

Clipse "Door Man"

Visit "[Door Man](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Chorus)

Hey doorman, tell 'em line up the Cris'
I put my money on the roof and crush this bitch
You niggas keep wavin' them wrists
I put my money on the roof and crush this bitch
Ye ain't got money like this
I put my money on the roof and crush this bitch
So scream it if ya ambition fit
I put my money on the roof and crush this bitch
Sing it niggas, lalalalalalalalala, ye ain't got money
like this
Lalalalalalalalala, paper plates on a brand new six
Lalalalalalalalala, I just taught my young boys how to
mix
Lalalalalalalalala, ye ain't seen paper like this nigga

(Verse 1)

Every all star, every Cancun, every holiday
South Beach in full bloom, thousand dollar suites
White sheets, white rooms, I got a bright future neck
like a full moon
Buy what we want, spend what they want
Young, rich, hot nigga, everything she wants
Triple beams scales got me under deep spells
Kiss my forehead, momma knows I mean well
Cocaine bought me everything I ever had
And I ain't neva been scared, that's been my very last
'Cause I can get it back, watch me get it back
Last 2 o 10 bricks, shit I'm cookin' that

(Chorus)

(Verse 2)

My life's too real to be a PSA

The million in the ceiling is for a rainy day
I cut it, than whip her like she Annie Mae
Praise God, I escaped by his amazin' grace, nah neva
was I savin' 'Face
Some family ties aren't possible to break
The almighty judge, only he can save me
Don't cry for us now, just pray for our babies

Mercedes 5, with the open roof, Miami hot rods and the
ocean view

The tell tale signs that expose the truth, Lil Willy Rat
King this one's for you

(Chorus)

(Verse 3)

We get it in a flash like paparazzi, cars, crib, everything
big body
Big charm, hangin' from my big chain
Swing side to side feelin' like I'm T-Pain
Pull up to the crib, bitch think she seein' thangs
Make a hundred stacks blow it like it's pocket change

(Verse 4)

If the good die young, than the greats go to jail
I miss my Tony, hope you snitches burn in Hell
Kiss and tell, with sales on us ballers
All because them two doors comin' with big spoilers
All because them bitches is actin' like they jallers (?)
And we don't count money, we weigh it like fish orders

(Chorus)

Visit [Clipse](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.