

# Comedy Central (Ft. Fabolous)

## Clipse

Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh Say dog, let's not get involved  
You don't wanna tango, I'll dress you in a halo  
Cock the gauge, polka dot ya braids  
Face you in a chrome fo', that'll lock ya legs  
And you can't move, I roll big and I can't lose  
They watch so hard ain't nothin' I do, that ain't news  
Carry it like I'm a stranger to the game  
I cut short any whisper that, en-danger my name  
I'm a toast on both coast, not for a joke  
I'm known in the streets on the account, I know coke  
And we got word in the street that the cops watch us  
But that don't stop us, we maneuvering move a little mo' cautious  
I hate to think that the dope game is my callin'  
Cause it got us singing lullaby's, to our fallin'  
Tonight friend, until we meet again  
But for now and ya name, we re-up and eat again, uh  
I never front, like I'm something I'm not  
Well being broke well that's just, somethin' I'm not  
Y'all talk wit hatred, but I live off that  
And I lived off cocaine, way 'fore I lived off rap  
Feel me friend, if they could, they'd kill me friend (Yeah)  
Cause I weigh too much, learned not to say too much  
They couldn't take me in the C-L, that's way too much  
And I'm too gone, y'all niggas can talk on They call me Mr., Please believe it, believe it please  
I put the pump in ya mouth, and help you breath with ease  
This guys in a hurry, ma I can't even fuck with you  
If you ain't in the itinerary  
I don't know where dudes is buying they jewelry  
Why's ya ice cream, like it's made by Ben & Jerry  
Y'all the type of players, that be gettin' 2-day contracts  
E-mail snitch, got these in ya 2-way contacts  
I'm in the club sippin' on that new Zecongac  
In the number 9 Jordan's, with the deuce, trey, arm back  
The street family so cool, we could throw up bitches  
Even if it was July, and we had on wood britches  
I got them teflon's, that shovel the fo'  
That have under covers and po', with cover and slow  
The government know, the kid been lovin' the dough  
Since I was movin' white off the curb, and shovelin' snow Ghetto streets so numb they call me Novocain

I turn over caine, over and over again  
Hell, so much clientele, I could lose it all today  
Be back the next day, still up in the same way  
As I left ya, all in three gestures, down up and aim  
I can define death, better than Webster, wet ya  
Now bless ya, and of to my next venture  
Blocks so white, June look like December  
Winter time, snow everywhere, flow everywhere  
So much dough, I fly my hoes everywhere  
Ask him, Pusha T, push a ton  
Push a ton of that shit, that makes ya nose run  
Yes I'm holdin', whether it's heat or coke in  
In the door panel of my four-wheel motion  
Ain't jokin', but I laugh how other flows convince you  
It's money, it's funny, it's Comedy Central  
Minds mental, others is made up stinsel  
When I'm on vacation, my babies ride in a rental  
I'm livin', they act as if I don't live it  
Saran wrap Vaseline, so they can't sniff it  
Eve say Larine knitted, shorts Bermuda  
You would think they was poochie, if you over looked Medusa

Songwriters

Williams, Pharrell L / Hugo, Chad / Thornton Jr, Gene Elliott / Thornton, Terrence Le Varr / Jackson,

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