

Door Man

Clipse

Hey doorman, tell'em line up the Cris,
I put my money on the roof and crush this bitch,
You niggas keep wavin' them wrists,
I put my money on the roof and crush this bitch,
Ye ain't got money like this,
I put my money on the roof and crush this bitch,
So scream it if ya ambition fit,
I put my money on the roof and crush this bitch,
Sing it niggas, lalalalalalalalalalala,
Ye ain't got money like this, lalalalalalalalalalala,
Paper plates on a brand new six, lalalalalalalalalalala,
I just taught my young boys how to mix, lalalalalalalalalalala,
Ye ain't seen paper like this nigga.

Every all star, every Cancun,
Every holiday South Beach in full bloom,
Thousand dollar suites white sheets, white rooms,
I got a bright future neck like a full moon,
Buy what we want, spend what they want,
Young , rich, hot nigga, everything she wants,
Triple beams scales got me under deep spells,
Kiss my forehead, momma knows I mean well,
Cocaine bought me everything I ever had,
And I ain't neva been scared that's been my very last,
Cause I can get it back, watch me get it back,
Last 2 o 10 bricks, shit I'm cookin' that.

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My life's too real to be a PSA,
The million in the ceiling is for a rainy day,
I cut it than whip her like she Annie Mae,
Praise God I escaped by his amazin' grace,
Nah neva was I savin' Face,
[Clipse Lyrics are found on www.songlyrics.com]
Some family ties aren't possible to break
The almighty judge only he can save me,
Don't cry for us now just pray for our babies,
Mercedes 5 with the open roof,
Miami hot rods and the ocean view,
The tell tale signs that expose the truth,
Lil' Willy Rat King this one's for you.

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