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 Guiseppes 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