Cot Damn

Clipse

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Cot damn, it's a new day
Cot damn, but the nigga wanted money
Hoo, hoo, hoo, oh, cot damnThey 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 usYou 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 weightI 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 shitWatch 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 goneCot damn, it's a new day
Cot damn, but the nigga wanted moneyCot 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, gorillaTraits 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 showsMy 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 homeyCot damn, it's a new day
Cot damn, but the nigga wanted moneyThey 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 aroundWhen 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 chanzalizeGrind 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, partnerCot damn, it's a new day
Cot damn, but the nigga wanted moneyI 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, rapidLeave 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 ninesWho 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 takeNot 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' youCot damn, it's a new day
Cot damn, but the nigga wanted money
Hoo, hoo, hoo
Cot damn

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