

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-, they want the-

[Verse 1: Big Sean]

(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
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]

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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 few 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]

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As I look around, they don't do it like my clique
And all these bad bitches, man
They want the, they want the, they want the
Go!

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