

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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