

# Keys Open Doors

## Clipse

(Chorus: Pusha T)

KIs open doors

KIs open doors

KIs open doors

KIs, KIs open doors (Verse 1: Pusha T)

EEYUCK!

Make ya skin crawl

Press one button, let the wind fall

Who gon' stop us? Fuck the coppers! The mind of a KILO shopper

Seein' my life through the windshields of choppers

I ain't spend one rap dollar in 3 years, holla!

Money's the least, drag a bitch by her dog collar

Now ho folla', this is my +GHETTO STORY+

Like Cham, Ice-P is the Don Dotta

Open the Frigidaire, 25 to life in here

So much white you might think ya Holy Christ is near

Throw on your Louis V millionaires to kill the glare

Ice trays? Nada! All you see is pigeons paired

The realest shit I ever wrote, not Pac inspired

Its crack pot inspired, my real niggaz quote

Bitch never cook my coke! Why? Never trust a ho with your child

At you make believe rappers I smile! HA!

Canal Streetin' my style, like you internet sharing my files

You +My Space+ niggaz!

So kill the comparison, I'm South Beach sippin on sarafin

Royalty check nigga, I never been! Coke money clean through Merrill Lynch

Accountant just gasp at the smell of it! (Gasp!)

Meet the dealer, ain't a bitch realer

So you ain't gotta question why Pusha don't feel ya!

Now get the fuck off!

(Chorus: Pusha T)

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KIs, KIs open doors  
(Yeah)  
(Check it!)  
KIs open doors  
KIs, KIs open doors  
(Verse 2: Malice)  
Throw it on the scale, feed ya God damn self  
Get it how you live, we don't ask for help (No)  
Word on the street is you gon love how it melt  
And I don't come with a pitch neither, the shit sell itself!  
I yell Re-Up til I'm locked like Ma-Mia  
And get it cross the state with the grace of Maria  
Keep on toys, you gon know us when you see us  
Living street tales worthy of Don Divas  
KIs in the floor, mistress in Dior  
Bitch tell me she love me, but I know she's a whore  
Shit could get ugly, shit she talk to the Lord  
Its just what I get, its the roses of war  
Fuck the Bureau! Rather be spending Euros  
And get fed grapes, fuck hoes in plurals  
Just like Heaven as I gaze at the mural  
What a piece of mind when you copy some Shapiro's  
Cheers to the future as we toast to life  
I pre-? ing in Miami, I'm a socialite, nigga!  
The cars is big, the cribs is bigger  
The kids are happy, the perfect picture  
Gem Star razor, the fruit of my labor  
And I walk with a glow, it's like the Lord's shown favor  
These bitches fake like the hoes on +Flavor+  
But I don't mind spending, all it is is paper! Yes!(Chorus: Pusha T)  
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