

R.A.G.U. (Feat. Raekwon)

Ghostface Killah

Hold it!
Now you get out of here, I'm warning you
(You bastards can't push us around, wanna fight?)
I'll take you on[Raekwon]
That nigga's twisted
Stop playing with that clip man
Close them fucking blinds too man, ya know what I'm saying?
Yo Don my man, get out of the stove man
Get away from the stove nigga
Stop playing man, the fuck is you talking 'bout? I'm in the crib watching Larry King Live, the new Gucci's on
Refrigerator, smoking some kush, this nigga's a lighter
Swisher, becoming a roach, go get the glass ashtray
Pour the glass of Crut, tap the bottle then toast
Barrie took a sip for the cause, yeah my son
Soon to be 3, tried to fill his bottle then run
Then I got a collect call, heard niggas down the block is fighting
Some nigga got, knifed up brawling
Heard the kid was 19, Lil' Infinity too
His father worked up at the dealer he loved boo
They tried him for his Louis', son wasn't having it though
Yeah, yeah my nigga, the color of glue
Decided on a intervene, guess who tried to wild on me my nigga
This is like out of the blue
I'm in the Range stretch, jumped out, tucked the chain
Proceded to talk to him, then you heard the heavy face slap
Think I broke my wrist, now I'm at the hospital vexed
Fucked up my writing hand, that's my check
Now I wanna kill this lil' nigga true
Only thing that stop my gun flaming cause he related to you[Ghostface]
Who? He ain't related to me
Just that I knew him for like 18 years until he violated, stealing my gear
If my lil' homey, yo he eat anything for me
Send him uptown, he get bagged, yo he never call me
Come home and still blow cats for me
Pump crack, stabbing all them hoodrat shorties
A live gunslinger well known, born to dance
When the heat is on, Stapleton days, shoot himself in the groin
The gun went off, it looked like a flick
When he fell to the floor, holding his nuts, screaming "God dammit"

Shit I put one in my balls, what the fuck y'all looking at me for?
Call the police, do something
Motherfuckers standing around, watch when I get better
All hell's gonna be terror
Death to you, you," he pointed at Red
I said chill that's fam duke
He put real work in that make you cute, fuck that
But anyway son indeed, he stole two Polo rugbies
Swore to his dead mother, I couldn't take it
Yo Lord I knocked out his teeth
Now he's rocking those false joints like everything's peace

Songwriters

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