

# Die Tonight

Raekwon

Yeah, yeah!  
What up, son?  
Oh, word?  
You fuckin' with her, right?  
Uh, that bitch is crazy, B  
She do anything, nigga  
That bitch eat cookies in the bed and all that shit, man  
Be careful, man - word up, man  
Aight?  
Hold it down, hold it down, one

So when it's over, we demandin' our weapons  
Stop, cock, shoot - now I'm in the Ghost of perfections  
Smooth Willie chillin' with his Spartans  
Park in front of your bitch, squeeze her tits, move aside, pardon  
Paid niggas don't talk, just straight to the bar  
Buy the whole shit out, then light up a bark  
Colorful kings, wardrobes is different from yours  
You don't want no beef, better take it to Moe's  
Put the drink on the side and said "what?"  
My mans with the turban on mouth froze, y'all niggas is fucked  
He was my son out of Gun Hill, I know him through Tek  
If it's the last thing we do we gon' get at his neck  
Bartender give me the check, keep him right here, I'll be back  
Now everybody knowin' I'm connected  
Hopped in the Seven, left 57 on my wools  
This is personal... niggas don't fret

One more man gon' die tonight  
One more hand gon' rob tonight  
If it's a M on the table I'm down  
Yo, don't be yappin' off at the mouth  
When niggas don't see through the round  
One more man gon' die tonight  
One more hand gon' rob tonight  
If it's a M on the table I'm down  
Yo, don't be yappin' off at the mouth  
When niggas don't see through the round

Eatin' Kentucky Fired, lucky guy, him and his kid  
From the first bite a bullet would've flew through his wig  
Beast move, chill, wait for the kids  
Older nigga not that stupid - I see the gun on his rib  
Fuckin' catch him by the crib, yo, he live with his whiz  
She the bow-legged stripper bitch we fingered and lived  
For a buck she will guzzle your kids  
And let you kick it to him, pour a Heineken up in this shit  
This wack-ass nigga frontin', he actin' all bitch  
Behind the walls, niggas pissed on him, gave him the biz  
Just a tough guy frontin' 'cause he famous and shit  
Back in '89, baby crimes, rapin' some shit  
We should've killed him then...  
He dusted, look at his piff  
I should've milked him right there and then  
Fuck it, son - yo, guzzle the gin  
Let's make the movie occur, then blow up in the spur, yellin' "win"

[Hook]