

## Clipse "Got Damn"

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(Chorus - Pharrell)

Hot' damn, it's a new day  
Hot' damn, but the nigga wanted money  
Hoooo, hoooo, hoooo  
Hot' damn

(Verse 1 - Malice)

Uh, they just can't understand or phathom my  
demeanor  
Unapproachable appearance to how I pack the ninas  
Out of two, Clipse they say Malice the meanest  
Got love for guns and caine, let nothin' come between  
us  
You miss took me for a rapper huh  
Well that makes me an actor, cause I would rather clap  
a gun  
And buck on them niggas that hate  
Who wanna be in my shoes, live my life, but can't carry  
my weight  
I understand that the envy is part of the game  
But make no mistake, you and I, we are not the same  
Naw bitch I'm liable to splatter ya shit  
Light up ya world, 'til you start to stagger and shit  
Watch how them hollows straight, ravel ya shit  
And I leave it to y'all, to freestyle and battle and shit  
That's not me, I'm all at home wit the chrome  
Or that play wit the yay, moving 12 for a zone, I'm gone

(Chorus - Pharrell)

Hot' damn, it's a new day  
Hot' damn, but the nigga wanted money

(Verse 2 - Ab-Liva)

God damn, when that white hits the pen and  
Comes back hard, I can account for every gram and  
The streets molded the man I am  
The pimp, the hustler, the crook, the killer, go-rilla  
Traits of a blow dealer, cost my fame  
I hustle, I'm rich, blow scrilla, I'ma toss that, carry the  
game  
The flame I throw, crack change came from blow, push  
the O's

Six lay close, hug the streets, I hug the beat, change flows  
Thug the streets, my love is deep, my pain shows  
My hearts on a sleeve-a  
Nigga that they gave they soul and hearts to mistreat you  
Nigga told, they breaking my heart on the streets so  
Watch the phonies, watch ya homies  
We pop, pop, drop you homey

(Chorus - Pharrell)

Hot' damn, it's a new day  
Hot' damn, but the nigga wanted (money man)

[Verse 3 - Pusha T and (Pharrell)]

They call me Pusha for one reason  
Cause I keep that sniff all seasons  
Whether the price is up or down  
I keep a mound to pitch from, you don't have to shop around  
When it come to the money, I get stealth  
Three guns is fortune, and I don't mind sharing wealth  
Dog, I know about my life, I been around the world thrice times  
I mean what I say, from that Panama sun, the French chanzalize  
Grind so deep-rooted, I can't turn away  
The sell base is now, somewhat therapeutic  
Hear what I say, please don't confuse it  
My verses heal, like Curtis Mayfield's music  
(Are you a pusher), damn right, I treat ya nose to hook ya  
And only pull back to cook ya, partner

(Chorus - Pharrell)

Hot' damn, it's a new day  
Hot' damn, but the nigga wanted (money man)

(Verse 4 - Roscoe P. Coldchain)

I been if I die of starvation, things is fucked up as is  
So I bangs my cab-bage  
Do you not know the most affective way of gettin' money  
Pull yo gun, ra-pid  
Lee watch you see the situation be corrected  
You know happens, why must I be so devilish  
They say whatcha do comes back on you two times  
I shoulda been died, but I'm still walking around wit two nines  
Who wants to be a millionaire, me, and you ain't got no more life lines

You a snitch nigga fighting crime, go ahead and tell  
the police  
Cause every move you make  
I'ma throw a slug, and hope you choke blood  
Nigga on every breath you take  
Not to be broke, cause Coldchain fate witness  
Naturally spitting from me, hearing the gat, field to the  
limit  
Head to the menace, loud niggas talking gibberish  
Ground beef, I deliver it, you cock the mineral shirt, for  
certain  
Live in the living room, searching to hurting you

(Chorus - Pharrell)

Hot' damn, it's a new day  
Hot' damn, but the nigga wanted (money man)  
Hoooo, hoooo, hoooo  
Cot' damn

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