

Counterfittin'

Raekwon

It's the spot, he knew what the fuck he do
Fuck I told you about coming in here, man
We told you not to wear, no them furs, man
Up in here man, them shits is fresh off the racks, idiot

So much haze we hitting, counterfittin' sit on the couch riffin
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Need more rovers in the building, for more bitches, to give out
Names getting bigger, these flames'll come out quick --
Fuck Crystal, Crug' is the new shit, drive up in the whip
Light a new L, I like the blue liquor
Chase it down, like a nigga chased out of town
Jakes got a nigga down, laced in lemon lounger
For all the Cash Rule niggas, what's up niggas
Get your money, be respectful, we'll flip niggas
Who try to diss Chef name, a war about to come
I put it on my son, I'm not falling today
I got my acres up, scrapped up, 'town's my baby boy
Watch me Ving Rhames your mother, so straighten up
Cuz Wu's back, matter fact, Chef's here, yeah
He got the best ear, I'm not saying it's true or wack, yo
I play mine "Rewind the Time", memorize a fine line
Jump out with old Nike's and fine Klein

[sample: x4] "I got to have it"

Stainless steel, kitchen mill', fishing, we steal bitches
Twenty four hour funny, long as it's no money
I sware on Shallah's tummy, yo, I stay swelled up
Yup, or stay jailed up, for robbing them round oney's
Murderers act nervous, black weed, giving the love back
To every nationality and black seeds, I stand
Mack squeeze, hit the best rapper alive standing
Yeah, yo, whoever, this is Black Jesus...

Yo, call me back, man, call me back, man
We here banging up, like, fucking, seventy ounces
Give it to these niggas out of town, you heard?