

## Clipse

### "We Got If for Cheap"

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Pusha T

Fear him, as soon as you hear him  
Upon my arrival, the dope dealers cheer him  
Just like a revival, the verse tends to steer 'em  
Through a life in the fast lane, like German  
engineerum  
No serum can cure all the pain I've endured  
From crack to rap to back to sellin it pure  
For every record I potentially sell in the store  
It's like Mecca to the dealer that's sellin it raw  
So many deceive ya  
I'm on top with the ki's, move over Alicia  
I force feed ya the metric scale  
Rap's like child's play, my show and tell  
Within each verse you see the truth's unveiled  
They manufacture proof as they lie to themselves  
Puppets on the string like a yoyo  
Bouncin like a pogo, they prayin I never go solo

got it for cheap

Malice

The wall's removed and now I see  
My leg was pulled, the joke's on me  
So heartbreakin, like lovin a whore  
Might hurt ya once, but never no more  
It's like tryin to fly but they clippin your wings  
And that's exactly why the caged bird sings  
Who can nickname it, the shame rings true  
Seems to me reiterations are overdue  
I done been to the top, I done sipped the juice  
And with that bein said, bird crumbs'll never do  
Even on my last not a penny in the bank  
I'ma stand on my own, so thanks but no thanks  
Keep the pranks as I bid farewell  
I gotta answer to Marcus and Jennel  
And to little brother Terrence who I love dearly so  
If ever I had millions never would you sell blow, never

got it for cheap

Pusha T

I'm the best since he died, and he lied  
The spirit of competition, one verse could start jihad  
CPR Pusha, the flow tends to revive  
Pullin the covers back, I expose what you disguise  
My presence is felt, the pressure is on  
A four eleven cuban helped us weather the storm  
Pyrex and powder, it was back to the norm  
Through all the adversity the fury was born

Malice

Niggaz don't get the picture, it's written in scripture  
Even at your mama's she'll tell you that blood's thicker  
And I don't know how them other niggaz built  
And I don't know if ever they feel guilt  
Or maybe niggaz just too high on they stilts  
But this one's on me, I'ma view it as spilt milk  
Grandma look at me, I'm turnin the other cheek  
It's the R-E-U-P G-A-N-G

got it for cheap

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