

Chase Me

Danger Mouse

[Intro]

Here's what we know:

Two men and a woman came into the bank branch
Clad in black business clothing
Trench coats, bandannas, and sunglasses
They pulled guns out and ordered everybody to the floor
And then cleaned out the registers
And hear this—they even swiped jewelry from some of the customers

[Verse 1: El-P]

Aye, woo! Woo!
Run, Run, Run The Jewels
Gangster like you wake up in Dickies and load the clippy
The rate of our ascension makes statisticians feel sickly
Accountants, they get snippy, they never counted so quickly
Got 'em up sniffin' yak up off an abacus for a living
Crime authors, autobiographically bastards
Pain passin', put a pain in your brain batter
Style droppin' the drums and stun all gawkers
Small talkers get launched on, clobbered and tossed off
Knock 'em on just to get rocks off
Put a pause on all of that soft talk, chop chop
Tick tock, you got until the hands on the clock stop
I'm bagging a bag, then I'm backing out, better back off

[Hook: El-P]

That's why I'm outta here, baby
Before these clowns put me down in the ground, baby
I'm running reds 'til I'm out of this town, baby
You want your money back? Chase me

[Verse 2: Killer Mike]

Jewel runner, gold dripper, flow flipper
Smoke killer, slow sipper, quick temper
Temperamental, sharp mental, departmental
Tight fellow, wouldn't want to be him, wouldn't want to see him
They the type, really be jealous, get'cha hype
Oh, Jesus, these niggas is polices
We gon' shower on these pussies, they mommas gon' know Jesus
Junkie Johnny told me "Money, these niggas should know better
But they monkeys so you got to show junkies ain't no let up"
Bad manners, the bad man'll do bad things
A bad bitch gave me bomb head to Bad Brains
The sheriff's daughter, we be outta there 'fore dad came

[Hook: El-P]

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[Interlude]

You ain't gonna get your money back
Ain't gonna get the money, jack
You ain't gonna get that money back
I got the bag, it ain't coming back
You ain't gonna get your money, jack

I got the bag, it ain't coming back
You ain't gonna get your money, jack
I got the bag

[Verse 3: Big Boi]

Real grippers, pimp niggas with Gucci slippers
Coochie tippers, Magic City got groupie strippers
A crew of killers and dealers, we got this newbie with us
We turn Pirellis to jellies, ex cons and former cellies
Stay on ready, foot on that very heavy
Good on deck, smelly smelly
Show some respect or you'll get showered like parade confetti
Made man, I'm made already, nobody safe from petty
450 horse up in the Porsche, 600 in the Chevy
Buddy, I'm nutty, I've got some screws loose
And if your bitch wants some cutty, baby, I choose you
Underground kings, speed and sound things
Run the sacks and be aware of all your surroundings

[Hook: El-P]

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[Outro]

Thank you very much, ladies and gentlemen
Right now, I got to tell you about the fabulous, most groovy...