrex and powder, it was back to the norm
Through all the adversity the fury was bornNiggas don't get the picture, it's written in scripture
Even at your mama's she'll tell you that blood's thicker
And I don't know how them other niggas built
And I don't know if ever they feel guilt
Or maybe niggaz just too high on they stilts
But this one's on me, I'ma view it as spilt milk
Grandma look at me, I'm turnin the other cheek
It's the R-E-U-P G-A-N-GGot it for cheap

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/