

Taiwan To Texas

Clipse

Star Trak, Star Trak - Star Trak
Star Trak, Star Trak - Star Trak
Star Trak, Star Trak - Star Trak
Star Trak, Star Trak - Where you at?
Star Trak, Star Trak - Star Trak
Star Trak, Star Trak - Star Trak
Star Trak, Star Trak - Star Trak
Star Trak, Star Trak - Where you at?

From Taiwan to Texas, Lambos to Lexus
Diamonds in my necklace
Leave y'all bitches breathless
You don't want to test this
Burners leave you chestless
Thousand niggaz restless
Do you get my message?!

Yo, choose your sides; We coming for the top
Y'all niggaz bout to drop like fall guys
When I speak, all rise
Or get trampled over in Range Rovers with fog lights
Tonight's got a feel in the air, caused by they stare
And the spots that we walk, patrons whisper and glare
You know we coming minked out
Ears, neck and wrist freezed out
Looking like we robbed the Sphinx out
Haters in the back, you know they Cuban King'd out
Jealous as ever, we took the handmade link routes
Two vandals, twin calicos with pearl handles
Passanger seat, glanced at her feet, hot pink sandles
Sparkin my heat, told me her name was Roman Candles
Yo, ya'll know who we are, you're looking at stars
Clipse are the ones breakin the law

Young guns bustin out, talkin tops and drops
Sipping on Black Label chasing it with scotch
Ready or not we comin' at y'all, ready and cocked
With one shot, accurate hit with red dot
Ninety degrees, ninety-five speed, feeling the breeze
Ninja style, twelve-hundred CCs, travel in threes
We davel in speed, poppin wheelies on the interstate
355 with fish gills, watch how they ventilate
My time radiate, my sons they got manners
They cock hammers, hear bout my dogs on cop scanners
Cat's wanna come to my clique, borrowin beats
But the Clipse got all this on lock, swallow the key
We plane hoppin, meanwhile y'all name dropping
Went from train hopping to diamond exchange shopping
Tank-topping wit links, ice dropping in drinks
Malice winning much, rocking the mink, what!

(Tell em where the fuck you from!)

Star Trak, Star Trak - Star Trak
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Star Trak, Star Trak (yeah, c'mon)

Yeah, who got it sewn up?
Who got a thousand on they side with signs that's thrown up
Shit, we got it blown up
While y'all take the bus our bitches is flown up
Four wheeling, popping hot bars at the ceilin
We cock back, auto-matics because it's thrillin
Ask yourself, you ready to try? you ready for I?
Assed out, mashed out bitch, get ready to die

It's wild how we fall up in pubs and night clubs
Ladies show love by giving back rubs in bathtubs
Switch that, backing the thugs wit black gloves cause they actors
Catching our slugs with fractures
Running wit thirty niggaz who looking for where beef at
Clipse name come out they mouth, we make em see black
They blind in they third eye, my view is bird's eye
Malice eliminate every first, second and third guy

(Tell em where the fuck you from!)

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(Tell em where the fuck you from!)

Star Trak, Star Trak - Star Trak (Huh)
Star Trak, Star Trak - (bitches) Star Trak (yeah, uh)
Star Trak, Star Trak - (yeah) Star Trak