

Last Trip To Scotland (feat. Lloyd Banks)

Raekwon

That nigga pussy doin' pig Latin
He can't come to the hood
Might kill him off, top up in the Staten
Son think he better than niggas
I think his rebels is resentful, tried to kill him in his rental
He had an Idi Amin approach, hittin' the roach
Had a hunger face, he drove his mom's 7 in the ocean
He's a wild cowboy slangin' heron who rocked the dead on
Knock a DEA agent on his Chevron
All of his Eli's machette'd up stainless
You never heard nothin', all you hear
is the guns bangin'
Rockin' pastel blazers with a shorty from Iceland
Who old dad put 'em up on white sand
Starvin' to make a whack debut, he came through the lobby
Three culture Devilles with them a whitey
This pathetic, ragged monkey face faggot daddy
Comin' through the stairs with blow in his mouth, desperate
Watchin' him lookin' stupid, son know we on foot patrol
Come through the hole, niggas is swoopin'
700 shots, all leather gloves, 6 thugs
Two had a mask on, they took 'em off, what?
We got you now nigga, knowin' you down
Niggas is foul, this is trauma king, by any means blaow
They pushed his face in, fell out as saconies
Snatched his homies, took his glock
You gon' be my tenderonies?
Metal exchanges, the hoods, the gun range
Everybody's a target, dependin' on how you aim
Dice games and ice chains, pendants spellin' your name
OG's settin' the wrong example, tellin' the same
Look at shorty shit stain, grew up to be a fuckin' mess
Before his clique came, he banged and never tucked his chest
Closets full of them things, he caught the gun connect
Ridin' 'round with A and Lou, Nino when they want respect
Son cold, Nino want to show
Everybody know they straight shippin'
Hood bitches to the bungalow
Pillow talking led to birds talking
Chattin' bout what happened
And when and where they comin' back in
Champagne slackin' traffickin' while they travel
Word got back at old time friends and snakes rattled
Two different Bourbons
But the one that dropped the birds got tailed
Information for the ones who light the steel got mill
Pussy power made the plans sour
Apartment full of party powder outside a stakeout for hours
Click clacks from big gats and rags
Soon as the door squeaks they runnin' up on the grass
Bang flash, shots right on path, broken glass

Comedy of laughs while they haul ass with the bags
Legends in my hood play back, twin Benz's whippin' in black
And that was like the old Maybach

Songwriters

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