## Clique

## Kanye West, JAY-Z & Big Sean

[Produced by Kanye West, Hit-Boy, Anthony Kilhoffer, and Noah Goldstein]

[Intro: James Fauntleroy & Big Sean]
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, 'cause I want some
B-I-G, who fuckin' with me?
Oh, God! Whoa, okay

[Chorus: Big Sean]
Ain't nobody fuckin' with my clique
Clique, clique, clique, clique
Ain't nobody fresher than my muh'fuckin' 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-

(B-I-G, oh, God! Go)

I tell a bad bitch do whatever I say

My block behind me, like I'm coming out the driveway

It's grind day, from Friday to next Friday

I been up straight for nine days, I need a spa day (spa day)

Yup, she tryin' to get me that poon-tang

I might let my crew bang, my crew deeper than Wu-Tang

[Verse 1: Big Sean]

I might let my crew bang, my crew deeper than Wu-Tang
I'm rollin' with... fuck I'm saying? Girl, you know my crew name
You know 2 Chainz? Scrrr!

I'm pullin' up in that Bruce Wayne
But I'm the fuckin' villain
Man, they kneelin' when I'm walking in the buildin'
Freaky women I be feelin' from the bank accounts I'm fillin'
What a feelin'! Ah man, they gotta be

Young player from the D
That's killing everything that he see for the dough

[Chorus: Big Sean] Ain't nobody fuckin' with my clique Clique, clique, clique, clique
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[Verse 2: Jay Z] (Click clack, stick 'em up!) Yeah, I'm talkin' Ye, yeah, I'm talkin' Rih Yeah, I'm talkin' B, nigga, I'm talkin' me Yeah, I'm talkin' bossy, I ain't talkin' Kelis Your money too short, you can't be talking to me Yeah, I'm talkin' LeBron, we ball in our family tree G.O.O.D. Music drug-dealing cousin Ain't nothin' fuckin' with we, me Turn that 62 to 125, 125 to a 250 250 to a half a million, 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 Uh, he never told—who he gonna tell? We top of the totem pole It's the Dream Team meets the Supreme Team And all our eyes green, it only means one thing You ain't fuckin' with the clique

[Chorus: Big Sean]
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[Verse 3: Kanye West]
Break records at Louis, ate breakfast at Gucci
My girl a superstar all from a home movie
Bow on our arrival, the un-American idols
What niggas did in Paris, got 'em hangin' off the Eiffel
Yeah, I'm talkin' business, we talkin' CIA
I'm talkin' 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 ign'ant I know Spike Lee gon' kill me, but let me finish Blame it on the pigment, we livin' no limits Them gold Master P ceilings was just a figment Of our imagination, MTV cribs Now I'm lookin' 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 frew brews Pass the refreshments, a cool, cool beverage Everything I do need a news crew's presence Speedboat swerve, homie, watch out for the waves I'm way too black to burn from sunrays So I just meditate at 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 Bar Refaeli, or Gisele—no, that's Brazilian Went through, deep depression when my mama passed Suicide, what kinda talk is that? But I been talkin' to God for so long That if you look at my life I guess he's talkin' back Fuckin' with my clique

[Outro: Big Sean]
Ain't nobody fresher than my muh'fuckin' 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
Go!

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