

# You Might Die

Raekwon

Yo, at night time, reflection from the mural  
Federal bureau with ikes, did it all our lives  
We Swiss bankers, cream making in Australia  
Floss whales, we live, men, plus the son of the Mahalias  
Gold plated horse with the wooden face, catch me up grace  
Iceberg blanket, Queen Cheeba sheets  
The Giganti's, paparazzi nazi, elbow money  
Invisible glaciers, laying over rastas  
Let the stars know, the crescent is the blessing  
We came here to show and prove, make moves, for every dollar in the groove  
Rhymes that's imported, wore platinum kitchens and shit  
Niggas gave bitches, most got extorted

Yo, aqua swiss iceberg wrist, the chocolate swiss miss  
Love the Spanish kid, with the Starburst twist  
Marvelous, with the '59, 50 fitteds, matching the kicks  
That's crispier than Saint Nicolas fish  
Do take, niggas slipping the disk, Wop and Rae world premiere shit  
Like Sermon and Smith, homey, my sermom is swift  
I got them powerful verse, that if  
This was a church, the'll give a cripple person a lift  
And now he cripp walking, I ain't just talking  
I do this thing often, ask Kenyon Martin  
Last week, I gave his chain a bone  
And told him, take this with you to Boston (the kid's awesome)

From every borough to borough, every castle to castle  
We connect, put it down, and we ask you  
Real niggas rapidly past you, mumbling, come on  
Standing right in front of the building, son, nigga, you might die

Yo, I came across the Verrazano, to polly with Mr. Polly, himself  
Plus I need a pair of wally's with the cheddar melt  
Goat snake skin to coincide with the belt  
It's doe or die, baby, like Sosa, hold your penny up high

Aiyo, inkless colorless Aston, toast, nigga, post  
One of the finest made taylors to sow  
My medicine's growth, young popes, greatest of all time  
Spoke, who drove off, had sixty horses on post  
It's automatic magic, thirty kangols  
Understand, fabric spray at faggots, close  
The legacy's dying, fakers approach, hit him with the hater soap  
Clap at your gators and snatch your hoe

It's the 2 double 0 3, version of the Cold Crush  
And Force MC's, I'm bout to force mc's  
To get their weight up, yo Rae, I'm a DJ, and I'm still telling  
Rap cats, to step they game up, ain't that some shit, playaz?

Hahaha, yeah bulletproof armor tank shit, nigga  
P-9 material only, real niggas, Sing Sing style  
Word up

[Chorus x2]