

Soundboy Kill It (feat. Melanie Fiona & Assassin)

Raekwon

Ay yo life's good cashmere sweaters and a Rover
Pull up at the club gettin' love pull 'em over
Jump out the luxury stroller for ballers
We sit burn money all day blow and roll up
Fly broads around, that's fly, that's a low ball
Paper settlin' it's real for my gold club come up
You ain't even know nothing, last week all on the street
Yelling let me hold something
Now shorty throw your booty up, niggas with cash
Keep it above, we and Louis stuff
Sit back, blasted, do me something
When it comes to you, me and this rap shit
I'm quick to tooly up
My style, my fly, my weather
Yeah I drive high plus fly
You a devil
Mean days in Ciroc with the kettle
Throwing cream at shorty's, love it, he a rebel
Watch the soundboy, he 'gon kill it
To every ghetto that's far, we here.
Yeah, watch the soundboy, he 'gon kill it
I seen so many scars from it, yeah
No, we can't turn back the rain
Now we gotta find another way
'Cause we grind it, burn it, street life's
Got me caught up can't you
Can't you see it's 'bout to blow?
Can't you see it's 'bout to blow?
Raekwon, kill it! Ay yo, wagwan, you know what it is!
Assassin, soundboy gangsta, let's go! Reminisce about the bag a zip up like a ziplock
Murder soundboy, kill the disc-jock
He a baller general six-pack
Cyphers on me like rick-rock
Raekwon we got the game in our hand
Control the dance like Cesar Milan
Assassin on the yo call it microphone inside
We murder every beat that we on
Then soundboy ya murder dead freezer upon
This ain't no free attempt make these are you gone
Raekwon now tell me Assassin is the man

Yuh no fraida take the bees in the want
Me seh a song fi dem, whole click a dem
When me set the sound is the speaker dem
Amstel the control ah the dream a dead Watch the soundboy, he 'gon kill it
To every ghetto that's far, we here
Yeah, watch the soundboy, he 'gon kill it
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Can't you see it's 'bout to blow?
Can't you see it's 'bout to blow?
Raekwon, kill it! It's real, man
The Chef, Assassin, Melanie Fiona
Word up all my soundboy killers
The DJs, all the fuck down man, word up man Hundred cases of motherfuckin' Guinness
Nigga you know how we win this
Song feels so real 'til I finish this shit
Ah!

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