

Whatever, Whenever

Raekwon

Yeah...
Fly shit, man
Word up, man
It's that old motherfuckin' laid back and...
Leanin' back on that good old alpaca
In the back of the vehicle and shit
Countin' up motherfuckin' 68 thousand
Two motherfuckin' vests on the floor
Got mad reefer in the ash tray
Police put 17 cars away
You already know, man, shit is realer

Threw on the Harley leather sheepskin gloves, my Beretta
'Bout to hit the ghetto, hard-body bring the kettle
Niggas is drinkin' and gamblin', all you see is hammers in my corner
Champion sweats, hoes in pajamas
7-50 new blue, this is my lady
She stay playin' suits, mad cute, two 3-80s
And her cousin, a police who live in the east
I knew him from the fifth grade, he definitely a beast
A thug smugglin' cop who live in the 'hood
Plus he rock a lot of Carhartttt, Braveheart, die hard
The day I seen him, was the day they tried to rob him
They pulled out a flare gun, they shot out his charger
Yo, beast started simmerin' at dice games and pubs
Niggas runnin' up in alleyways gettin' mugged
Niggas lucky, 'cause them other niggas butt
I sat back, calm as fuck, enter the conference

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Show 'em how we position, all of the shit glisten
Stones flooded the Smith &, liquor, I'm reminiscing
Fiends are still sniffin', sons are still in prison
My pen is still scriptin' all of them ghetto visions

They gave me the contract, came where Moms is at
Left a Audi 8-6 in the driveway with the mack
Felt like young Bond, Tom Forrest, slacks and metal lenses
Two polaroid pictures in front of his brother's Benzes
His sisters was some hustlin' dykes, bullyin' niggas
Ridin' around, mollied up, plus suspended licenses
Hit the stash box - right there, a hundred in cash
Left a blue steel muzzle in the glove box, yikes
4: 40 that morning, it's foggy, I'm under the Gotti
Louis jumper jacket, huntin' hat, cocky
Mad 'cause I ain't fuck that morning
I had a Korean-Malaysian black sister with a thunder back ridin' me
Made it to the balcony part
Tossed the rope around the big lion head statue,
Climbed up remarkably
Right by the window, they there

Took a glance through, they covered in Versace covers,
Fuckin' in the mirror
Couldn't see the faces, heard the moans
Drawers hung off the chair, cocked the chrome
Emptied the barrel, all you saw was goose down flyin'
The trigger felt like wind, it was two bitches lyin' there...

[Bridge]