Clique

G.O.O.D. Music

[Intro]
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, because I want some
[Hook]
Ain't nobody f*ckin' with my
Clique, clique, clique, clique, clique
Ain't nobody fresher than my muthaf*ckin'
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
[Verse 1: Big Sean]
I tell a bad bitch do whatever I say
My block behind me like I'm coming out the driveway
It's grande, from Friday, to next Friday
I been up straight for nine days, I need a spa day
She tryna get me that poo tang
I might let my crew bang
My crew deeper than Wu Tang
I'm rolling with (Huh) f*ck I'm saying?
Girl, you know my crew name
You know 2 Chainz? Scrrr!
I'm pullin' up in that Bruce Wanye
But I'm the f*ckin' villian, man, they kneelin when I walkin in the building
Freaky women I be feelin' from the bank accounts I'm fillin'
What a feeling, ah man, they gotta be
Young player from the D that's killin' everything that he see
[Hook]
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[Jay Z]
Yeah am talking Ye', yeah am talking Rih', yeah I'm talking Bey, nigga I'm talking me
Yeah I'm talking bossy, I ain't talking Kelis
You're money too short, you can't be talking to me
Yeah I'm talking LeBron, we balling our family tree
G.O.O.D Music drug dealing drug cousin, ain't nothing f*ckin' with we
Turn that 62 to 125, 125, to a 250, 250 to a half a milli, ain't nothin' nobody can do with me
Now who with me? Vmonos! 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 the second grade
He never told, who we gonna tell, we top of the totem pole
It's the dream team meets the supreme team, and all our eyes green and only means one thing
You ain't f*ckin' with my clique
[Kanye West]
Break records of Louie
Ate breakfast at Gucci
My girl a superstar all from a home movie
Bow on our arrival the unamerican idols
When 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 refreshment a cool cool beverage
Everything I do need a news crew present
Steve-O swerve homie, watch out for the waves
I'm way too black to burn from sunrays
So I just meditated the home in Pompay
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 feelin' Isrealian

Like Bar Refaeli Gisele, no thats Brazilian
Went through deep depression when my momma passed
Suicide what kind of talk is that
But I've been talking to God for so long
That I have you look in my life I guess he talking back
F*ckin' with my clique

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