

Clipse "Got Caught Dealin'"

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I got caught dealin', at the age of one-five
Had all my bitches stealin', just tryin' to survive
And it was business as usual if one of mine had to die
'Cause fuck dat yo, I gotta make sho my dough multiply

Crimes I commit heinous, y'all niggas is brainless
You tied up at gun point, flinch make you famous
Blow make me live aimless, my gun stainless
Aim for your temple, hope you die painless

I'll est shit we wore those, marked money we tore those
My whole team channelin' coke through urban
portholes
You livin' like meer immortals, your block's foreclosed
We forty deep on in the street, and fuckin' your hoes
Seen your man club bathroom soft stuff heron
Come out, loud talkin' and shit, claimin' he Don

Hope he know when he step outside baby it's on
Watch my guns illuminate the sky like Vietnam
My confidence shared by all conglomerates
Everyone in my circle is dominant
We live prominent, your world we bombin' it
Stuck in the pen? Walk the shit in
Come on and cock it

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Eight-fifty navy blue, kill like a Laker do
Twenty inch chrome shit, who must I say to you
Watch what your lady do we stoned the fuck out
Not just your car nigga, chrome ya truck out
Calico plastic, twin to match it
Ice white like some Star Wars space gun

Though, that ain't how they come my friend make 'em
Sleek wit 'em like a L.A. nigga, love is day tons
They talk shit you nigga where it hits the procedure
I got rats dim as the site fool quick to switch cheetah

Actually they want the cheeba I'm the owner and leader

Yo my clip's my bitch, I own her and beat her
Huh, shit, dick missile tomahawk
One thing I love is sex discussions and armor talk
Who got all the CEOs disputin'?
And my clipse niggas fussin' and shootin'?
Yo, it's that same nigga

It was make money money take money money what?
Make money money take money money what?
Make money money take money money what?
Make money money take money money money

You ain't never seen it like this
Ices this priceless, pullin' heist-es
One wrong move, they lifeless
Thug shit, bullets and clips and pwice this
Where I come from niggas shoot guns and dices

What the price is, scratch that we don't ask that
We blast that gat in yo mouth, where the cash at?
That's how I roll drugs get sold but never hold shit
Malice face two-five to life, but never told shit
It's like that, love for my clique, go ahead and light that

When shorty left with no ends, y'all been never bite that
Day in the life, ain't nothin' nice how I hit 'em up
Hands high get 'em up, cash tried lit 'em up
Regret that? Countin' my stack I had to wet that
Hog tied, telephone cords, speak to the lord
And while the cops untyin' you, my whole team eyin'
you
'Cause even if you talk in your sleep my heat fryin' you

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It was thankin' thankin' make money money
Take money money what?
Make money money take money money what?
Make money money take money money what?
Make money money take money money money

Make money money take money money what?
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