

Rick Ross

"Clique"

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Hottest niggas in the game
Mmg, tour stars and a few winks
If you fuckin with him, fuck with me
Hah?

Watch cost me a buck, chain cost me a truck
Double m be the clique, my coup more than a bus
Think it's all a facade but nigga this double r
See me jumpin on stage, more chains than mardi gras
Bitches be going wild, hit the sound - clich©
Give me 2 bitches, we could do this 3 ways
4 missed calls on my iphone 5
6 feet tall, got me fightin for my life
Telephone last ringin, calling angie martinez
Think I just seen a boss, he datin a porto rican
All gold jewels in a snow white mink
Kanye shoes, already know why I gee
John legend flow, the magnificent me
Row hard, give me molly coffee by the ki
Got the weed roll, tour start in a few weeks
She said fuck me, must wanna fuck me
Man we be the clique, man I'm so the shit
Boy just send mine down, man I take the bitch
Yea we at the game and we sit front row
Every time you see me, I'll be on front row
Get juvilent, new benz, gold piece
Benz outside, I ain't even gotta speak
New jubilee with an old gold piece
Benz outside, I ain't even gotta speak

We been born cliquing in the motherfucking clique

As I look around they don't do it like my clique
And all these bad bitches man they want the...
They want the... they want the...
Go!

Yea I'm talkin gunplay, yea I work it too
Yea that nigga ratted, yea that deppo true
Yea I'm really routing, yea I out anybody
Point em out, I light it join and take his face in out it

Yea I spill my chords on your michael chorus where
Yea so the fuck what? I could buy you more
Yea Iâ€™m from the hood, yea Iâ€™m from the floor
Holes in the roof, hardly had a door
Kitchen all burned, pigeon on perm
Three different digies all lit up like a fur
Nigga where your feast? see the white bright here
Itâ€™s the matter anything, everything pur

As I look around they donâ€™t do it like my clique
And all these bad bitches man they want the...
They want the... they want the...
Yea... yea...

Man itâ€™s the double m dream team doing something
special
About to kill the sissle, get the casket and the shovel
No olympics 7â€™s, I need rings and the medal
When Iâ€™m not from trill bill but tell em get upon my
level always going higher, I steal more fire
Do a lot of stuntin but itâ€™s only to inspire
Remember just a year, girl these hoes they wanna
speak
Now they all be tryna freak, they think I know I layin me
I got a bad white bitch, Iâ€™m known to spend cake on
Just whole gag, she never fall off like kresha
And even if she do, forever Iâ€™m the shit
So much dope Iâ€™mma get, we legit
They ainâ€™t fuckin with my clique

Clique... clique... clique... clique... clique...
As I look around they donâ€™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...

Yea Iâ€™m talkin yea, yea Iâ€™m talkin real
Yea Iâ€™m talkin b, nigga Iâ€™m talkin me
Yea Iâ€™m talkin bossy, I ainâ€™t talkin kaleesy
Your money too short, you canâ€™t be talkin to me
Yea Iâ€™m talkin lebron, we ballin off every tree
Their music drug dealin cousin, ainâ€™t nothing fucking
with we, me

Turn that 62 to 1-25, 1-25 to a 2-50
2-50 to a half a man, ainâ€™t nothing nobody can do with
me
Now who with me? vamanos
Call me hovo hefe
Translation â– Iâ€™m the shit
Least thatâ€™s what my neck say

Least that's what my check say
Lost my homie for a decade
Nigga down for like 12 years
Ain't hugged his sun since the second grade
Uh, he never told
Who they gonna tell we chopper the totem pole
This the dream team, least a supreme team
And all our eyes grinning only means one thing
You ain't fucking with my clique

Clique... clique... clique... clique... clique...
Ain't nobody fresher than my motherfuckin...
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...

Break records at louis, ate breakfast at gucci
My girl a superstar, off from my home movie
They aren't our rival, the un-american idols
When niggas damn dance, got em hangin off the eiffel
Yea I'm talkin business, we talkin cia
I'm talkin george tinnin, I seen him the other day
He asked me bout my maybach, think he had the same
I said mine tinted and it's might have been rented
You know why your people get money don't spend it
Or maybe they get money by business
I'd rather buy 80 gold chains and go ignorant
I know it's by grigo, get me but let me finish
Blame it on the pigment, we live in no limits
And gold masterpiece, at least was just a figment
Of my imagination, emptied the cribs
Now I'm looking at a crib right next to where tc live
That's tom cruise, what ever she accused
You weren't really drunk, he just had through bruise
Master refreshments, a crew cool beverage
Everything I do need a news cruise presence
T-bow swerve, homie watch out for the waves
I'm way too black to burn up the sun rays
So I just meditated the home in pompeii
About how I could build a new rome in one day
Every time I'm in vegas, they screamin like he's elvis
But I just wanna design hotels and nail it
Shit is real, got me feelin israelian
Like rob after yella giselle, now that's brazilian
Went through deep depression when my mama passed
Suicide? what kind of talk is that?
But I been talkin to god for so long
And have you looked at my life? I guess he talkin back
Fuck him with my clique

Ain't nobody fresher than my motherfuckin clique
As I look around they don't do it like my clique
And all these bad bitches man they want the...
They want the... they want the...
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