

Clique (Haschak Sisters & MattyBRaps Cover)

Kanye West

What of the dollar you murdered for?
Is that the one fighting for your soul?
Or your brother's the one that you're running from, but if you got money, fuck it, cause I want some B.I.G.
fuckin' with me, oh god, whoa OK ain't nobody fucking with my clique, clique, clique, clique, clique
Ain't nobody fresher than my mothafuckin' clique, clique, clique, clique, clique
As I look around, they don't do it like my clique, clique, clique, clique, clique
And all these bad bitches, man, they want the
They want the, they want the I tell a bad bitch do whatever I say
My block behind me like I'm coming out the driveway
It's grind day, from Friday, to next Friday
I been up straight for nine days, I need a spa day (spa day)
Yup, She trying get me that poo-tang
I might let my crew bang, my crew deeper than Wu-Tang
I'm rolling with, fuck I'm saying? Girl, you know my crew name
You know 2 Chainz? Scrr!
I'm pulling up in that Bruce Wayne but I'm the fucking villain,
Man, they kneeling when I'm walking in the building
Freaky women I be feeling from the bank accounts I'm filling
What a feeling, ah man, they gotta be
Young player from the D that's killing everything that he see (Ain't nobody fucking with my clique, clique,
clique, clique, clique) Ain't nobody fresher than my mothafuckin' clique, clique, clique, clique, clique
As I look around, they don't do it like my clique, clique, clique, clique, clique
And all these bad bitches, man, they want the
They want the, they want the Yeah, I'm talking 'Ye, yeah, I'm talking Rih'
Yeah, I'm talking B', nigga, I'm talking me
Yeah, I'm talking bossy, I ain't talking Kelis
Your money too short, you can't be talking to me
Yeah I'm talking LeBron, we ball in our family tree
G.O.O.D. Music drug-dealing cousin, ain't nothing fuckin' with we
Me turn that 62 to 125, 125 to a 250
250 to a half a million, ain't nothin' nobody can do with me, now who with me?
Â¡VÃ¡monos! Call me Hov or Jefe
Translation, I'm 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, ain't hug his son since second grade
He never told, who we gon' tell, we top of the totem pole
It's the Dream Team meets the Supreme Team
And all our eyes green it only means one thing
You ain't fucking with my clique (Ain't nobody fucking with my clique, clique, clique, clique, clique) Ain't

nobody fresher than my mothafuckin' clique, clique, clique, clique, clique
 As I look around, they don't do it like my clique, clique, clique, clique, clique
 And all these bad bitches, man, they want the
 They want the, they want the Break records at Louie, ate breakfast at Gucci
 My girl a superstar all from a home movie
 Bow on our arrival, the Un-American idols
 What niggas did in Paris, got 'em hanging off the Eiffel
 Yeah I'm talking business, we talking CIA
 I'm 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, don't spend it
 Or maybe they get money, buy a business
 I rather buy 80 gold chains and go ig'nant
 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 I'm looking at a crib right next to where TC lives
 That's Tom Cruise, whatever she accuse
 He wasn't really drunk he just had a few brews
 Pass the refreshments, a cool, cool beverage
 Everything I do need a news crew's presence
 Speedboat swerve homie watch out for the waves
 I'm way too black to burn from sun rays
 So I just meditate at the home in Pompeii
 About how I could build a new Rome in one day
 Every time I'm in Vegas they screaming like he's Elvis
 But I just wanna design hotels and nail it
 Shit is real got me feeling Israelian
 Like Bar Refaeli, Gisele, nah that's Brazilian
 Went through, deep depression when my momma passed
 Suicide, what kinda talk is that?
 But I been talking to God for so long and if you look at my life I guess he's talking back
 Fucking with my clique Ain't nobody fresher than my mothafuckin' clique
 As I look around, they don't do it like my clique
 And all these bad bitches, man, they want the
 They want the, they want the

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