

Cot Damn

Clipse

(Chorus - Pharrell)

Cot damn, it's a new day

Cot damn, but the nigga wanted money

Hoooo, hoooo, hoooo

Hot damn(Verse 1 - Malice)

They juss can't understand or phathom my demeanor

Unapproachable appearance to how I pack the ninas

Out of two, Clipse they say Malice the meanest

Got love for guns and caine, let nuttin come between us

You miss took me for a rapper huh

Well that makes me an actor, cause I would rather clap a gun

And buck on them niggas who hate

Who wanna be in my shoes, live my life, but can't carry my weight

I understand that the envy is part of the game

But make no mistake, you and I, we are not the same

Naw bitch I'm liable to splatter ya shit

Light up ya world, 'til you start to stagger and shit

Watch how them hollows straight, rattle ya shit

And I leave it to y'all, to freestyle and battle and shit

That's not me, I'm more at home wit the chrome

Or that play wit the yay, moving 12 for a zone, I'm gone

(Chorus - Pharrell)

Cot damn, it's a new day

Cot damn, but the nigga wanted money(Verse 2 - Ab-Liva)

God damn, when that white hits the PAN AND

Comes back hard, I can account for every GRAM AND

The streets molded the man I am

The pimp, the hustler, the crook, the killer, go-rilla

Traits of a blow dealer, cost my fame

I hustle, I'm rich, blow scrilla, I'M THE TORCH that, carry the game

The flame I throw, crack change came from blow, push the O's

Six lay close, hug the streets, I hug the beat, change flows

Thug the streets, my love is deep, my pain shows

My hearts on a sleeve-a

Nigga that they gave they soul and hearts to mistreat you

Nigga told, they breaking my heart on the streets so

Watch the phonies, watch ya homies

We pop, pop, DROP you homie

(Chorus - Pharrell)

Cot damn, it's a new day

Cot damn, but the nigga wanted money(Verse 3 - Pusha T and (Pharrell)

They call me Pusha for one reason

Cause I keep that sniff all seasons
Whether the price is up or down
I keep a mound to pitch from, you don't have to shop around
When it come to the money, I get stealth
Three guns is fortune, and I don't mind sharing wealth
Dog, I know about my life, I been around the world thrice times
I mean what I say, from that Panama sun, the French chanzalize
Grind so deep-rooted, I can't turn away
The sell base is now, somewhat therapeutic
Hear what I say, please don't confuse it
My verses heal, like Curt Mayfield's music
(Are you pusha), damn right, I treat ya nose to hook ya
And only pull back to cook ya, partner(Chorus - Pharrell)
Cot damn, it's a new day
Cot damn, but the nigga wanted money(Verse 4 - Roscoe P. Coldchain)
I been if I die of starvation, things is fucked up as is
So I bangs my cab-bage
Do you not know the most affective way of gettin' money
Pull yo gun, ra-pid
LEAVE and watch you see the situation be corrected
Lord Heavens, why must I live so devilish
They say whatcha do comes back on you two times
I shoul'da been died, but I'm still walking around wit two nines
Who wants to be a millionaire, me, and you ain't got no more life lines
You a snitch nigga fighting crime, go ahead and tell the police
Cause every move you make, I'ma throw a slug, and hope you choke blood
Nigga on every breath you take
Not to be broke, cause Coldchain fate witness
Naturally spitting from me, hearing the gat, field to the limit
Head to the menace, loud niggas talking gibberish
Ground beef, I deliver it, you cock the mineral shirt, for certain
Live in the living room, searching to hurting you(Chorus - Pharrell)
Cot damn, it's a new day
Cot damn, but the nigga wanted money
Hoooo, hoooo, hoooo
Cot damn(Skit at end of the track begins)

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