Comedy Central

Clipse

Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh(Verse 1 - Malice)
Say dog, let's not get involved
You don't wanna tango, I'll dress you in a halo
Cock the gauge, polka dot ya braids
Face you in a chrome fo', that'll lock ya legs
And you can't move, I roll big and I can't lose
They watch so hard ain't nothin' I do, that ain't news
Carry it like I'm a stranger to the game
I cut short any whisper that, en-danger my name
I'ma toast on both coast, not for a joke
I'm known in the streets on the account, I know coke
And we got word in the street that the cops watch us
But that don't stop us, we maneuvering move a little mo' cautious
I hate to think that the dope game is my callin'
Cause it got us singing lullaby's, to our fallin'
Tonight friend, until we meet again
But for now and ya name, we re-up and eat again, uh
I never front, like I'm something I'm not
Well being broke well that's just, somethin' I'm not
Y'all talk wit hatred, but I live off that
And I lived off cocaine, way 'fore I lived off rap
Feel me friend, if they could, they'd kill me friend (Yeah)
Cause I weigh too much, learned not to say too much
They couldn't take me in the CL, that's way too much
And I'm too gone, y'all niggas can talk on(Verse 3 - Fabolous)
They call me Mr., Pleasebelieveit, believe it please
I put the pump in ya mouth, and help you breath with ease
This guys in a hurry, ma I can't even fuck with you
If you ain't in the itinerary
I don't know where dudes is buying they jewelry
Why's ya ice cream, like it's made by Ben & Jerry
Y'all the type of players, that be gettin' 2-day contracts
E-mail snitch, got these in ya 2-way contacts
I'm in the club sippin' on that new Zecongac
In the number 9 Jordan's, with the duce, trey, arm back
The street family so cool, we could throw up bitches
Even if it was July, and we had on wood britches
I got them teflon's, that shovel the fo'
That have under covers and po', with cover and slow

The government know, the kid been lovin' the dough
Since I was movin' white off the curb, and shovelin' snow(Verse 3 - Pusha T)
Ghetto streets so numb they call me Novocain
I turn over caine, over and over again
Hell, so much cliental, I could lose it all today
Be back the next day, still up in the same way
As I left ya, all in three gestures, down up and aim
I can define death, better than Webster, wet ya
Now bless ya, and of to my next venture
Blocks so white, June look like December
Winter time, snow everywhere, flow everywhere
So much dough, I fly my hoes everywhere
Ask him, Pusha T, push a ton
Push a ton of that shit, that makes ya nose run (*Sniffle*)
Yes I'm holdin', whether it's heat or coke in
In the door panel of my four-wheel motion
Ain't jokin', but I laugh how other flows convince you
It's money, it's funny, it's Comedy Central
Minds mental, others is made up stinsel
When I'm on vacation, my babies ride in a rental
I'm livin', they act as if I don't live it
Saran wrap vaseline, so they can't sniff it
Eve say larine knitted, shorts bermuda
You would think they was poochie, if you over looked MedusaUh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh(Skit at end of the song begins)

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