We Will Rob You

Raekwon

Who the hell teaches you kung fu?
Your master must be an ignorant idiot as well!

(Uncle Ricky, would you read us a bedtime story?)
Nah kid, but I'm a give you one them old Raekwon crime joints
Feel me? We will, we will...
We will, we will - here we go

Well it was late one night, walking through the park
With my leathered down coat and wallabee Clarks
Getting my step on, big shit, big six, big wrist
So much excitement in the air, I was crisp
Money suitcase, Louis joint (yo, Rae, I'm a get some shit just like yours!)
Go make it happen, black God and get rich
Saw the D's fly by, in a New Yorker, yup, tints and shit
They made a right on me, them last two dicks
Know I seen 'em, Max loaded, jog right back to the car
They spun around again and blast they shits
I dropped a Backwood, a puff and then a 6-4-5
You'se a live nigga, you almost smashed yo shit
I'm a don my way out the bitch, moving through the car
Nice and slow, two hoodies on and a golden pit
Nigga had a white eye, they both blacked down
What's the clown shit for? The dog jumped in the whip
It was a trained one, wops pointed at me (yo, nigga, freeze)

I told the Chef Raekwon, pump the breaks
Slow it down, you know these C-Cypher Punks scanned your plates
Release the seatbelt off the shoulders, a mile ahead
Then the vibe got a lot colder when the marksman said
"Black niggas in the Jeep, get the fuck out the car"
"Put your hands where my eyes can see or suffer a scar"
He was a veteran, who kept, pepper spray in the cannister
Donut shop lounger, thirty eight brandisher
On top of that, the blunt smoke just rang a bell
Of his bloodhound who had an acute sense of smell
Beef tripping, saliva dripping from razor sharp teeth
That was pointy as the daggers of the Indian Chiefs
Same cops known for exorting pimps and booking whores
Aimed glocks at me and Rae, cause they was looking for
A few MC's wanted for a string of break-ins
Last seen, wearing long minks and snakeskins

We will, we will, rob you
We will, we will, glock you
We will, we will, what? who? (not you)
Here we go...

You know my Clan done ran from Japan to Atlanta
With stamina, peace to Chef, Mr. Meth
Move it on your left, with the Iron Lung breath
Ghostface Kill', U-G I'll
Deck so real, Dr. Ason Unique, the medic
Ahh, Allah Just, The Abbott, ya'll niggas can't forget it
You might catch a Cap if your shit ain't Street
Allah Mathematics make the cypher complete
See knowledge is the foundation of existence

To know starts the spark of the flow
Wisdom activation of the Nation moving
Wise words, show and prove or understand the 13 letters
And the Masta, culture be the way of life
Freedom is reward, who will pay the price for the power
Spending hour after hour, preparing his self
For the hour, now look how refined
When the mind and body is one, every part of me
Supreme equality, manifest the nature of self
G-O-D, now build and add on to the truth
Destroy the bullshit, born incomplete

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