

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

Proceeded 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

BACHARACH, BURT F/DAVID, HAL/COLES, DENNIS/WOODS, / PHILLIPS, PETER OPublished by
Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other
patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>