

Blood On Chefs Apron Freestyle

Raekwon

Ayo, No matter how we come off, We come off hard
Chanel robes on with the vision of God
Rifles, The new Kevlars, Under the projects
Lead stars, Blow a hole in your leg and dodge
Vipers is the niggas you can't trust
Pawns'll run up, Horns on they foreheads what's up
Crack bag'n, No riches no bitches
See the power of the spoon we twist'n
Turn'n, Burn that coke up, We did a deal with Pyrex
The drug dealers want me to vote
Pay extra, Extra want an interview
Two million texts, Where the fuck's Cuban Linx II
Chill, Perriami, Rarely catch the kid outta character
This is why my flow is scary
It break jaws if you can't say it, The World is yours
Slice her the gravy, Your girl applauds
My dick goes to her, You be a man get your grands up
This is why my rap thing blew up
Realistically, Nobody realer then the kid be
Wrist glists like Mr. T, Sure I did
Rappers be aware I'm coming, It's like a snow storm bout to hit
Check it out the checks is coming, You the new I'm the old
Dress better, S. cheddar, Blow'n on some motherfucking Yukon Gold
I said it, Meant it, Spent it, Been there
Did it ten times, This is why my rhymes is vintage