

## Clipse "Keys Open Doors"

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Keys open doors, keys open doors  
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Make ya skin crawl, press one button, let the wind fall  
Who gon' stop us? Fuck the coppers, the mind of a kilo  
shopper  
Seein' my life through the windshields of choppers  
I ain't spend one rap dollar in 3 years, holla

Money's the least, drag a bitch by her dog collar  
Now ho folla', this is my ghetto story  
Like Cham, Ice-P is the Don Dotta  
Open the Frigidaire, 25 to life in here

So much white you might think ya Holy Christ is near  
Throw on your Louis V millionaires to kill the glare  
Ice trays, Nada, all you see is pigeons paired

The realest shit I ever wrote, not Pac inspired  
It's crack pot inspired, my real niggaz quote  
Bitch never cook my coke, why? Never trust a ho with  
your child  
At you make believe rappers I smile, ha

Canals treatin' my style, like you Internet sharing my  
files  
You're my space niggaz  
So kill the comparison, I'm South Beach sippin' on Sara  
Fin'  
Wellfy check nigga, I never been, cook money clean  
through Maryland

Shit, countin' just gasp at the smell of it  
Meet the dealer, ain't a bitch realer  
So you ain't gotta question why Pusha don't feel ya  
Now get the fuck off

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Yeah, check it  
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Throw it on the scale, feed ya goddamn self  
Get it how you live, we don't ask for help, no  
Word on the street is you gon' love how it melt  
And I don't come with a pitch neither, the shit sell itself

I yell re-up 'til I'm locked like ma-mia  
And get it cross the state with the grace of Maria  
Keep on toys, you gon' know us when you see us  
Living street tales worthy of Don Divas

Keys in the floor, mistress in Dior  
Bitch tell me she love me, but I know she's a whore  
Shit could get ugly, shit she talk to the Lord now  
It's just what I get, it's the roses of war

Fuck the bureau, rather be spending Euros  
And get fed grapes, fuck hoes in plurals  
Just like Heaven as I gaze at the mural  
What a piece of mind when you copy some Shapiro's

Cheers to the future as we toast to life  
I'm preventing Miami, I'm a socialite, nigga  
The cars is big, the cribs is bigger  
The kids are happy, the perfect picture

Gem star razor, the fruit of my labor  
And I walk with a glow, it's like the Lord's shown favor  
These bitches fake like the hoes on flavor  
But I don't mind spending, all it is is paper, yes

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