Wyld in Da Club

Raekwon

Don't take it personal, it's only music
Holla at me, yo, yo, ice water, yo, yo, yo, yoTry me, PC'll put a clip in a nigga
Fuck a hole, my bullets'll dig a ditch in a nigga
Listen, I've been reppin', only pack big weapons
One shot to the stomach, you missin' ya midsectionI'm off the wall, dog, I could off ya balls
Stick his ass to the rooftop, toss 'em off
Hit the ave with the rooftop off the porch
I get money 'cuz it costs to floss, nigga you feelin' me?And if not then fuck what you gotta deal with me
I'm only here for a minute but haters wanna get rid of me
PC creep with at least three heats
And a shotgun stashed underneath the backseatsYou niggas actin' like you don't feel a draft
You seen ya man, tell him I'ma kill his ass
And I don't, wanna talk I want a mill in cash
I come through 'tards shittin', lookin' ill in the past'Cuz it's the, ice water, don't get it confused
And one false move'll cause me to spit at you dudes
It's stumic, motherfucker and I'm pickin' ya food
And ain't no one out you know that my niggas'll do youLet's spit on 'em, rush these niggas
[Incomprehensible] dead with a punctured liver
Only kid in the hood with a mustard ninja
Heard you broke down good, well I fucked ya sisterEh yo we wyld in da club, style in the club
This is for my niggas gettin' down in the club
At the bar throwin' down rounds in the club
Talk slick and get the four pound in ya mugYo we wyld in da club, style in the club
This is for my niggas gettin' down in the club
At the bar throwin' down rounds in the club
Talk slick and get the four pound in ya mugYo I keep my gun on me, what the fuck y'all want from me?
Y'all touch my property somebody gon' die, uh huh
This ain't no joke, it's for real, my niggas they totin' they steel
All it takes is a phone call and they ready to rideEh yo the cards are dealt, the words are spoken
Nigga, welcome to the hell, the gates is open
Gatekeeper, first degree murder through the speaker
Who deep enough to flow with the reaper?Stuck in the middle, I spit a little riddle
Leavin' niggas crippled, my niggas ball 'em like Kerry Kittles
You niggas makin' it hard, it's really kinda simple
If a nigga gotta pull it out I'm puttin' it in ya templeOfficial I do this, rude maneuver
I use the rugers to keep the bullets movin' through ya
Weak anatomy, fuck the small talk and flattery
Ya power is weak, to beef you need much more batteriesKeep it genetic, or dead it, ice water inc we said it
Whoever so-called did it or said it, promote it and spread it

Fake it or front it, get ambushed and confronted
With slugs in ya head, back, chest and stomachNiggas don't want it or ask for it, so we give it to 'em dead in the club
And let them things spit and rip through 'em dead in the club
Is you gon' fuck around and be the nigga dead in the club?Eh yo we wyld in da club, style in the club
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Talk slick and get the four pound in ya mugEgyptian look, gazelles on, L's lit, this how it's goin' down
Ski mask, channel shit, move like a terrorist click
Nineteen eighties babies, worldwide, ya girl on our dickAll you know is Rae look good, he hood, envision the flips
I make money like them niggas who take money
Fresh out the can, Duran look, astro van
The ill Castro, rap son of SamMore rugers, more bow and arrows still no losers
Forty five dollars ahead, I go at niggas shootin' lyrical leads
Stop absorbin', break shit knock that gay shit out ya headWyld in da club, style in the club
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