Chinese New Year

Clipse

I'm at your door, your eyes are like why are you here
Judging by my steel I got something to do here
Give up the money or the angel cries two tears
Front of your crib sounding like Chinese New Year
Brat, brat, brat, brat, brat, brat, ka-ka-kat, kat
Brat, brat, brat, brat, brat, brat, ka-ka-kat, katMask on face, glock in hand
I was in and out of homes like the Orkin man
Never listen to my parents like an orphan man
Strong finger on the trigger like it's dwarf's handsConfiscate goodies like Repo Man Sam
Make nigga kick that can, fall victim to the klick klack klan
My vixen eat ya face, like ya she Ms. Pac Many wish her command, uh
ADT's ain't stop me, simple like ABC's
Snip cut game just as easy as 1 2 3, breaking an entry so elementaryGet what the hustlers get for trying to do what the hustlers do
Give up the cash 'fore I turn you cookie monster blue
And your man and them for trying to be hustlers too
Earnie and Bert, I bet them bullet holes burning and hurtI'm at your door, your eyes are like why are you here
Judging by my steel I got something to do here
Give up the money or the angel cries two tears
Front of your crib sounding like Chinese New Year
Brat, brat, brat, brat, brat, brat, ka-ka-kat, kat
Brat, brat, brat, brat, brat, brat, ka-ka-kat, katLet's play cops and robbers and watch
Heckler and Koch turn cops to martyrs
As well as niggaz wit plots to rob us
Try me, I'll turn this motherfucker into shuttasWit them 911's revin
Gunfire leave brethren remains like 9/11
And get the sounds of rounds dispensing
That clack up make 'em back up like it's invisible fencingWhen I picture bits and pieces of bone chip and flesh
It tears me to pieces
Cooperate, escaping useless, trust me I'm your friend
I will talk you through thisTrick or treat niggaz wit hoods want the goods
I feel like Robin Hood when I share it wit my hood
Don't forget, he who plays hero gets hit
Don't let the 9 mill riddle your wits smarty pantsI'm at your door, your eyes are like why are you here
Judging by my steel I got something to do here
Give up the money or the angel cries two tears
Front of your crib sounding like Chinese New Year
Brat, brat, brat, brat, brat, brat, ka-ka-kat, kat
Brat, brat, brat, brat, brat, brat, ka-ka-kat, katSympathy? I feel none, when you hear that humming, common

sense
To take a duck and get the fuck outta harms way
Your dying would absolutely make my day
Why he had to go look who, but he wasn't so he got betrayedThis is what I did to him, now you will see to him
Hurried out his crib, before that took everything
[Incomprehensible]
Let the boy [Incomprehensible]If I didn't get you right you better hold your pistol tight
When we meet in the afterlife, cold chain I'm the black one that bleed
Rosco P, young G, I don't speak I just squeeze
97 P will make you drop to your kneesBefore you know it, you'll be floating to a better place your soul feeling free
I'm young, black and I just don't give a fuck
Big gun on my waist, drugs in the trunk
Sitting high in a truck, call me luck, compress meI'm at your door, your eyes are like why are you here
Judging by my steel I got something to do here
Give up the money or the angel cries two tears
Front of your crib sounding like Chinese New YearBrat, brat, brat, brat, brat, brat, ka-ka-kat, kat
Brat, brat, brat, brat, brat, brat, ka-ka-kat, kat
Brat, brat, brat, brat, brat, brat, ka-ka-kat, kat
Brat, brat, brat, brat, brat, brat, ka-ka-kat, kat

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/