

# The Clipse "Door Man"

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## "Door Man"

### *[Chorus:]*

Hey doorman, tell'em line up the cris, I put my money  
on the roof and crush this bitch, you niggas keep  
wavin' them wrists, I put my money on the roof and  
crush this bitch, ye ain't got money like this, I put my  
money on the roof and crush this bitch, so scream it if  
ya ambition fit, I put my money on the roof and crush  
this bitch, sing it niggas, lalalalalalalalalala, ye ain't got  
money like this, lalalalalalalalalala, paper plates on a  
brand new six, lalalalalalalalalala, I just taught my  
young boys how to mix, lalalalalalalalalala, ye ain't  
seen paper like this nigga.

### *[Verse 1:]*

Every all star, every Cancun, every holiday South Beach  
in full bloom, thousand dollar suites white sheets, white  
rooms, I got a bright future neck like a full moon, buy  
what we want, spend what they want, young , rich, hot  
nigga, everything she wants, triple beams scales got  
me under deep spells, kiss my forehead, momma  
knows I mean well, cocaine bought me everything I  
ever had, and I ain't neva been scared that's been my  
very last, cause I can get it back, watch me get it back,  
last 2 o 10 bricks, shit I'm cookin' that.

### *[Chorus:]*

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on the roof and crush this bitch, you niggas keep  
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seen paper like this nigga.

### *[Verse 2:]*

My life's too real to be a PSA, the million in the ceiling is

for a rainy day, I cut it than whip her like she Annie Mae, praise God I escaped by his amazin' grace, nah neva was I savin' Face, some family ties aren't possible to break, the almighty judge only he can save me, don't cry for us now just pray for our babies, Mercedes 5 with the open roof, Miami hot rods and the ocean view, the tell tale signs that expose the truth, Lil' Willy Rat King this one's for you.

*[Chorus:]*

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*[Verse 3:]*

We get it in a flash like paparazzi, cars, crib, everything big body, big charm, hangi' from my big chain, swing side to side feelin' like I'm T-Pain, pull up to the crib bitch think she seein' thangs, make a hundred stacks blow it like it's pocket change.

*[Verse 4:]*

If the good die young, than the greats go to jail, I miss my Tony hope you snitches burn in hell, kiss and tell with sales on us ballers, all because them two doors comin' with big spoilers, all because them bitches is actin' like they jallers (?), and we don't count money we way it like fish orders.

Chorus:

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