

## Feel Like Me

Clipse

Yo, we lovin' this  
I got it baby  
Ain't nothin' but a par-ar-ty  
On my laced out chicks, par-ty  
All my niggaz in the six, par-ty  
Clipse comin' wit' the hits, par-ty

Yo, the flow echo, grab a ho, won't let go  
Chick shake her ass, Kalipso, I'm drinkin' on the world  
Sip slow, techno scene, lace a beam  
My team up, stand out like indigo dreams  
In the club, bitches starin', dress, Donna Karen  
They inch a bit close to see the links we wearin'  
The jealous cats fill the room, but that's they doom  
Because if the beef get set (PW: We cause a typhoon)  
Yeah, what you here for, you better prepare for  
The background 'cause your presence no one'll care  
For the auto-matac, retaliate if it's sat-ac  
Stagger when I walk, let my emeralds talk  
Terror's status, tote unquote top, never drop  
While the competition pleads and begs for us to stop  
The interlock, stack like stock, style I got  
Gonna make the world build off me like catcher's glocks, yo

All I wanna do is drink on the world  
Layin' on the beach, takin' sips wit' my girl  
Here they come tryin' to trouble me  
I just giggle 'cause I know they don't see  
Nor can they hear so they need to explain  
It's piece on pieces, that's simple and plain  
This is our ode to the galaxy  
Niggaz in the wrong if you feel like me

Do you not know what the Clipse is  
Malicious, M.C. type relentless  
Why risk going against this, senseless  
You in the realm where your team is defenseless  
Players we ball, you in the benches  
Full of clips, underground wit' extensions  
You thought the camp had love, we show none like a show gun  
Malice murderin' MCs, except wit' no gun  
The slow gun, beat'll live fast, die young  
We from where they strike in the flash, like Cy Young  
How you come where you ain't welcome puzzlin'  
Take us more sips to cliss, we guzzlin'  
Got me wonderin', how can you live wit' yourself  
Move a detective, similar to the 'self  
Drama, you want drama, we do drama  
The prize package, we blow like Unibomba'

It's a fine line, between the have and the ain't got  
Mad 'cause you ain't hot, in fact, far from it  
Watch you plummet, we reside at the summit  
Full of clips, run this, ridiculous  
Why you makin' me laugh, eat clips  
And an E-class, tap the wine glass at the lip  
Then on behalf of the clique, take a sip

Remember how we used to be like now it be like, whatever  
Malice and Terror, of the bad double header

It's the congruent, symmetrical bomb unit  
Opposition fate, end up in found unit  
Sync wit' the flow, hell no, we fine tunin'  
And make the lie, kiss while you break your spine to it  
Talkin' to make you feel me walkin' without a worry  
Blaze up the spot, watch the whole crowd hurry  
Magnetic, do you like a tractor, pathetic  
Fully clips, M.O., yo, ready to chest hit

Par-ty..  
Ain't nothin' but a Clipse par-ty  
All my niggaz in the six, par-ty  
On my laced out chicks, par-ty