

# Breakfast In Cairo

Clipse

You'll never catch these fugitives, this high speed  
With hoppin' water, see-thru blue on jet skis  
They twist trees, bend in they head to run my single  
Mean while we minglin' chicks that's bilingual  
Haters be like we sick of them, niggas in the whip sippin' gin  
Switchin' lanes without signalin'  
But they watch they mouth, because my dogs they ignorant  
While I'm laid back, rockin' the Link, fuck what ya'll think  
Stress-free, index finger mixing my drink  
You see we hot like two 4-5th with gold clips  
Ain't none of y'all fuckin' with this, it's hopeless  
Malice on that raw shore shit, cut your throat shit

This is for my thug hustlers, dealers and gun runners  
To my niggas locked, holdin' it down in body numbers  
Think of the Clipse when the whole clique in black hummers  
Stackin' them chips and let them tricks get nothing from us

I'm wit' Kurupt, in L.A., you know, my main homie  
Readin' books by thugs, it's like my some cody  
Get on some N.O. shit, like what up woady  
Hey yo, off top, I'm like Puff, just won't stop  
I get drunk and hit them hoes with the Smirnoff cock  
Neptunes lace the beat that'll rock your block  
I'm movin' on like Mya and Silkk  
We don't mix like Henny and milk  
I got the cover and grill  
Now, everybody a thug, look what I built  
I keep it hot, while them sissy niggas been done chill  
I let 'em live, you know I could've had them killed  
Five thousand and one, faylaced by Troy  
Fuck with Nore then you know that you some dumb boy  
Me and Clipse got clips for ya'll faggots and boy  
What!

I blaze rhymes, nine days it's like Vietnam  
My nigga Nore run 'round wit' a block in his palm  
I'm a specialist at this with, twist cock insist (what's that)  
All your money homie, ain't nothin' funny homie  
You gotta fat bitch, I bet she can eat a big fat dick with big ass lips  
Triangle the game, changin' the game  
Sweet arrange, make all the hoes bounce  
Neptunes blaze an ounce  
Now all the hoes strippin', all the niggas trippin'  
D.P. sippin', hittin' switches  
What you tryin' to do homie, tryin' touch me  
Cock back and bust, screamin' mother fucker  
Blaze up a sack, I wonder where the gangsters at  
Where the thugs are at, where all the bustas and slugs are at  
I'm a general, raw dog assassin homie  
Assassin nigga, bitch nigga, be blastin' nigga  
I'm a pimp, I'm a g, something you wanna be  
Malice and Terror said bust two to the head, bitch

I spit that raw shit, ya'll niggas is tailor-made  
Fine, Clipse and Nore, racin' the Palisades  
Or in the hovercraft floatin' the Everglades

Whatever the setting, count on we renegades  
In bandanas, remind you of Santana  
Joints fully auto, shells out of bananas  
This triangle's strong, these walls never be torn  
Love is love, all our hearts are warm  
Try to infiltrate, you feelin' more than the norm  
The barrage'll are hollows hit hard like bridge storms  
Even in the pristine, Chapel of the Sistine  
I'm still prone to leave you glistenin'  
I'll mouth to you what joy does this bring  
And stagger away home withdrawn and whistling  
I speak in this vain so you know what lines to cross  
You can start breathin' again, Terror signin' off