

Treasurers

Raekwon

Hahahaha... ahhhh, do it nigga, there, you should fucking...
Fucked up New York Yankee hats on fronting
Niggas know Cuban Linx when they hear it nigga
Huh... I'm the muthafucking Ali of the game, bitch

When I sat back and crafted Cuban, it was a classic
When you told me you had giant beef, we brought the hatchet
What it is niggas, gangstas that live in the grizz'
Play the kitchen, coke bagging, this the life that we is
What it is, daddy, slow heart stepping, plus repping
Blinging necking, our fucking regime, protect it
That's right faggots, turning into actresses
Niggas is soft, wack, and broke, what packages?
Yeah, yeah-yeah, call it how I see it, this is all metamorphic
Awkard, walk with the four-fifth
This is all crack money, cli-clack, move back homey
You will get a quick slap, we rap, not now money
What up, what up, peace, incarcerated scarfaces
Stay on the end, with dip dodge, play the yard chasing
Paper, this is like everyday street caper
Me flying offa ya face, yo, you can eat later

We the treasurers of getting cake, big jewelry swinging
Wth the long chains on, my nigga, you know we heavyweights
Feds latch on us, we catch amnesias
We rich, stay clean, looking, rocking dark caesers

Nigga Chef back, wood back, he in the good Ac'
What's hood, me in your hood, we got the good crack
Don't violate me, I hate, I'm like Star and Buc
In the morning, I'm mourning, wild on the fake, yo
Stay dropping bracelets, cases of Cryst' and Cru'
Don't even move duke, take off your shoes
We hardbody action packed, keep a baboon
The jewels is back, with strappers on, come take it
Shoebox with nothing but hash, alotta old ass
Wallies is off the meat rack, splash
Nigga, Diamond down, moving like China Town
Me and forty-five mad real niggas, we light clowns up now