

# Cot Damn

## The Clipse

Cot damn, it's a new day  
Cot damn, but the nigga wanted money  
Hoo, hoo, hoo, oh, cot damn  
They just can't understand or fathom my demeanor  
Unapproachable appearance to how I pack the ninas  
Out of two, Clipse they say, malice the meanest  
Got love for guns and caine, let nothin' come between us  
You mistook me for a rapper, huh  
Well that makes me an actor, 'cause I would rather clap a gun  
And buck on them niggas who hate  
Who wanna be in my shoes? Live my life, but can't carry my weight  
I understand that the envy is part of the game  
But make no mistake, you and I, we are not the same  
Naw bitch, I'm liable to splatter ya shit  
Light up ya world, 'til you start to stagger and shit  
Watch how them hollows straight, rattle ya shit  
And I leave it to y'all, to freestyle and battle and shit  
That's not me, I'm more at home wit the chrome  
Or that play wit' the yay, movin' 12 for a zone, I'm gone  
Cot damn, it's a new day  
Cot damn, but the nigga wanted money  
Cot damn, when that white hits the pan  
And comes back hard, I can account for every gram  
And the streets molded the man I am  
The pimp, the hustler, the crook, the killer, gorilla  
Traits of a blow dealer, cost my fame  
I hustle, I'm rich, blow scrilla, I'm the torch that carry the game  
The flame I throw, crack change came from blow, push the O's  
Six lay close, hug the streets, I hug the beat, change flows  
Thug the streets, my love is deep, my pain shows  
My hearts on a sleevea  
Nigga that they gave they soul and hearts to mistreat you  
Nigga told, they breakin' my heart on the streets so  
Watch the phonies, watch ya homies  
We pop, pop, drop you homey  
Cot damn, it's a new day  
Cot damn, but the nigga wanted money  
  
They call me 'Pusha' for one reason

'Cause I keep that sniff all seasons  
Whether the price is up or down  
I keep a mound to pitch from, you don't have to shop around  
When it come to the money, I get stealth  
Three guns is fortune, and I don't mind sharin' my wealth, dog  
I know about my life, I been around the world thrice times  
I mean what I say, from that Panama sun, the French chanzalize  
Grind so deep-rooted, I can't turn away  
The sell base is now, somewhat therapeutic  
Hear what I say, please don't confuse it  
My verses heal, like Curt Mayfield's music  
(Are you a pusha?)  
Damn right, I treat ya nose to hook ya  
And only pull back to cook ya, partner  
Cot damn, it's a new day  
Cot damn, but the nigga wanted money  
I been if I die of starvation, things is fucked up as is  
So I bangs for my cabbage  
Do you not know the most affective way of gettin' money  
Pull yo gun, rapid  
Leave and watch you see the situation be corrected  
Lord Heavens, why must I be so devilish  
They say whatcha do comes back on you two times  
I shoulda been died, but I'm still walkin' around wit two nines  
Who wants to be a millionaire? Me, and you ain't got no more life lines  
You a snitch nigga fightin' crime, go ahead and tell the police  
'Cause every move you make, I'ma throw a slug  
And hope you choke blood, nigga on every breath you take  
Not to be broke, 'cause Coldchain fate witness  
Natural spittin' from me, [Incomprehensible], field to the limit  
Head to the menace, loud niggas talking gibberish  
Ground beef, I deliver it, you cock the mineral [Incomprehensible], for certain  
Live in the livin' room, searchin' to hurtin' you  
Cot damn, it's a new day  
Cot damn, but the nigga wanted money  
Hoo, hoo, hoo  
Cot damn

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