

Feel Like Me

Clipse

Yo, we lovin' this
I got it baby
Ain't nothin' but a par-ar-ty
On my laced out chicks, par-ty
All my niggaz in the six, par-ty
Clipse comin' wit' the hits, par-ty

Yo, the flow echo, grab a ho, won't let go
Chick shake her ass, Kalipso, I'm drinkin' on the world
Sip slow, techno scene, lace a beam
My team up, stand out like indigo dreams
In the club, bitches starin', dress, Donna Karen
They inch a bit close to see the links we wearin'
The jealous cats fill the room, but that's they doom
Because if the beef get set (PW: We cause a typhoon)
Yeah, what you here for, you better prepare for
The background 'cause your presence no one'll care
For the auto-matac, retaliate if it's sat-ac
Stagger when I walk, let my emeralds talk
Terror's status, tote unquote top, never drop
While the competition pleads and begs for us to stop
The interlock, stack like stock, style I got
Gonna make the world build off me like catcher's glocks, yo

All I wanna do is drink on the world
Layin' on the beach, takin' sips wit' my girl
Here they come tryin' to trouble me
I just giggle 'cause I know they don't see
Nor can they hear so they need to explain
It's piece on pieces, that's simple and plain
This is our ode to the galaxy
Niggaz in the wrong if you feel like me

Do you not know what the Clipse is
Malicious, M.C. type relentless
Why risk going against this, senseless
You in the realm where your team is defenseless
Players we ball, you in the benches
Full of clips, underground wit' extensions
You thought the camp had love, we show none like a show gun
Malice murderin' MCs, except wit' no gun
The slow gun, beat'll live fast, die young
We from where they strike in the flash, like Cy Young
How you come where you ain't welcome puzzlin'
Take us more sips to cliss, we guzzlin'
Got me wonderin', how can you live wit' yourself
Move a detective, similar to the 'self
Drama, you want drama, we do drama
The prize package, we blow like Unibomba'

It's a fine line, between the have and the ain't got
Mad 'cause you ain't hot, in fact, far from it
Watch you plummet, we reside at the summit
Full of clips, run this, ridiculous
Why you makin' me laugh, eat clips
And an E-class, tap the wine glass at the lip
Then on behalf of the clique, take a sip

Remember how we used to be like now it be like, whatever
Malice and Terror, of the bad double header

It's the congruent, symmetrical bomb unit
Opposition fate, end up in found unit
Sync wit' the flow, hell no, we fine tunin'
And make the lie, kiss while you break your spine to it
Talkin' to make you feel me walkin' without a worry
Blaze up the spot, watch the whole crowd hurry
Magnetic, do you like a tractor, pathetic
Fully clips, M.O., yo, ready to chest hit

Par-ty..
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