

Ain't Cha

Clipse

[Hook: Pharrell]

Hmm, you tryna get some hood fame, ain't cha?
Hmm, you tryna slang in the rain, ain't cha?
Hmm, you tryna save for the Range, ain't cha?
Hmm, you tryna perfect your aim, ain't cha?
Hmm, you tryna get a big chain, ain't cha?
Hmm, with the medallions and the rings, ain't cha?
Hmm, gon' getcha Air Force plane, ain't cha?
Say what? So you can get that hood fame, ain't cha?

[Verse 1: Pusha T]

Through despair I traipse, baking pies, baking cake
Hustling them E's and that C's and that H
While you probably talking frantic on the tape
Niggas in the hood ain't tryna hear, "Man it was a mistake"
They'll call you a bitch, not a bandit at ya wake
Epitaph reading how much damage you could take
While I'm on the boat with ya bitch, salmon on the plate
I know why you liked her, the head, it was great
Loving these bezels sets, change with no space
86 karats, you know how much digging in the planet this could take?
Patent leather Bapes (Uh, uh!)
Closet like planet of the Bape!
Monkey see, monkey do, monkeys following in place
Like I'm living in an episode of "Planet of the Apes"
You're watching the evolution of one of rap's greats
You niggas tryna take my place? Never happen

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[Verse 2: Sandman]

Dig it, every time I do it, encore

Slide out the Lincoln with the suicide doors
Ma, and I'm blingin' like Baby with all that shit on
My block pop 'til all that shit gone
What? You pussies hardly eat
What you spend on a home is a gaudy piece
On the chest of a biz-oss, it's a must I fliz-oss
My dream team wrestle for cheese like Eric Bischoff
From the kickoff to tip off
I give off rays from the VVs, ice glazed like lip gloss
Thinking they can see me, I beg to diff-arr
Look up in the skiz-eye, it the Big Dip-arr
(That's cold!) It's chilly in Philly, its that real
Nobody know karate, more bodies than "Kill Bill"
Somebody get beside me, Lord, will his blood spill
Like a waterfall, fuck around, make me slaughter y'all

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[Verse 3: Malice]

Oh you just gon' take without asking, ain't cha?
You just grabbin', you ain't earnin' for shit, that's too old-fashion
Look, tulip, I will never tuck a jewel up
Kindergarten, did they not tap your knuckle with the ruler?
I'm the era of the Juice Crew, don't let that dookie noose you
1 and 1 is 2, it's just as simple as Blue's Clues
The nine will get most of you, turn yourself around
For he who want to run up and earn himself a crown
Meanwhile, study something nigga, this Gucci, Parker
From France where the kids sing Frere Jacques
If not there, I'm somewhere mixing vodkas
In a far off land, where they shake maracas and shit
Keep it moving like them keys of coke
You the hunted motherfucker, and I'm Benicio
Not Tommy Lee, see we never involve the law
If it seems the walls are closing in, it's only cause they are
Motherfucker

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[Verse 4: Ab-Liva]

I'm a natural born hustler, I, the risk taker
I get it cross the border, the Alpha, the Omega
My life, I scripted the paper, posh like the wrist in the cradle
That hug the diamonds that kiss for you haters
Grimaldi, is so gaudy
But it's just so picture-perfect as I lean in that six-forty-
Five C.I., I'm on them blades likes T.I
The niggas hate to measure 'cause they knee high
Still slingin' that P-I, E what I bring by
Me 50 cal, pretty desert up my sleeve, I
Still hugging that corner so tight it can't breathe, I
Can't let it go cause a nigga gotta eat, I
Came to conquer the game, the flame and the powder
And the pot, stirred it crazy, I'm a lead-a
Still in the game, tipping the scale like Libra
You don't really want that halo over your Caesar, no

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