

Big Spender

Raekwon

"Hey big spender!"

Yo, let the slugs fly, thug status, still camera shy
Elevate to get money and still scramble lah
Get drunk, start wildin', old young niggas with talent
Gold on me and my ho's look violent
Live bitches, five sixes, flick it up, flyin' pictures
More flips now, niggas is dipped different
Renegades, Escalades, all fly ladies in shades
Get the best of me, bless me on stage
Drop your jerseys all year round, I'm here now
Merlot in a glass, smoke a hundred bad, pop you with a pair of pounds
Toss money, no laws, pop you with a pair of pounds
Sauce money, no loss, pop you with a pair of pounds
Own towns, niggas is grown now, we got it sown now
Jumpin' out the whip, gunnin' a four now
Yo, extra careful, when we home, now
It's like a ghost town, the Narc's got the shit sowed down, come on

Spit it for my niggas that's locked up
Six hundred Benz, kid, rocked up
Up in the club, close the bar when we popped up
Got a forty cal' thirty shot glock up
And I'm warning ya'll shit about to pop off
Shorties in the club, take ya tops off
Yo, it's an art to rhyming
Ya'll niggas can crush a stone, try crushin' a Diamond

Yo, it' the great adventures of Lex, checks on me Air Force vet's
Yo, supply the whole hood with the wet
I love money, pa, spend that kid, yeah, it's the 600 Benz cat
Rimmed up, bout to bring the brims back
Terri cloth, Rudolph joints, valor pockets, Mr. G-Off
D or Cavalier robes, we see ya'll
Cash that'll put 'em order, you little fishes
Ain't big enough for Icewater, paralyze the right corner
Staten Island assailant, call Malinari now
Hand him that, we about to take sons cabinet
Chef got it genuine style, pink verizen with the great logic
Hands is like the Ali project
Wolves of Shaolin, we look good hooded up
One tough challenge, rough 'em up, bring out his raw talents
Money maker, send them to us
Remember the symbol, the Gods got the paper, now you with us, let's go

Aiyo, speak up, we up, villains in the beat truck
Unique luck, leafed up, playin' in the suite, feet up
Come here, boo, just feel it, locked down, niggas can hear it
Blazin' in PJ's, it's time, let the I'll reveal it, yo
Wall to wall jump off's, fly shorty, live sneakers and speakers
Makin' sure the vibe ain't corny, yo
Scarface kids, kings only
Jail heads know me, Chef got it locked, my block
We got more to rag you with, black, come through, kid
Park Hill Projects, send him through, mashin' it, step
No Hollywood, yeah dear, more paper, more acres
To sell on, we all got it fresh, from raw tapes

The kid that traveled the world
All this came from the lobby, I took it to Japan from curbs
Yo, swindlers transformin' to ninjas, injure anything
Remember all my mans, is when we spendin', we the...

Ha ha, ha ha, yeah
Word up, yeah, we back
It's on, word up...