

## Clipse f/ Pharrell Williams, Rosco P. Coldchain "Chinese New Year"

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[Chorus - Pusha T] (Pharrell)

I'm at your door, your eyes are like why are you here  
Judging by my steel I got something to do here  
Give up the money or the angel cries two tears  
Front of your crib sounding like Chinese New Year  
(Brrraaattt - brrraaattt, brrraaattt - brrraaattt, ka-ka-kat-  
kat)  
(Brrraaattt - brrraaattt, brrraaattt - brrraaattt, ka-ka-kat-  
kat)

[Verse - Pusha T]

Mask on face, glock in hand  
I was in and out of homes like the Orkin man  
Never listen to my parents like an orphan man  
Strong finger on the trigger like it's dwarf's hands  
Confiscate goodies like Repo Man Sam  
Make nigga kick that can, fall victim to the Klick Klack  
Klan  
My vixen eat ya face, like ya she Ms. Pac-Man; my wish  
her command, UH!  
ADT's ain't stop me. Simple like ABC's  
Snip cut game just as easy as 1-2-3  
Breaking an entry so elementary  
Get what the hustlers get for trying to do what the  
hustlers do  
Give up the cash 'fore I turn you Cookie Monster blue  
And your man and them for trying to be hustlers too  
Earnie and Bert, I bet them bullet holes burning and  
hurt

[Chorus]

[Verse - Malice]

Let's play cops and robbers, and watch Heckler & Koch  
turn cops to martars  
As well as niggaz wit plots to rob us  
Try me, I'll turn this motherfucker into shuttas  
Wit them 911's revin, gunfire leave brethren remains  
like 9/11  
And get the sounds of rounds dispensing  
That clack up make 'em back up like it's invisible

fencing

When I picture bits and pieces of bone chip and flesh, it  
tears me to pieces

Cooperate, escaping useless; trust me I'm your friend,  
I will talk you through this

Trick or treat niggaz wit hoods want the goods

I feel like Robin Hood when I share it wit my hood

Don't forget, he who plays hero gets hit

Don't let the 9 mill riddle your wits smarty pants

[Chorus]

[Verse - Rosco P. Coldchain]

Sympathy? I feel none

When you hear that humming, common sense to take a  
duck and get the fuck outta harms way

Your dying would absolutely make my day

Why he had to go look who, but he wasn't so he got  
betrayed

This is what I did to him, shoved a grenade in his  
mouth

Hurried out his crib, before that

My niggaz raped his bitch, molested his kids

Filled it wit gas, lit a match, and blew up the shit

While on this earth, if I didn't get you right you better  
hold your pistol tight

When we meet in the afterlife, Coldchain I'm the black  
one that bleed

Rosco P, young G, I don't speak I just squeeze

97 P will make you drop to your knees

Before you know it, you'll be floating to a better place  
your soul feeling free

I'm young, black and I just don't give a fuck

Big gun on my waist, drugs in the trunk

Sitting high in a truck, call me luck, com-press me

[Chorus]

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