

# Let God Sort Em Out/Chandeliers

Clipse

It's always the loudmouths that can't count  
The right price, I put the AR in the saint's mouth (talk about it)  
Bring all the watches and the chains out  
Heat come, I'm De Niro, I got the safe house  
(This is culturally inappropriate)  
Surrounded by niggas with tears that don't drip  
(Talk about it)  
That ain't the ghost that you appear to go get  
Finally got the courage but you still a whole bitch  
The rest of y'all on my six year ago shit  
Every move intentional, the links is atypical  
Like baseball in D.R., you know what the stick'll do  
(This is culturally inappropriate)  
We got the drop on your shadow  
You know we can get to you  
The pen to express my dreams and expertise  
And TEC's I squeeze  
Coke spots all over like leprosy  
It's a dark spirit tucked behind the flesh you see  
Got every single word of the hex I need  
The death I breathe, the death I see  
Looks so good on ya, the coffin wood on ya  
Closed casket cause I'm only siccing wolves on ya  
Berlinetta horse power, put them hooves on ya  
Blow a half a mil in LV leather goods on ya  
We been doing this for eons  
While you thirsty trying to figure out who you can spill the tea on  
I'm in coffee fields making mil's  
You get the chills 'cause this shit is real  
Now let me ribbon bowtie your surprise  
The feeling that you get when you realize  
It was really you that died and we are so alive  
Conspiracy theory, you can't believe it's us  
Soul leave your body like a fentanyl rush  
Dead on your back with your eyes looking up  
Chandeliers  
(This is culturally inappropriate)

Single-handedly boosted rap to its truest place  
Fuck speaking candidly, I alone did rejuvenate  
Hip-hop into its newest place  
Made it cool for Grammy nominated LP's from previous generation MC's  
And that rings loud and reverberates  
It's not fair to them, I'm thinking I deserve the hate  
Bring it, the only thing you killing is precious time  
Used to clash with Decepticons, I was dumb, deaf and blind  
So cancel me before I unleash the "Panther" me  
The pantheon is a family, we some upstanding G's  
The difference between regular spitters and bosses  
My principles' high  
You need a glimpse of me from satellites in orbit  
(This is culturally inappropriate)  
Tape sabbaticals on avenues  
Bring AK's on vacay's when we paddle canoes  
Follow the leader, Terminator  
Hasta la vista, man of the year  
Nasir, rockin' chandeliers