

# 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 some B.I.G.  
fuckin' with me, oh god, whoa OK 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 the I 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 the Yeah, 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 the Break 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 clique Ain'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

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