

The Clipse "Keys Open Doors"

Visit "[Keys Open Doors](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

"Keys Open Doors"

Keys open doors, keys open doors
Keys open doors, keys, keys open doors

Make ya skin crawl, press one button, let the wind fall
Who gon' stop us? Fuck the coppers, the mind of a kilo
shopper
Seein' my life through the windshields of choppers
I ain't spend one rap dollar in 3 years, holla

Money's the least, drag a bitch by her dog collar
Now ho folla', this is my ghetto story
Like Cham, Ice-P is the Don Dotta
Open the Frigidaire, 25 to life in here

So much white you might think ya Holy Christ is near
Throw on your Louis V millionaires to kill the glare
Ice trays, Nada, all you see is pigeons paired

The realest shit I ever wrote, not Pac inspired
It's crack pot inspired, my real niggaz quote
Bitch never cook my coke, why? Never trust a ho with
your child
At you make believe rappers I smile, ha

Canals treatin' my style, like you Internet sharing my
files
You're my space niggaz
So kill the comparison, I'm South Beach sippin' on Sara
Fin'
Wellfy check nigga, I never been, cook money clean
through Maryland

Shit, countin' just gasp at the smell of it
Meet the dealer, ain't a bitch realer
So you ain't gotta question why Pusha don't feel ya
Now get the fuck off

Keys open doors, keys open doors
Keys open doors, keys, keys open doors
Keys open doors, keys open doors

Keys open doors, keys, keys open doors

Keys open doors, keys open doors
Keys open doors, keys, keys open doors
Yeah, check it
Keys open doors, keys, keys open doors

Throw it on the scale, feed ya goddamn self
Get it how you live, we don't ask for help, no
Word on the street is you gon' love how it melt
And I don't come with a pitch neither, the shit sell itself

I yell re-up 'til I'm locked like ma-mia
And get it cross the state with the grace of Maria
Keep on toys, you gon' know us when you see us
Living street tales worthy of Don Divas

Keys in the floor, mistress in Dior
Bitch tell me she love me, but I know she's a whore
Shit could get ugly, shit she talk to the Lord now
It's just what I get, it's the roses of war

Fuck the bureau, rather be spending Euros
And get fed grapes, fuck hoes in plurals
Just like Heaven as I gaze at the mural
What a piece of mind when you copy some Shapiro's

Cheers to the future as we toast to life
I'm preventing Miami, I'm a socialite, nigga
The cars is big, the cribs is bigger
The kids are happy, the perfect picture

Gem star razor, the fruit of my labor
And I walk with a glow, it's like the Lord's shown favor
These bitches fake like the hoes on flavor
But I don't mind spending, all it is is paper, yes

Keys open doors, keys open doors
Keys open doors, keys, keys open doors
Keys open doors, keys open doors
Keys open doors, keys, keys open doors

Keys open doors, keys open doors
Keys open doors, keys, keys open doors
Keys open doors, keys, keys open doors

Visit [The Clipse](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.