

Chains & Whips

Clipse

Uncle said, "Nigga, you must be sick
All you talk about is just gettin' rich"
Choke my neck, nigga, and ice my bitch
Beat the system with chains and whips
This is culturally inappropriate

You run from the spirit of repossession
Too much enamel covers your necklace
I buy bitches, you buy 'em sections
You buy watches, I buy collections
Misery's fuelin' your regression
Jealousy's turned into obsession
Reality TV is mud wrestlin'
Some signed checks, I know better than
Beware of my name, that there is delicate
You know I know where you're delicate
Crush you to pieces, I'll hum a breath of it
I will close your Heaven for the hell of it
You'd think it'd be valor amongst veterans
I'm watchin' your fame escape relevance
We all in the room, but here's the elephant
You chasin' a feature out of your element
And those lab diamonds under inspection
The question marks block your blessings
There's no tombstones in the desert
I know by now you get the message

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It don't take much to put two and two
Your lucky streak is now losin' you
Money's dried up like a cuticle
You're gaspin' for air now, it's beautiful
John 10:10, that's my usual
Mamas is fallin' out in funerals
Embalmed and bloat, they now viewin' you
They never find the guns, but the sewers do
Bubbles was sick, he need medicine
Brought him back to life, now he dead again
Richard don't make watches for presidents
Just a million trapped between skeletons
This the darkest that I ever been
The diamonds make you taste peppermint
You ain't thrive in the snow like it's The Revenant
And send orders back down and keep shovelin'

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Oh yeah, when things get dark and your number get called
And you look side to side like, "What did they say?"
And it ain't the Lord's voice and then you realize

That the Devil is talkin' to you (Hm)

I'm not the candidate to vibe with
I don't fuck with the kumbaya shit
All that talent must be godsent
I send yo' ass back to the cosmics
The things I've seen under my eyelids
Kaleidoscope dreams, murder, and sirens
Let's be clear, hip-hop died again
Half of my profits may go to Rakim
How many Judases that let me down?
But fuck it, the West mines, we right now
Therapy showed me how to open up
It also showed me I don't give a fuck
The two-time Gemini with the genocide
I'm generous, however you want it, I'll be the gentle kind
Gentlemen and gangstas connect, the agenda of mine
Move niggas up outta here, this shit get gentrified
Heavy genes like Genovese, I'll drop your Pentagon
Then show up at your at your gender reveal and tell 'em give me mine
I son niggas, I am the general, where my gin and juice?
Every song is the book of Genesis, let the sonics boom
Niggas want the tea on me, well, here's the ginger root
I generate residuals, bitch, get off my genitals
They said I couldn't reach Gen Z, you fuckin' dickheads
You must be full of that ginseng, here comes the jinx, yeah
They genetics been synthetic, screamin' they genius
A finger wave, they all fall, niggas is Jenga
God gave me light, a good year full of free will
Trump card, told me not to spare your life, motherfucker

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