

R.I.P.

Raekwon

Yeah, Yeah, You know how it go down nigga
Yeah, Yeah, Drop a fucking bracelet and shit
Preme, Happy B-Day, Word up
You got the masters in the building youknowwhatimsayin
Word up, Chef, B-Real, Check it, Yo

This the business, A strong wind thrust, I been this
Drank with the worm in the bottle, I sense this
Coming to change games, Lanes just opened, It's on
Call my brother, Lets move, We joined forces
Grab the horses, La Familia, I feel ya
Let cruise yo for Miss Ecilia
I got my brother the fly pirrono, Pizzano
We puff grass, Get cash, And swap condos
Yeah, Under the building gun flash
Your arm cost a hundred mil, Fuck master
Yo, Mad successful, The masher, The break jaw blaster
Wrapped up in a World way hashed up
Gwap paper, The vacaters
The Lakers gave us enough paper to buy Rockefeller Plaza
The combo is awesome
He's Supreme Magnetic I'm Rakim, Who wants some

(Gun range) Take aim and bang
(Too many slang from where I came)
So I hit the block ready to rock like cocaine
(Single shot from the glock, Body drop from the pain)
This the gun range, Take aim and bang
(It's a shame, These bullets ain't got no name)
So either it's over beats, Or over these streets
(Mop'n you is murder may you rest in peace)

I see you hate'n any time I make a stack
But down fall bitches like you pray for that
You need a life but you ain't really made for that
We steal your shine like a kleptomaniac
Me I go like G.I. Joe, See I blow, My enemy, He die slow
The weed I grow, Gift from the seed I sold
I'm stone cold but coming with the heat I know
I'm from the Hill where green thumb reign supreme
It don't matter if you and your boys hate my team
And it ain't none of your biz how I make my cream
The pain I've seen nothing to the pain I bring
I lean back like Joe for a beef or peace
Either way, I'm getting cream and my pocket's obese
I'll eat you fuckers for breakfast and make room for lunch time
Your name is a joke, I'll make you a punch line

I come from the Hill where it's real, I've seen real
Dollar bills fall out the trees like free meals
Guns get bought like E pills
How can I see bills, And Granny in a crib worth three mil

We hit the bottom and tap'n the bottle
You try to follow me and I promise you'll be tips of hollow
Swallow the fire water, Tomorrow you'll never see it
Got the Chef cooking the venom, Send em to another meeting with death

Your stressed out looking for another savior to save your life
From the killers with the ill behavior
The neighbor that's no good, Take over your whole hood
Leave you in a puddle of blood, I hope it's understood

[Chorus]