

Revory (Wraith)

Raekwon

Bubble Goose, smokin' bubble kush
The Uzis is navy blue, a couple coupes
Satan around, stackin' suckers, save the truce
Mansions before these niggas, we done, we deucin'
Crackin' fish in the Ritz Carlton, take a piss
69 floors up, sparklin' Cris'
Moneybags stacked in duvet sheets
Few strange freaks follow the Wraiths
Walk through the gates, nigga
Pyrex Cubano connection
New York Mexicans, they call us the team for smugglin' wet shit
The Al Pacinos of rap, yep, they planned it with me
Pass the baguette, gold Louis phone, hand it to me
Raised a million champs, this is our civilian's lamp
Furless sweats, stay in jets, kill a billion camps
Pussy niggas get strangled fast
Still I'm cool on the fast, rockin' the grill of glass
Desert boot on, countin' a million cash
This is all I ask for, love is fair war, let's build the masses
Sittin', boat sailin', scenic routes, catch the quotes
Young, armed and dangerous couple posters
I'm like known in a couple coasts
Rae and Ghost, familiar with us? Raisin' ghosts

I'm hearin' how these niggas plottin'
Madame sleepin' on Egyptian cotton
Miles Davis vinyl still spinnin'
I've been to Freaknik, I've been livin'
You see the Bentley and we smokin' in the parking lot
Contract killers so we rarely talk a lot
Guisseppes and my weapon when you see me steppin'
10th grade education with a MAC-11
The definition of a renaissance
Twice a day I change watches, chains and the charms
Tatted on my back, chest and my palms
Then it's me and Diddy, dice games at the Palms
Blew a mil' in cash just to let the bitches watch
Take her down to the lobby, get the bitch a watch
Tinted windows, smokin' with a screw face
Black hoodies on, bullies think it's Wu-Tang
Barry White blarin' in the white Benz
Runnin' like I had a curly perm back then
It's Rozay and I'm 40 up
Pink Belaire in a nigga's cup

Ayo jumpin' out the shower, jewels on, heated up
Fluffy Polo towels in Melbourne, gettin' it
Hands is ashy, cash keep comin', dice hand like Lil Poo
Young god bowlin' with thunder
Bettin' bricks out at the Knicks came with Cubans from Biscayne
Burnin' the Castro cigars with a big flame
Godfather coats and hard bottoms
Everything down to cribs, hoes and gear, we got 'em
It's the lean team, Medellín chains
Shop niggas like fresh fruit, like old grand earth, can of green beans
We'll cut you and you and you, nigga
This is me, Rae and Wraith, box cutters on cruise, nigga