

# Clique

## Kanye West

[Intro]

What of the dollar you murdered for?  
Is that the one fighting for your soul?  
Or your brothers the one that youre running from?  
But if you got money, fuck it, cause I want some[Hook: Big Sean]  
Aint nobody fuckin with my clique(X5)  
Aint nobody fresher than my motherfuckin' clique(x5)  
As i look around they dont do it like my 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 Im coming out the driveway(swerve)  
Its grind day, 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  
Im rolling with (Huh) fuck Im saying?  
Girl, you know my crew name  
You know 2 Chainz? Scrrr!  
Im pullin up in that Bruce Wanye  
But Im the fuckin villian, man, they kneelin when I walkin in the building  
Freaky women I be feelin from the bank accounts Im fillin  
What a feeling, ah man, they gotta be  
Young player from the D thats killin everything that he see for the dough[Hook][Jay-Z:]  
Yeah am talking Ye, yeah am talking Rih, yeah Im talking B, nigga Im talking me  
Yeah Im talking bossy, I aint talking Kelis  
Youre money too short, you cant be talking to me  
Yeah Im talking LeBron, we balling our family tree  
G.O.O.D Music drug dealing cousin, aint nothing fuckin with we  
Turn that 62 to 125, 125, to a 250, 250 to a half a milli, aint nothin nobody can do with me  
Now who with me? Vmonos! Call me Hov or jefe  
Translation, Im 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, aint hug his son since the second grade  
He never told, who we gonna tell, we top of the totem pole  
Its the dream team meets the supreme team, and all our eyes green and only means one thing  
You aint fuckin 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 Im talking business  
We talking CIA  
Im 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 dont spend it  
Or maybe they get money, buy a business  
I rather buy 80 gold chains and go ignorant  
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 Im looking at a crib right next to where TC lives  
Thats Tom Cruise, whatever she accuse  
He wasnt really drunk he just had a few brews  
Pass the refreshment a cool cool beverage  
Everything I do need a news crew present  
Speedboat swerve homie watch out for the waves  
Im way too black to burn from sunrays  
So I just meditated the home in Pompei About how I could build a new Rome in one day  
Every time Im in Vegas they screaming like hes 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 Ive been talking to God for so long  
That if have you look in my life I guess he talking back  
Fuckin with my clique

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