

Clique

Rick Ross

How this niggas in the game
MMG, tour stars in a few weeks
If you fucking with it, fuck with me
Ha ha

Watch me cost above, chain cost me a drop
Double MB to clique my croup morting your bust
Think it's solved to sward, but nigga just double up
See me jumpin on stage, more chains to marty bro
Bitches been going wild hear the sound cliché
Give me two bitches we could do this three ways
Four miss calls on my iPhone five
Bitch sixteen talk got me fighting for my life
Telephone last ringing, calling Angy my tennis
Think I've just seen the boss, see dating to Puerторican
All go jewels in this snow white mick
Kanye shoes sorry no ID, John letting your float the magnificent me
Roll hard give me mollie coffee by the key,
Got the wee roll twist hard a few weeks
She said fuck me, must wanna fuck me

Man we be the clique, man I'm self the shit
Boy just on my down, man I take the bitch
Yeah we at the game and we sip front roll
Every time you see me I'll be on the front roll
Dick you relate new benz go piss,
Benz outside ain't' even gotta speak,
New to relink with the all go piss,
Benz outside I ain't even gotta speak, uh

As I look around and I do it like my clique (Maybach Music)
You know this bad bitches they wonder, they wonder, they want,

Yeah I'm talking gun play, yeah I'm walking too
Yeah that nigga ready, yeah that... true
Yeah I'm really bad yeah I owe anybody
Pointed now my lighter join and take his face in and out it
Yeah I spill my course on your michael course here,
Yeah so the fuck what I could buy you more
Yeah in front of hood, yeah I'm from the floor
Hoes in the roof, hardly had a door
Kitchen on door, pitchin on purp
Free different digies all lit up like a fur
Think up where your fee, see the white fright hair
So matter ain't think everything pair

Man the clique,
As I look around and I do it like my clique (Maybach Music)
And all this bad bitches man they wonder
They wonder, they wonder, they wonder
Yeah yeah yeah

Now extra double M dream team doing something special
Bout to kill the shit so get the casket in the shepall
And no Olympic seven... rings in the medal
When I'm now from trill bill so I tell em get upon my level
I'm always going higher, I'm still on fire,

Do a lot of thing but it's only too inspire
Remember just to get goldy told they wanna speak
Shawty I'll be tryin to freak, they think I know I lay in me
I got a bad white bitch I know they spend cake on
Just whole flash she never fall off like great shine
Even if she do forever I'm shit
So miss dope I'm a get wheel and jet
I ain't fucking with my clique

Clique, clique, clique, clique
As I look around and I do it like my clique
Clique, clique, clique, clique
(Maybach Music)
And all this bad bitches man they wonder
They wonder they wonder
Stick em up, stick em up

I'm talking yet, yeah I'm talking R, I'm talking B
Nigga I'm talking me, yeah I'm talking bossy
I ain't talking Kalisa,
Your money too short, you can't be talking to me
Yeah I'm talking Lebran we're balling our family tree
The music drug dealing cousin ain't' nothing fucking but we
Me turn that city to the 125 125 to a 2 50
2 50 to a half of men ain't nothing nobody could do with me
Now who with me, vamonos, call me home boy have faith
Translation I'm the shit, least that's what my next say
His stacks with my track say, lost my homie for decade
Nigga down for like twelve years, they ain't huggin son,
Second grade, ah
He never told who we gonna tell
We top of the total poe, it's the dream team,
Miss the supreme team, and all my eyes screaming on me
Means one thing you ain't fuckin with the clique

Clique, clique, clique, clique
Ain't nobody fresher than my mother fucking
Clique, clique, clique, clique
As I look around and I do it like my clique
Clique, clique, clique, clique
And all this bad bitches man they wonder
They wonder, they wonder

Break, break as the Louie, 8 records of Gucci,
My girl a superstar all from my whole movie
Bown to our rival to our American Idols
We niggas damn past, got them hangin off the ifle
Yeah I'm talking business, we talking CIA
I'm talking John's tenin I've seen em the other day
He ask me about my Maybach think he had the same
And sip Montana and he's might have been raining
You know white people get money don't spin
Or maybe they get money by business
I'd rather buy 80 gold chains and go ignite
I know spike lead gonna kill me but let me finish
Let man on the pigment, we live with no limits
And go master piece, at least it was just a fragment
About imagination empty be criss, now I'm looking at the crib,
Right next what Tissy leave
That's Tom Cruise, whatever she accuse,
He weren't really drunk he decided free bruise,
Past of refreshment so cool cool barish
Everything I do needs a new cruise presence

See both swerve homie bout you full of wave
On way to black to burn from some rave
So I just meditated the home and palm pay
About how I could build a new rome and one day
Every time my man Vegas and screaming like he's Elvis
But I just wanna design hotels and nail it
Shit is real got me feeling is rreal
You know just like Bar Rafaila, Gisele no that's Brazilian
With-rough, deep depression when my mama pass
Suicide what kind of talk is that,
But I've been talking to God and so long if you look in my life
I guess he talking back, fucking with my clique, clique, clique

Ain't nobody fresher than ym mother fucking clique
'Cause I look around and I'm doing like my clique, clique
And all this bad bitches man they wonder
They wonder, they wonder
Go!
Maybach Music