

# Jay-Z "Clique"

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[Intro]

What of the dollar you murdered for  
Is that the one fighting for your soul  
Or your brother's the one that you're running  
from  
But if you got money, fuck it, because I want some

[Hook: Big Sean]

Ain't nobody fuckin' with my  
Clique, clique, clique, clique, clique  
Ain't nobody freshin' than my muthafuckin'  
Clique, clique, clique, clique, clique  
As I look around, they don't do it like my  
Clique, clique, clique, clique, clique  
And all these bad bitches, man, they want the  
They want the, they want the

[Verse 1: Big Sean]

I tell a bad bitch do whatever I say  
My block behind me like I'm coming out the  
driveway  
It's grande, from Friday, to next Friday  
I been up straight for nine days, I need a spa day  
She tryna get me that poo tang  
I might let my crew bang  
My crew deeper than Wu Tang  
I'm rolling with (Huh) fuck I'm saying?  
Girl, you know my crew name  
You know 2 Chainz? Scrrr!  
I'm pullin' up in that Bruce Wanye  
But I'm the fuckin' villian, man, they kneelin  
when I walkin in the building  
Freaky women I be feelin' from the bank accounts  
I'm fillin'  
What a feeling, ah man, they gotta be  
Young player from the D that's killin' everything  
that he see

[Hook]

[Jay-Z:]

Yeah am talking Yeah, yeah am talking Rih, yeah

I'm talking Bey, nigga I'm talking me  
Yeah I'm talking bossy, I ain't talking Kelis  
You're money too short, you can't be talking to  
me  
Yeah I'm talking LeBron, we balling our family tree  
G.O.O.D Music drug dealing drug cousin, ain't  
nothing fuckin' with we  
Turn that 62 to 125, 125, to a 250, 250 to a half a milli,  
ain't nothin' nobody can do with me  
Now who with me? ¡Vámonos! Call me Hov or jefe  
Translation, I'm the shit. Least that what my neck  
say, least that what my check say  
Lost my homie for a decade, nigga down for like 12  
years, ain't hug his son since the second grade  
He never told, who we gonna tell, we top of the totem  
pole  
It's the dream team meets the supreme team, and  
all our eyes green and only means one thing  
You ain't fuckin' with my clique

[Kanye West:]

Break records of Louie  
Ate breakfast at Gucci  
My girl a superstar all from a home movie  
Bow on our arrival the unamerican idols  
When niggas did in Paris got em hanging off the Eiffel  
Yeah I'm talking business  
We talking CIA  
I'm talking George Tenet  
I seen him the other day  
He asked me about my Maybach  
Think he had the same  
Except mine tinted and his might have been rented  
You know white people get money don't spend it  
Or maybe they get money, buy a business  
I rather buy 80 gold chains and go ignorant  
I know Spike Lee gon kill me but let me finish  
Blame it on the pigment, we living no limits  
Them gold master p ceilings was just a figment  
Of our imagination, MTV cribs  
Now I'm looking at a crib right next to where TC  
lives  
That's Tom Cruise, whatever she accuse  
He wasn't really drunk he just had a few brews  
Pass the refreshment a cool cool beverage  
Everything I do need a news crew present  
Steve-O swerve homie, watch out for the waves  
I'm way too black to burn from sunrays  
So I just meditated the home in Pompay  
About how I could build a new Rome in one day  
Every time I'm in Vegas they screaming like

heâ€™s Elvis  
But I just wanna design hotels and nail it  
Shit is real got me feelinâ€™ Isrealian  
Like Bar Refaeli Gisele, no thats Brazilian  
Went through deep depression when my momma  
passed  
Suicide what kind of talk is that  
But lâ€™ve been talking to God for so long  
That I have you look in my life I guess he talking back  
Fuckinâ€™ with my clique

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