

## Clipse "Hear Me Out"

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[Verse 1 - Pusha T]

I be the first one to bust, first one you lust  
Experiential flows, that make our souls touch  
When it comes to heat, 40-cally chrome clutch  
Out the burning at 'cha teal-blue and guild up  
Sorry no introduction, I was speedin'  
First name Terror, first half the Clipse that leave you  
bleeding  
Got phony rap cats, be actin' absurd  
Fake hardcore, and really y'all lovebirds  
My dogs flip bricks and live in the suburbs  
While y'all on the block sweatin' what the 'necks heard  
Sick over this, like I had you sippin' on piss  
Type thing I do to fake Dons, thinkin' it's Cris  
My relations, love hate, my family, love hate  
How you hold heat sideways, expect to shoot straight  
My crib ADT nightly, with steel gates  
And the only thing that separates us, drug weight  
[Chorus - Pusha T] (Pharrell)

How can hear me out yo, what I'm talking 'bout yo  
You don't want to get in this game  
The world's my monopoly, wit' your bitch on top of me  
You don't want to get in this game  
So roll your dice (chicka-chicka-ah)  
Tell me what you got, is it your ice (chicka-chicka-ah)  
Or is it your life, do what's right (chicka-chicka-ah)  
'Cause you can't roll twice  
Safety's stuck, give a fuck, negotiating wit' price  
[Verse 2 - Malice]

Malice, from the Clipse, laser tap with steel tips  
Hold like two rubber grips, with snug fit  
You know the type, money your 'wice, money your life  
Or either at the club sippin' on Henny and nice  
Shit, we pretty nice, own it at any price  
Got them hardcore, wannabe thugs callin' on Christ  
Yo, I run wit' common, who be dippin' on they bonds  
Man, bullets and slugs, all the above wit' times ten  
It can be love, like hugs

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