

Ill Figures (feat. Raekwon, M.O.P. & Kool G Rap)

Wu-Tang

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

When I write my lyrics, it's like, it's like I want my shit to be phat

I want people to be able to understand

Yo, anybody can rhyme, you know what I'm saying

But it's what you saying that makes a person know about youKnow what I'm saying, you know the type of person you is

So it's like really I'm just more of just

Being a street narrator, aiyo, what up, famo?Reefer lit, love hip hop, the gangstas got me like the broccoli Brooklyn baby cooling at a swat meet

Real niggas wanna meet me, ladies wanna eat me

Money clean Mercedes claim, baby beat meLove getting dressed up, sweats and techs

Ride around the hood, good, getting Gotti respect

Hand is golden, an OG rolling and holding, yo

Fresh kicks, soft leather, pockets is swollenLet my jam hit your tape deck, it's straight up and made up For every real nigga with his gun on him, hate up

Flying through the city nights, new flights

Blue ice, hundred thousand in a Nike bag, licenseDrug shop, I'm sorry, Atari in the Ferrari

Next see the Lex A Shallah, La Tampa

Eating yo, all of us, scamma gangstas

You know we honor, tip the kangol, cooling in the brown vengosI have never, giving up on a mission

That's against my honorDuke, let me warn you, my niggas crip up

Them young boys'll run up on you, shoot your whip up

Brooklyn, nigga, beg for you life and my Staten Island homeys

Lay your ass down on 'Glaciers of Ice'Sidewalk executives, live the street life consecutive

We built for this, go for your gun

My prospective is, another day in the life, of money and drugs

Big hammers and slugs can get ugly as fuckFrom the chest to your man Danze

Staten Island, said what up, yo

The homey ODB said what up, though

We got the Chef on deck as if you didn't knowIt's sharp as fuck, Wu, that's what up

Pack it up, wanna rap, wanna rock, what up?

Wanna pop, get up, fuck around and get your block hit up

Bring your team and we'll box 'em up, think MOP is not what upIt seems I'm a bit late here

Don't worry, these men are all gonna die
See from the side where it slum at, dum at, rum at
Cognac, combat, contact, contrast
Crom's packing out like Beyonce back
She bang out a song like the Fonz back
Bigger things, bring the slangs, slicker than the sharpest pen
Nigga here, combat, sweet dick Willie T, Rudy Ray Moore game
Woodgrain all in the board reigns, before rain flooded
Like storm drains, boss man, bundling raw 'caine
Fours bang, neighborhood war games
Get your weight up, you looking anorexic
Posted on the block proper with the hammer vested
Bitch came with empty hands, that's the hand she left with
Thirsty ass with the water and it sounded desperate
Break a white an hour, based it forty grand invested
Live within the third rail, you know the man electric
Shit was like the third world until I handle metrics, that next shit

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