Clique

Kanye West, JAY-Z & Big Sean

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.
Ain't nobody fuckin' with my.
Clique, clique, clique, clique, clique.
Ain't nobody fresher than my motherfucking 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.
She tryna get me that poo tang.
I might let my crew bang.
My crew deeper than Wu Tang.
I'm rolling with (Huh) fuck I'm saying?
Girl, you know my crew nameYou know 2 Chainz?
Scrrr!
I'm pullin' up in that Bruce Wanye.
But I'm the fuckin' villain, man, they kneeling when I'm walking in the building.
Freaky women I be feelin' from the bank accounts I'm fillin'.
What a feeling, ah man, they gotta be.
Young player from the D that's killin' everything that he see.
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 balling our family tree.
O.
O.
D Music drug dealing drug cousin, ain't nothing fuckin' with we, me.
Turn that 62 to 125, 125 to a 250, 250 to a half a milli, ain't nothin' nobody can do with meNow who with me? ¡Vámonos!
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 the second grade.
He never told, who we gonna tell, we top of the totem pole.
It's the dream team meets the supreme team, and all our eyes green and only means one thing.
You ain't fuckin' with my clique.

Break records at Louis.
Ate breakfast at Gucci.
My girl a superstar all from a home movie.
Bow on our arrival the unamerican idols.
What niggas did in Paris got em hanging off the Eiffel.
Yeah I'm talking businessWe 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 limitsThem 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 refreshment a cool cool beverage.
Everything I do need a news crew presence.
Speed Boat swerve homie, watch out for the wavesI'm way too black to burn from sun rays.
So I just meditated 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 feelin' Isrealian.
Like Bar Refaeli Gisele, no that's Brazilian.
Went through deep depression when my momma passed.
Suicide what kind of talk is that.
But I've been talking to God for so long
That if have you look in my life I guess he talking back.
Fuckin' with my clique.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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