

## Clipse "Chinese New Year"

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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  
Brat, brat, brat, brat, brat, brat, ka-ka-kat, kat  
Brat, brat, brat, brat, brat, brat, ka-ka-kat, kat

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 Many 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

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Let's play cops and robbers and watch  
Heckler and Koch turn cops to martyrs  
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

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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, now you will see to him  
Hurried out his crib, before that took everything  
[Incomprehensible]  
Let the boy [Incomprehensible]

If I didn't get you right you better hold your pistol tight  
When we meet in the afterlife, cold chain 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, compress me

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