

# Clique (ft. Big Sean & Jay-Z)

## Kanye West

What of the dollar you murdered for?

Is that the one fighting for your soul?

Or your brother's the one that you're running from, but if you got money, fuck it, cause I want someB.I.G.  
fuckin' with me, oh god, whoaOK ain't nobody fucking with my clique, clique, clique, clique, clique

Ain't nobody fresher than my mothafuckin' clique, clique, clique, clique, clique

As I look around, they don't do it like my clique, clique, clique, clique, clique

And all these bad bitches, man, they want the

They want the, they want theI tell a bad bitch do whatever I say

My block behind me like I'm coming out the driveway

It's grind day, from Friday, to next Friday

I been up straight for nine days, I need a spa day (spa day)

Yup, She trying get me that poo-tang

I might let my crew bang, my crew deeper than Wu-Tang

I'm rolling with, fuck I'm saying? Girl, you know my crew name

You know 2 Chainz? Scrr!

I'm pulling up in that Bruce Wayne but I'm the fucking villain,

Man, they kneeling when I'm walking in the building

Freaky women I be feeling from the bank accounts I'm filling

What a feeling, ah man, they gotta be

Young player from the D that's killing everything that he see (Ain't nobody fucking with my clique, clique,  
clique, clique, clique)Ain't nobody fresher than my mothafuckin' clique, clique, clique, clique, clique

As I look around, they don't do it like my clique, clique, clique, clique, clique

And all these bad bitches, man, they want the

They want the, they want theYeah, I'm talking 'Ye, yeah, I'm talking Rih'

Yeah, I'm talking B', nigga, I'm talking me

Yeah, I'm talking bossy, I ain't talking Kelis

Your money too short, you can't be talking to me

Yeah I'm talking LeBron, we ball in our family tree

G.O.O.D. Music drug-dealing cousin, ain't nothing fuckin' with we

Me turn that 62 to 125, 125 to a 250

250 to a half a million, ain't nothin' nobody can do with me, now who with me?

Â¡VÃ¡monos! Call me Hov or Jefe

Translation, I'm the shit, least that what my neck say

Least that what my check say, lost my homie for a decade

Nigga down for like 12 years, ain't hug his son since second grade

He never told, who we gon' tell, we top of the totem pole

It's the Dream Team meets the Supreme Team

And all our eyes green it only means one thing

You ain't fucking with my clique (Ain't nobody fucking with my clique, clique, clique, clique, clique)Ain't

nobody fresher than my mothafuckin' clique, clique, clique, clique, clique  
As I look around, they don't do it like my clique, clique, clique, clique, clique  
And all these bad bitches, man, they want the  
They want the, they want theBreak records at Louie, ate breakfast at Gucci  
My girl a superstar all from a home movie  
Bow on our arrival, the Un-American idols  
What niggas did in Paris, got 'em hanging off the Eiffel  
Yeah I'm talking business, we talking CIA  
I'm talking George Tenet, I seen him the other day  
He asked me about my Maybach, think he had the same  
Except mine tinted and his might have been rented  
You know white people get money, don't spend it  
Or maybe they get money, buy a business  
I rather buy 80 gold chains and go ig'nant  
I know Spike Lee gon' kill me but let me finish  
Blame it on the pigment, we living no limits  
Them gold Master P ceilings was just a figment  
Of our imagination, MTV cribs Now I'm looking at a crib right next to where TC lives  
That's Tom Cruise, whatever she accuse  
He wasn't really drunk he just had a few brews  
Pass the refreshments, a cool, cool beverage  
Everything I do need a news crew's presence  
Speedboat swerve homie watch out for the waves  
I'm way too black to burn from sun rays  
So I just meditate at the home in Pompeii  
About how I could build a new Rome in one day  
Every time I'm in Vegas they screaming like he's Elvis  
But I just wanna design hotels and nail it  
Shit is real got me feeling Israelian  
Like Bar Refaeli, Gisele, nah that's Brazilian  
Went through, deep depression when my momma passed  
Suicide, what kinda talk is that?  
But I been talking to God for so long and if you look at my life I guess he's talking back  
Fucking with my cliqueAin't nobody fresher than my mothafuckin' clique  
As I look around, they don't do it like my clique  
And all these bad bitches, man, they want the  
They want the, they want the

#### Songwriters

NOAH D. GOLDSTEIN, SEAN ANDERSON, SHAWN CARTER, JAMES FLAUNTLEROY, CHAUNCEY A. HOLLIS, ALEXANDER IZQUIERDO, ANTHONY KILHOFFER, CHE SMITH, KANYE WESTPublished by

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