

## Clipse "Mr. Me Too"

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You know we back right?  
Clear the streets out  
Come on with it  
Ha ha Star Track

Niggas just hate us, I'm doing deals like the majors  
Ice Cream Sneakers, I signed my first skater  
So you can pay three and buy yourself some bapestas  
Bulletproof on the T-shirts because they hate us

Dude like Snoop say, "Step ya game up"  
Double the caboe, mediterrain up  
D-Class action cuts, tuck your chain up  
Liberachi fingers, niggas hit Lorraine up

Just last week, I was out in Aspen  
Me and Puff hoppin' off the plane, both us laughing  
A week before that, I was out in Italy  
Attire heart throbs could not get rid of me

Up and down the tella crib, me and like ten hoes  
Call from the cell phone, give me that enzo  
I know what your thinking, yeah Me Too  
Okay everybody meet Mr. Me Too

Been two years, like I was paddy wagon cruisin'  
The streets was yours, ya dunce cappin' and cazooiin'  
I was just assuming you'd keep the coke movin'  
But I got one question, fuck y'all been doing?

Pyrex Turs turned into Covalli furs  
The full length cat, when I wave, the kitty purs  
All my niggaz caped up, selling gray and beige dust  
Had that money right or end up in the trunk taped up

We don't chase a duck, we only raise the bucks  
Peel money rolls until our thumbs get the paper cuts  
Children totto, South Beach Galardo  
Teals started up, go brr like it's Nardo

Women if you love me, please let me know  
Tie rags 'round your neck and learn the sets we throw

These are the days of our lifes  
And I'm sorry to the fans but the crackers weren't  
playing fair Jive

I know, I know, yep yeah, you too  
Okay we get it, yep yeah you too  
I know, I know, yep yeah, you too  
Okay everybody meet Mr. Me Too

I know, I know, yep yeah, you too  
Okay we get it, yep yeah you too  
I know, I know, yep yeah, you too  
Okay everybody meet Mr. Me Too

I know what you thinkin' why I call you, Me Too  
Cause everything I say, I got you sayin' Me Too  
I say I got a Benz so you said me too  
You hangin' out the window so they can see you

But you ain't hangin' out the window  
When you in that G2  
Or that G3 or G4 like we do  
Star Track, Clipse come on

Wanna know the time? Better clock us  
Niggaz bite the style from the shoes to the watches  
We cloud hoppers, tailor suits like we mobstas  
Break down keys into dimes and sell 'em like  
gobstoppers

Who gonna stop us? Not a god damn one of ya  
Mean with the Re-Up, nigga we street tumblers  
Ivory White, yeah that's the same color  
Of the Zord nigga, best believe it's the mullenor

Take no prisoners, rap niggaz are whisperers  
Choke on your own spit just as soon as you mention us  
Champagne corkes, kicked by Louis sportsin'  
Keep my hoes in pooch and Charles Jordan

Cop the chrome and touch gray caponent  
Mink on the floor, make ya hot don't it?  
You don't wanna know what the fuck I spent on it  
Tomorrow ain't promised so we live for the moment

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