

## R.I.P.

Raekwon

Yeah, Yeah, You know how it go down nigga  
Yeah, Yeah, Drop a fucking bracelet and shit  
Preme, Happy B-Day, Word up  
You got the masters in the building youknowwhatimsayin  
Word up, Chef, B-Real, Check it, Yo

This the business, A strong wind thrust, I been this  
Drank with the worm in the bottle, I sense this  
Coming to change games, Lanes just opened, It's on  
Call my brother, Lets move, We joined forces  
Grab the horses, La Familia, I feel ya  
Let cruise yo for Miss Ecilia  
I got my brother the fly pirrono, Pizzano  
We puff grass, Get cash, And swap condos  
Yeah, Under the building gun flash  
Your arm cost a hundred mil, Fuck master  
Yo, Mad successful, The masher, The break jaw blaster  
Wrapped up in a World way hashed up  
Gwap paper, The vacaters  
The Lakers gave us enough paper to buy Rockefeller Plaza  
The combo is awesome  
He's Supreme Magnetic I'm Rakim, Who wants some

(Gun range) Take aim and bang  
(Too many slang from where I came)  
So I hit the block ready to rock like cocaine  
(Single shot from the glock, Body drop from the pain)  
This the gun range, Take aim and bang  
(It's a shame, These bullets ain't got no name)  
So either it's over beats, Or over these streets  
(Mop'n you is murder may you rest in peace)

I see you hate'n any time I make a stack  
But down fall bitches like you pray for that  
You need a life but you ain't really made for that  
We steal your shine like a kleptomaniac  
Me I go like G.I. Joe, See I blow, My enemy, He die slow  
The weed I grow, Gift from the seed I sold  
I'm stone cold but coming with the heat I know  
I'm from the Hill where green thumb reign supreme  
It don't matter if you and your boys hate my team  
And it ain't none of your biz how I make my cream  
The pain I've seen nothing to the pain I bring  
I lean back like Joe for a beef or peace  
Either way, I'm getting cream and my pocket's obese  
I'll eat you fuckers for breakfast and make room for lunch time  
Your name is a joke, I'll make you a punch line

I come from the Hill where it's real, I've seen real  
Dollar bills fall out the trees like free meals  
Guns get bought like E pills  
How can I see bills, And Granny in a crib worth three mil

We hit the bottom and tap'n the bottle  
You try to follow me and I promise you'll be tips of hollow  
Swallow the fire water, Tomorrow you'll never see it  
Got the Chef cooking the venom, Send em to another meeting with death

Your stressed out looking for another savior to save your life  
From the killers with the ill behavior  
The neighbor that's no good, Take over your whole hood  
Leave you in a puddle of blood, I hope it's understood

[Chorus]