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Clipse "Doorman"

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Chorus:

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Hey doorman, tellÂ'em line up the cris, I put my money on the roof and crush this bitch, you niggas keep wavinÂ' them wrists, I put my money on the roof and crush this bitch, ye ainÂ'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, lalalalalalalalalala, ye ainÂ't got money like this, lalalalalalalalalalala, paper plates on a brand new six, lalalalalalalalalalalalala, I just taught my young boys how to mix, lalalalalalalalalala, ye ainÂ'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 ainÂ't neva been scared thatÂ's been my very last, cause I can get it back, watch me get it back, last 2 o 10 bricks, shit lÂ'm cookinÂ' that.

Chorus:

Hey doorman, tellÂ'em line up the cris, I put my money on the roof and crush this bitch, you niggas keep wavinÂ' them wrists, I put my money on the roof and crush this bitch, ye ainÂ'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, lalalalalalalalalalala, ye ainÂ't got money like this, lalalalalalalalalalala, paper plates on a brand new six, lalalalalalalalalalalalalala, ye ainÂ't seen paper like this nigga.

Verse 2:

My lifeÂ'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 amazinÂ' grace, nah neva was I savinÂ' Face, some family ties arenÂ't possible to break, the almighty judge only he can save me, donÂ'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, LilÂ' Willy Rat King this oneÂ's for you.

Chorus:

Hey doorman, tellÂ'em line up the cris, I put my money on the roof and crush this bitch, you niggas keep wavinÂ' them wrists, I put my money on the roof and crush this bitch, ye ainÂ'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, lalalalalalalalalalala, ye ainÂ't got money like this, lalalalalalalalalalala, paper plates on a brand new six, lalalalalalalalalalalalalala, ye ainÂ't seen paper like this nigga.

Verse 3:

We get it in a flash like paparazzi, cars, crib, everything big body, big charm, hanginÂ' from my big chain, swing side to side feelinÂ' like lÂ'm T-Pain, pull up to the crib bitch think she seeinÂ' thangs, make a hundred stacks blow it like itÂ'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 cominÂ' with big spoilers, all because them bitches is actinÂ' like they jallers (?), and we donÂ't count money we way it like fish orders.

Chorus:

Hey doorman, tellÂ'em line up the cris, I put my money on the roof and crush this bitch, you niggas keep wavinÂ' them wrists, I put my money on the roof and crush this bitch, ye ainÂ'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, lalalalalalalalalalala, ye ainÂ't got money like this, lalalalalalalalalalala, paper plates on a brand new six, lalalalalalalalalalalalalala, ye ainÂ't seen paper like this nigga.

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