

Get Outta Here

Raekwon

Yeah, brolic shit, brolic shit, nigga
This billionaire rap, nigga
Ayo, ayo

The ring is nine carats up, I could shrug for bucks
Success, is it par, now boo, what's up?
Countin' and creepin', buried money, I smoke frequent
Pope with a dope, you know would beat me, kid
You played the vesses in the S's
My shooter named Jerome with Louis on restin,' lived successfully
Flying and puffing, the steering wheel cushion comfy
My pullers up, niggas would slump me
Still, we at the Mirage, seven suitcases is nothin'
My bitch can go here, she do the huntin', yo
Rob a few birds and skate with some ones, we bluntin'
These little trick niggas, watch who you front with
Playing Cedes in the 'Cedes
Gleamin' with the navy blue straddlers from Orchard to Black Macy's
Funds is monstrous, few grenades
We 40 drinkers, no chasers, up in sensation, on vacation

And lampin', shades down, peace to my niggas, all caged down
With devilishment around, I'm sending sage out
Grass is greener, the glass is cleaner
Dirty fingernails with guns fresh out of Medina
Tams in gooses
The old school version of the cool kids who stay strapped and trapped
where the tools live
Party where the jewels give it
Trunk loads of PCP, we sending this fucking message to DC!

It's like I'm stuck in that bill, bill
Confidential bodies in the projects over homi's who got spilled
Gold tassels, call my shooters the little rascals
Got Spanky, he fell for stymie to clap you
Automatic floors that spread apart
Emerald couches that get raised where the suede look better dark
Welcome to disco, pinky ring poppin' like Crisco
Marketing cocaine cookies, call it Nabisco
Cigarette lighters in pool halls, a bad bitch
An old jukebox playing that Lou Rawls
Nicky Barnes dope gets stretched out
Heroine addicts that OD, and still putting the rest out
Cotton Club money, gators is gummy
Dustin' off Donna Summers' LPs
Ali Frazier tickets in gold plaques
Bruce Lee, tenth-degree black-
belt actor, auction cost a hundred and 12 Gs