# Spot Rusherz

## Raekwon

Yeah
One-two, one-two, nigga
Line for line, line for line
How we get down wit' da rhyme
Yo, it be a line for line, line for line
This is how we get down
Yeah, line for line, line for line
This is how we get downYo, Can you feel me?
Storytellin' rap Magellan I ain't tellin'
Them niggaz ran in the spot for sellin'
Word up, pushed up, man got mushed up
Seen him at a rap show actin' like fat cat though
Glasses gold, shinin' like a real big boy
This nigga had mega ice on Chips Ahoy!
Cat surrounded, this political brown kid
All out the wind yo, my man walked in
Pullin' mints out son had mad clientele
Order me Cristal twice Kion, chillWatch them niggaz, aiyyo that clique's from outta state
They bubble weight in Far Rockaway with Blake Carrington
You know the kid with the most doe-getters
And terrors on fat shit clique they rock Lo sweaters
That's my man, that's my man too
Call him up on the strength of the Wu
And watch me game, yo grab the cell
I got a heist to pull off well
At the end of the week, I'm buyin' you a L
Lexus nigga, I ain't talkin' 'bout Hancock
No time for weed plus no time to get lockedThat night, up in the staircase
Cousin had me laced out, skeed all outta my face
We gon' get dat cruchy chump for all of his lump
Don't try to front, you was sweatin' this Hilfidiger
Guess who walked in, Abbott and his man from Farragut
Confront him wit the Ruger on his back, walk in black
Where's your man, where's the sky blue Land at?
Stop playin' Wu in the back, smacked him wit' the gat
(Yo, money said he be here in fifteen!)
Stop lyin', wait for the Millenia green to pull up
He got the Donna Karen shit on, two rings
Six carats a piece plus the chain swingLike anchors on ships flooded wit' all diamond chips

Back pockets, two clips, four-fifths wit' rubber grips
Layin', two bottles of brass I was slayin'
Meditatin', red dot be waitin' for my payment
Heard the key in the lock, cocked the glock
Turn the lights out, dip behind the couch
Kion, gag his mouth
Infra-redded his head when he entered
But a soft Perry Ellis leather with Dorinda
A friend of, Kion's wife, Kenya, the bitch larger than lifeYo, shorty be fuckin' mad Columbian niggaz
Fuck it, get on the floor meet the black Lex Luthor
Stripped fast, the bitch had on Claiborne drawers
Yo Rae, you about to scrape her, chill Ghost
Thought for a second, turned around
Threw the nine in his meatloaf
Yo, where's the cash and the stash that's mixed?
I don't know
Shot his hand, he started screamin' like a bitch

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