

You Can't Touch Me

Clipse

Clip niggaz
It's not a game, Star Trak
It's like that, what, check it
Yo, yo, yo

It's the final curtain, we black mask and black turbans
Lightin' up the sky in a black surburban
We on the late night streetsweep, hit at least three
The price you pay and it ain't cheap, make his frame leak
When we speak our dialogue consist of flame heat
Cock the brick, flipped it twice and all in the same week
Flee the sirens, hit the highlands, or the islands
All up in the loft with some chick from Thailand
'Cause you ain't lived 'til you empty clips, whip the cyclone
Win up chips for one crib in each time zone
Parted us for the sea floors and started street wars
Bet a detour from this block and try and keep yours
'Cause if down here, we play not, niggaz get got
Sendin' two through his red drop, make his post stop
How we roll is wit' no smiles, shit get so foul
Then we sit four to fifty split 'round table style

You can't touch me, I got scuds, love, wit' no lens
Cliques with wrists for buildin' pyramids
The beginnin' is my end, nigga, fuck friends
Bills, hundreds, thousands, what's tens

Nigga, we comin' for ya
Four deep in the Explorer
Poetic torture, enchanted tails of horror
Fuck what they taught ya, my torture scorches all sorts of
Individuals with chambers Hannibal thought of
Which nigga careful enough to stick me
They treat me like eggs, they scared to get me
Too shook to get wit' me
To get me, mission's impossible, I got an arsenal
Of glocks for any obstacle that you can imagine possible
Nickle flow, kill slow, like carbon moe
Noxide, tear your block high, burn his toxide
We're like the jocks side, Clipse, Virginia niggaz
We live for figures, wig killas, who injure critics
What ya'll wanna do now
Got two glocks, that's bustin' too loud
Nigga play with no silencers
Known to move crowds, verbal liquid
Stick wit', them who you live wit'
'Cause this is too explicit for you bitch-es

Gray race coupe, being chased by state troops
Four blockin' and escape routes, firm grip knowing he's Jake Shoop
Check the rear view, A.J's tailgatin' and V-shaped
Handcuff the briefcase, whip's stolen, plus it need plates
Stole the coke out, exchange shots, windows broke out
All or nothing, two guns, both of them smoked out
Tire blow out, slice spins 'til it don't end
On length of one side, sparks fly ridin' on rims
High adrenaline, accidents of surrendin'

A quick desperate attempt, sixteen, sendin' the wind
Flee on foot now, german shepards trackin' my steps
Helicopter overhead, I look up, slappin' my chest
Show I lack respect, runnin' hard through crowded streets
We have you surrounded special agents shot at the freeze
Fuck nah, I'ma die like Christ, inside my fate
Try my best to empty both clips, sayin' goodbyes with hate