

Weed, Pt. 2

Raekwon

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Extra gats, massive workers, some come home and collapse
Witness the style, profile, whillin, floating with spliffs
Dinosaur fifths, they all got style with it

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Rocking raw pour genuine fabric, Know how to puff Arabic black
Donna trip, Slap a bitch, Drive nothing but sevens
Eleven of us, Hot legends that will pop for the record
All about trips, flipping bricks, mingling
Gleaming in your whore face, jump out, what up bitch, trick bli
nging
Hitting Cristal and coffee, yelling get up off me
You want war, fuck it, give em all of me
For all the young coke buyers and triers, live wires
Nice niggas down at the offerings yo
It's nothing, came at ya'll niggas like what an
Skating in the H2 eye, pop the button
Flash that million dollar hand, he clan
He came through, fisherman hat, weather channel on
Lampin that fly dirty leather I got on, blampted