Keys Open Doors

Clipse

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Keys open doors, keys open doors
Keys open doors, keys, keys open doorsMake ya skin crawl, press one button, let the wind fall
Who gon' stop us? Fuck the coppers, the mind of a kilo shopper
Seein' my life through the windshields of choppers
I ain't spend one rap dollar in 3 years, hollaMoney's the least, drag a bitch by her dog collar
Now ho folla', this is my ghetto story
Like Cham, Ice-P is the Don Dotta
Open the Frigidaire, 25 to life in hereSo much white you might think ya Holy Christ is near
Throw on your Louis V millionaires to kill the glare
Ice trays, Nada, all you see is pigeons pairedThe realest shit I ever wrote, not Pac inspired
It's crack pot inspired, my real niggaz quote
Bitch never cook my coke, why? Never trust a ho with your child
At you make believe rappers I smile, haCanals treatin' my style, like you Internet sharing my files
You're my space niggaz
So kill the comparison, I'm South Beach sippin' on Sara Fin'
Wellfy check nigga, I never been, cook money clean through MarylandShit, countin' just gasp at the smell of it
Meet the dealer, ain't a bitch realer
So you ain't gotta question why Pusha don't feel ya
Now get the fuck offKeys open doors, keys open doors
Keys open doors, keys, keys open doors
Keys open doors, keys open doors
Keys open doors, keys, keys open doorsKeys open doors, keys open doors
Keys open doors, keys, keys open doors
Yeah, check it
Keys open doors, keys, keys open doorsThrow it on the scale, feed ya goddamn self
Get it how you live, we don't ask for help, no
Word on the street is you gon' love how it melt
And I don't come with a pitch neither, the shit sell itselfI yell re-up 'til I'm locked like ma-mia
And get it cross the state with the grace of Maria
Keep on toys, you gon' know us when you see us
Living street tales worthy of Don DivasKeys in the floor, mistress in Dior
Bitch tell me she love me, but I know she's a whore

Shit could get ugly, shit she talk to the Lord now
It's just what I get, it's the roses of warFuck the bureau, rather be spending Euros
And get fed grapes, fuck hoes in plurals
Just like Heaven as I gaze at the mural
What a piece of mind when you copy some Shapiro'sCheers to the future as we toast to life
I'm preventing Miami, I'm a socialite, nigga
The cars is big, the cribs is bigger
The kids are happy, the perfect pictureGem star razor, the fruit of my labor
And I walk with a glow, it's like the Lord's shown favor
These bitches fake like the hoes on flavor
But I don't mind spending, all it is is paper, yesKeys open doors, keys open doors
Keys open doors, keys, keys open doors
Keys open doors, keys open doors
Keys open doors, keys, keys open doorsKeys open doors, keys open doors
Keys open doors, keys, keys open doors
Keys open doors, keys, keys open doors

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