

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

Whatever, whenever

Just keep that thing up on you

Wherever, whenever

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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]