

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 Hands Confiscate 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's Snip 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 Blue And Your Man And Them For Trying To Be Hustlers
Too

Earnie And Bert, I Bet Them Bullet Holes Burning And Hurt[Pusha T (Pharrell)]

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(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 9/11 And 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 This Trick 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)]

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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 Betrayed This 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 Shit While 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 Knees Before 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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Songwriters

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