Chinese New Year (ft. Roscoe P. Coldchain)

Clipse

[Pusha T (Pharrell)]
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(Brrraaattt - Brrraaattt, Brrraaattt - Brrraaattt, Ka-ka-kat-kat)
(Brrraaattt - Brrraaattt, Brrraaattt - Brrraaattt, Ka-ka-kat-kat)[Pusha T]
Mask 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-Man; My Wish Her Command, UH!
ADT's Ain't Stop Me. Simple Like ABC'sSnip Cut Game Just As Easy As 1-2-3
Breaking An Entry So Elementary
Get What The Hustlers Get For Trying To Do What The Hustlers Do
Give Up The Cash 'fore I Turn You Cookie Monster BlueAnd Your Man And Them For Trying To Be Hustlers Too
Earnie And Bert, I Bet Them Bullet Holes Burning And Hurt[Pusha T (Pharrell)]
I'm At Your Door, Your Eyes Are Like Why Are You Here
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Front Of Your Crib Sounding Like Chinese New Year(Brrraaattt - Brrraaattt, Brrraaattt - Brrraaattt, Ka-ka-kat-kat)
(Brrraaattt - Brrraaattt, Brrraaattt - Brrraaattt, Ka-ka-kat-kat)[Malice]
Let's Play Cops And Robbers, And Watch Heckler & Koch Turn Cops To Martars
As Well As Niggaz Wit Plots To Rob Us
Try Me, I'll Turn This Motherfucker Into Shuttas
Wit Them 911's Revin, Gunfire Leave Brethren Remains Like 9/11And Get The Sounds Of Rounds Dispensing That Clack Up Make 'em Back Up Like It's Invisible Fencing
When 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 Pants[Pusha T (Pharrell)]
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(Brrraaattt - Brrraaattt, Brrraaattt - Brrraaattt, Ka-ka-kat-kat)
(Brrraaattt - Brrraaattt, Brrraaattt - Brrraaattt, Ka-ka-kat-kat)[Rosco P. Coldchain]
Sympathy? 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, Shoved A Grenade In His Mouth
Hurried Out His Crib, Before That
My Niggaz Raped His Bitch, Molested His Kids
Filled It Wit Gas, Lit A Match, And Blew Up The ShitWhile On This Earth, If I Didn't Get You Right You Better Hold Your Pistol Tight
When We Meet In The Afterlife, Coldchain I'm The Block When It 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, Com-press Me[Pusha T (Pharrell)]
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Judging By My Steel I Got Something To Do Here
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(Brrraaattt - Brrraaattt, Brrraaattt - Brrraaattt, Ka-ka-kat-kat)

Songwriters
Williams, Pharrell L / Thornton, Terrence Le Varr / Thornton Jr, Gene Elliott / Porter, APublished by
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