

# Door Man (Produced By The Neptunes)

## Clipse

Hey doorman,  
Tell 'em line up the cris,  
I put my money on the roof and crush this bitch,  
You niggas keep wavin' them wrists,  
I put my money on the roof and crush this bitch,  
Ye ain't got money like this,  
I put my money on the roof and crush this bitch,  
So scream it if ya ambition fit,  
I put my money on the roof and crush this bitch,  
Sing it niggas, la la la la la la la la la,  
Ye ain't got money like this,  
La la la la la la la la la  
Paper plates on a brand new six,  
La la la la la la la la la  
I just taught my young boys how to mix,  
La la la la la la la la la  
Ye ain't seen paper like this nigga. Every all star, every Cancun,  
Every holiday South Beach in full bloom,  
Thousand dollar suites white sheets, white rooms,  
I got a bright future neck like a full moon,  
Buy what we want, spend what they want,  
Young, rich, hot nigga, everything she wants!  
Triple beams scales got me under deep spells,  
Kiss my forehead, momma knows I mean well,  
Cocaine bought me everything I ever had,  
And I ain't neva' been scared that's been my very last,  
Cause I can get it back,  
Watch me get it back,  
Last 2 of 10 bricks, shit I'm cookin' that. Hey doorman,  
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Paper plates on a brand new six,  
La la la la la la la la la  
I just taught my young boys how to mix,  
La la la la la la la la la  
Ye ain't seen paper like this nigga. My life's too real to be a P-S-A,  
The million in the ceiling is for a rainy day,  
I cut it than whip her like she Annie Mae,  
Praise God I escaped by his amazin' grace,  
Nah neva' was I savin' Face,  
Some family ties aren't possible to break,  
The almighty judge only he can save me,  
Don't cry for us now just pray for our babies,  
Mercedes 5 with the open roof,  
Miami hot rods and the ocean view,  
The tell tale signs that expose the truth,  
Lil' Willy Rat King this one's for you. Hey doorman,  
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La la la la la la la la la  
I just taught my young boys how to mix,  
La la la la la la la la la  
Ye ain't seen paper like this nigga. We get it in a flash like paparazzi,  
Cars, crib, everything big body,  
Big charm, hangin' from my big chain,  
Swing side to side feelin' like I'm T-Pain,  
Pull up to the crib bitch think she seein' thangs,  
Make a hundred stacks blow it like it's pocket change. If the good die young,  
Than the greats go to jail,  
I miss my Tony hope you snitches burn in hell,  
Kiss and tell with sales on us ballers,  
All because them two doors comin' with big spoilers,  
All because them bitches is actin' like they jaw-less,  
And we don't count money we way it like fish orders. Hey doorman,  
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Songwriters

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