

# Walk Wit Me

Raekwon

[sniff] Yo, boo, calm down, man  
Chill 'fore you break your nose, man  
What up, what up, king (yo what's going on?)  
(Yo, oh, who the fuck is this?)  
(Yo, walk this bitch outta here, man)  
(Her hands is all white and shit, looking all crazy)  
Fingerprints all over the refrigerator  
Yo, girl, chill chill, come on, man  
Just give me papi number, man, for real, man, you playing

I'm on the crisp blue yacht, with my hand on the twat  
With a Commodore CD, a bottle of stock  
On a green rug, GG's on it, a mean snub  
Bad little Asian, named Asia, my love  
Had connects, plus fame favorite flick, Black Rain  
Pinky finger rocked up, giving me brain  
Like Grizelda's little flame, ran with her for forty months  
Came home, her estate was insane  
Vuitton toilet paper, Polo walls, Jimmy Choo  
Pots and pans, this broad had a horse  
Cash it in, yo, Masta, live with me, take it all  
You can have whatever, five hundred leathers  
Bruno Mag' sweaters, Gucci rain boots  
Brook Brothers, New Eras, jew killers  
New line sponsored by fellas, catch 'em in the hall balling  
I thought about it, whatever

(Walk with me) Relax and get your facts right  
(Walk with me) You know we only getting cash in the fast life  
(Walk with me) Living, giving my all, I give it back, right  
(Walk with me) We die, we die together, this the last night

CNN watching, ESPN friend  
Coat shopping, lochness, smothered up, god damn  
Boo living it good, Aspen, the color of wood  
On the outside, vibe is good  
Knowing I'm hood, I should, escape project life  
Run with my rifle, live in the woods  
Grow a rugged beard, and chill, poppa real  
Poppa eat, poppa a rolling stone, for real  
This the deal, chill, this how we live in the Hill  
Kill a nigga for me, kill or be killed  
Share that money and still, when it's time to reveal  
You never met me, but respect me, you will  
Dinosaur wheels we peel, skated with the fly seals  
She broke out, died in Brazil  
Met her younger cousin Nil', you looking for birds, right?  
Yeah, my cousin said you real, you gotta

Oh shit, gold slagger in the gold dagger in a gold Acura  
A gold Phantom pulled up, yo, go backwards  
They had a package on 'em, hold half a bit, it's half rough  
But still, I got me forty traffickers

Riding through Manhattan tough, got my mavericks up  
We on, rolling thirty deep in the gadget trucks  
Spending magic bucks, fuck around, get an Aston truck  
Fly around, fucking actress sluts  
We been clashing with the masses, what  
Put the gasses up, flame 'em out his lab, splash him up  
That's how we get it on, that's what's up  
Don't ever wrassle us, you might get shackled in your castle, what  
Play with the boys, that's the stuff  
I'm talking bout, niggas they die, faster than a pastor fuck  
Seeing 'em mourn me, flash a buck  
Pull a bulb out, like Con Ed, keep it on a massive hush

Come on, man, word up, let 'em talk  
Put this bag out, and after that, take it to heed  
Man, I see you in a minute, chill  
You got to lay on the other side of the fucking wall for you  
Word up, this the nigga face, man, I only got four million, man  
Straight up, last thing I heard, the nigga grandmother was in Argentina  
I want her too, for real, for real, we ain't playing no games, man  
The nigga like to shop and floor shine  
He stay on 44th, catch the nigga by Delancey, too  
For real, I got his baby pictures and everything  
Word up, his cousin, his cousin is a security guard at Barnes/Nobles  
For real, his little nephew, his little nephew work in the  
Muthafucking fish store  
Up in, 138th and Harlem, man...  
This all the money for today, man  
A lot of paper came in today, a lot of Franklins  
Bring the other bag, son, yeah, hold it, huh  
Toaster head nigga, get the fuck off of me