

Last Trip to Scotland

Raekwon

Yo
What up man
What's good
Gimme the joint man
Yea, nigga hold this money right here
We already got it knocked out ya know
Don't stress it
We good
"Niggaz got mad coke inside a Luvs... Luvs Pamper box nigga"
Ya niggaz is stupid

That nigga pussy doin pig Latin
He can't come to the hood
Might kill him off top up in the Staten
Son think he better than niggaz
I think his rebels is resentful
Tried to kill him in his rental
He had an Idi Amin approach
Hittin the roach, had a hunger face
He drove his mom's 7 in the ocean
He's a wild cowboy slangin' heron
Who rock a dead arm
Knock a DEA agent out his Chevron
All of his Eli's machette'd up stainless

Never heard nothing, all you hear is the guns bangin'
Rockin' pastel blazers with a shorty from Iceland
Who old dad put 'em up on white sand
Starving to make a wack debut he came through the lobby
Three culture Devilles with him, a whitey
This pathetic, braggin' monkey face faggot deaded
Comin' through the stairs with blow in his mouth, desperate
Watchin' him lookin' stupid, son know we on foot patrol
Come through the hole, niggaz is swoopin'
700 shots, all leather gloves, 6 thugs
Two had a mask on, they took 'em off what
We got you now nigga knowin' you down
Niggaz is foul, this is trauma king, by any means baow
They pushed his face in, fell out his Saconies
Snatched his homeys, took his Glock
You gonna be my Tenderonies?

Metal exchanges, the hoods a gun range
Everybody's a target, depending on how you aim
Dice games and ice chains, pennants spellin' your name
OG's settin' the wrong example, tellin' the same
Look at Shorty Shit Stain, grew up to be a fuckin' mess
Before his clique came
He banged and never tucked his chest
Project full of them thangs he caught the gun connect
Ridin' round with A and Lou, Nino when they want respect
Son cold, Nino want to show
Everybody know they straight shippin' hood bitches to the bungalow
Pillow talking led to birds talking
Chattin' bout what happened and when and where they comin' back in
Champagne slackin' traffickin' while they travel
Word got back at old time friends and snakes rattled

Two different 'burbans but the one that dropped the birds got tailed
Information for the ones who light the steel got mill.
Pussy power made the plans sour
Apartment full of party powder outside a stakeout for hours
Click clacks from big gats and rags
Soon as the door squeaks they runnin' up on the grass
BANG FLASH shots right on path, broken glass
Comedy of laughs while they haul ass with the bags
Legends in my hood play back
Twin Benz's whippin' in black
And that was like the old Maybach