Mr. Me Too (Featuring Pharrell Williams)

Clipse

You know we back, right?
Clear the streets out
Come on with it, ha-ha, Star TrakNiggas is haters, I'm doin' deals like the majors
Ice Cream sneakers, I signed my first skater
So you can pay three and buy yourself some Bapestas
Bulletproof under t-shirts because they hate us
Do like Snoop say step your game up
Double-decker boat nigga, Meditterane up
D-Class action cuts, tuck your chain up
Liberace fingers, niggas hit Lorraine up
Just last week, I was out in Aspen
Me and Puff hoppin' off the plane, both us laughin'
A week before that, I was out in Italy
Italian heart throbs could not get rid of me
Up in Donatella's crib, me and like ten hoes
Call from the cell phone, give me that Enzo
I know what your thinkin' yeah me too
Okay everybody meet Mr. Me TooBeen two years, like I was paddy wagon cruisin'
The streets was yours, you're dunce cappin' and kazooin'
I was just assumin' you'd keep the coke movin'
But I got one question, fuck y'all been doin'?
Pyrex stirs turned into Cavalli furs
The full length cat, when I wave, the kitty purs
All my niggas caked up, sellin' gray and beige dust
Had that money right or end up in the trunk taped up
We don't chase and duck, we only raise the bucks
Peel money rolls 'til our thumbs get the paper cuts
Chill retardo, South Beach Gallardo
Teals started up, go brr like it's Nardo
Women, if you love me, please let me know
Tie rags around your neck and learn the sets we throw
These are the days of our lives and I'm sorry to the fans
But the crackers weren't playin' fair at JiveI know, I know, yeap yeah, you too
Okay we get it, yeap yeah you too
I know, I know, yeap yeah, you too
Okay, everybody meet Mr. Me Too
I know, I know, yeap yeah, you too
Okay we get it, yeap yeah you too
I know, I know, yeap yeah, you too

Okay, everybody meet Mr. Me TooI know what you thinkin' why I call you Me Too?
Cause everythin' I say, I got you sayin' me too
I say I got a Benz, so you said me too
You hangin' out the window so they can see you
But you ain't hangin' out the window
When you in that G2 or that G3 or G4 like we do
Star Trak, Clipse, Malice, come onWanna know the time? Better clock us
Niggas bite the style from the shoes to the watches
We cloud hoppers, tailored suits like we mobsters
Break down keys into dimes and sell them like Gobstoppers
Who gon' stop us
Not a goddamn one of you
Mean with the Re-Up, nigga we street tumblers
Ivory white, yeah that's the same color
Of the Azure nigga, best believe it's the Mulliner
Take no prisoners, rap niggas are whisperers
Choke on your own spit just as soon as you mention us
Champagne corks, kicks by Louis sports and
Keep my hoes in Pucc' and Charles Jourdan
Cop it, chrome it, touch-screen component
Mink on the floor, make you hot, don't it?
You don't wanna know what the fuck I spent on it
Tomorrow ain't promised so we live for the momentI know, I know, yeap yeah, you too
Okay we get it, yeap yeah you too
I know, I know, yeap yeah, you too
Okay, everybody meet Mr. Me Too
I know, I know, yeap yeah, you too
Okay we get it, yeap yeah you too
I know, I know, yeap yeah, you too
Okay, everybody meet Mr. Me Too

Songwriters
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