

Mr. Me Too

Clipse

You know we back right?
Clear the streets out
Come on with it
Ha ha Star Track

Niggas just hate us, I'm doing deals like the majors
Ice Cream Sneakers, I signed my first skater
So you can pay three and buy yourself some bapestas
Bulletproof on the T-shirts because they hate us

Dude like Snoop say, "Step ya game up"
Double the caboe, mediterrain up
D-Class action cuts, tuck your chain up
Liberachi fingers, niggas hit Lorraine up

Just last week, I was out in Aspen
Me and Puff hoppin' off the plane, both us laughing
A week before that, I was out in Italy
Attire heart throbs could not get rid of me

Up and down the tella crib, me and like ten hoes
Call from the cell phone, give me that enzo
I know what your thinking, yeah Me Too
Okay everybody meet Mr. Me Too

Been two years, like I was paddy wagon cruisin'
The streets was yours, ya dunce cappin' and cazooiin'
I was just assuming you'd keep the coke movin'
But I got one question, fuck y'all been doing?

Pyrex Turs turned into Covalli furs
The full length cat, when I wave, the kitty purs
All my niggaz caped up, selling gray and beige dust
Had that money right or end up in the trunk taped up

We don't chase a duck, we only raise the bucks
Peel money rolls until our thumbs get the paper cuts
Children totto, South Beach Galardo
Teals started up, go brr like it's Nardo

Women if you love me, please let me know
Tie rags 'round your neck and learn the sets we throw
These are the days of our lifes
And I'm sorry to the fans but the crackers weren't playing fair Jive

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I know what you thinkin' why I call you, Me Too
Cause everything I say, I got you sayin' Me Too

I say I got a Benz so you said me too
You hangin' out the window so they can see you

But you ain't hangin' out the window
When you in that G2
Or that G3 or G4 like we do
Star Track, Clipse come on

Wanna know the time? Better clock us
Niggaz bite the style from the shoes to the watches
We cloud hoppers, tailor suits like we mobstas
Break down keys into dimes and sell 'em like gobstoppers

Who gonna stop us? Not a god damn one of ya
Mean with the Re-Up, nigga we street tumblers
Ivory White, yeah that's the same color
Of the Zord nigga, best believe it's the mullenor

Take no prisoners, rap niggaz are whisperers
Choke on your own spit just as soon as you mention us
Champagne corks, kicked by Louis sportsin'
Keep my hoes in pooch and Charles Jordan

Cop the chrome and touch gray caponent
Mink on the floor, make ya hot don't it?
You don't wanna know what the fuck I spent on it
Tomorrow ain't promised so we live for the moment

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