

# Inglorious Bastards

Clipse

When we are together, we got power  
We have shifted from having a seizure  
About what the man got, to seizing what we need  
Burn, baby, burn!

Catch me in the kitchen where the dope is  
With an apron that's whiter than the Pope's is  
(This is culturally inappropriate)  
Spread distribution, wide open  
Now all the smokers call him Moses  
Heron browner than baby roaches  
Got your bitch bent over like scoliosis  
Watching Tiafoe with the Open  
That's the only back and forth that I'm posting  
We really netted what we grossing  
By the way, I'm writin' this on an ocean  
(This is culturally inappropriate)  
By the way, this anchor's really frozen  
By the way, the sinkers being loaded  
Cause by the way, this thinker's really chosen  
Head halo'ing  
Seated in a late foreign  
Name a bitch who ain't going  
Two tone with the Royce rolling  
(This is culturally inappropriate)  
Just a glimpse what the boy holding  
Knocking over all you toy soldiers  
One plus four acres, no neighbors  
I remember the days of no cable  
(This is culturally inappropriate)  
Columbian stallions in a stable  
With natural titties and no navels  
Only work getting done is on the table  
Death to skimmers and shavers  
I'm allergic to anything other than money behavior

Inglorious, victorious  
Wide body, B.I.G. like Notorious  
Tell me is we trafficking or trickin'  
Somebody gotta show me the difference

Stand on every word whenever I wrote shit  
Under my boots, nigga, nothin' but goat shit  
(This is culturally inappropriate)  
I was fine getting rich under their noses  
Today, a nigga celebrate to ya and post it  
Saltwater tears, cooked with sodium  
McLaren hypercar, no petroleum  
Back then, hid work under linoleum  
That thinking got me standing on this podium  
Chop the roof off, nigga this coupe talk  
A Virginia nigga driving in New York  
(This is culturally inappropriate)  
State trap ducking  
My tints was too dark  
The money's in a trailer car  
Fuck what you thought

Been playin' in the snow like Rudolph  
In that 2 door, roof helping me cool off  
Chains on me like Slick Rick the Ruler  
Seats white but the 6 blacker than Umar  
Niggas trying to stop my play, Parisian nights  
Private rooms at Bar des Prés, the seasons right  
Lou Vuitton, hug my arms  
Scribbled in red, blood diamonds flood my charm  
(This is culturally inappropriate)  
The chauffeurs are made  
Flights are chartered  
The villas in the hills are paved  
Blood is spilled, ring finger, names engraved  
Shirts are silk, the yacht life, flags are waved

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