

Baggin Crack

Raekwon

Chopping like a lumberjack, up in the gate
One plate, a rock on the table, moving that flake, yeah
Fiends start hitting my shit, paranoid
He got the convoy all up in his crib, one nigga sick, fuck it
Let's get this money, got the razor, clack it in my jean jacket
A little scale, some baggies and a mean ratchet
Now I start bagging away, fiends is coming, yo
Took off my shirt, murked that-a-way
How many you want, like seventeen, shit's is golden, daddy
Play your part little soldier, better beaming
Now we start blazing the place, coke all on my skin
Eyes is burning, now I'm wiping my face
This shit's good, right? Best in the town
My little Dominican man and them, blessed me
Big prices, let me wrestle them down
Keys is like twenty a joint, for you, give me fourteen
Flood 'em with dimes, and give your niggas joints
Suge Knight the building, take the town over, then I woke up
It's blood on my left thumb, I bagged over
Now I start start casing the crib, bassing
(Yo, yo) Eighty a gram, kicked off the PlayStation
Now the whole lab is mine, first niggas was lying
Mad hundreds start rolling in line
Yo, the shit's love, shakes in a dimensional caps
You want sick love, buy like one invincible pack
You get this stuff, you gon' see residuals back
You just a dig-dug, you can't even hit me with facts
I just bugged on 'em, played the rug on 'em
Two for nine, you my nigga, got love for 'em
We hit it in the process, ahh yes, and this is destined
Flashback to his culture, he Mexican
You all that, slick politician with your raw rap
You can sell from anywhere to jail, nigga, fall back
You be stashing shit all in the mailboxes, all that
You just as real as the niggas on the call back

Yo, son, relax, man, we got a lot of G to choose, son
For real, man, here go four more, man, word up, man
Go wash your hands, man, word up, man
Go pour me some juice or something
Word up, man, come see me though, for real, for real
Yellowback in rap in here, muthafucking...