Sonny's Missing

Raekwon

Then who will beat him?
I don't know, you know I can't reveal that sort of thing to you
Well I haven't got my money yet
Head splash, caught him... (eight million stories or something)
Eight million stories, nigga
Word up, from the hard streets of Norfolk
Motherfucker to New York, all over the world, nigga
We win, all day everyday, nigga (Son is missing right now, man)
Ya bitch-ass nigga, watch what happens (Get on it man, for real)
Check the shit, yo, aiyo, aiyo...
They found his head splashed, caught him by the side of the building
He had a mask on, four-five why did you kill him?
It was supposed to happen, clicked the shit back
Yo, this is the deal, you get on the floor and lay in the grass
Had me handcuffed, take two puffs of the kush
I see you out here, your name's real, can't let you get touched
He had a team, Japanese fiend, all of them greened down
Chiba lit, blood on his Adidas was thick
One second homey, walked over, weapon was boney
Long nose joint, "Hold him", grabbed the nigga head, broke his Roley
Where the blow shorty? Shorty start smiling, "Y'all niggaz is puss"
Yo, Lex, these niggaz, ain't vets, they gush
Chunk of meat flew off his cheek bone, broke a seat
Had a hole in his 'Lo shirt and took all his weed
Untied him, he fell, legs weak and son wouldn't tell
Now it gets deep, son start falling asleep

They woke him back up, smacked him with the Mac, "Where ya slut? "
I heard you copped a new Beemer and them glasses is rough
They was the Furla joints, eighteen karets, bought 'em right in Brazil
He had the steal on 'I'm, niggaz went savage, they had him spread out
T position, opened his jeans up
Shot him in the leg bone, he rose up like Kung Tut
Still riffing, this why for real my niggaz'll still get it
All of us yelling, he I'll with it
Mouth bloody, muddy Gucci joints on, them shits was nine hundred
Couldn't wait to kill him, his sons wanted it
Champion hoody was gone, they broke his neck in like five places
Pushed him down the rail and it skipped his face

Yo, chill, nigga, chill
Police, police, the bullhorn...
(Aiyo, son, niggaz better start flushing the fucking toilet, man)
They just fucking killed this nigga, my nigga
(Better stop leaving ya dirty fucking Fila hoodies around, man)
Hit this nigga in the back of his fucking head
You, man? (Yo, man, the nigga whole fucking head desintegrated, nigga)
(There's a hundred police outside) Listen, B, aiyo...
They running through the building, man
(Y'all niggaz gotta shut the fuck up, man)
(Then you wonder why niggaz be getting busted?
Man, y'all niggaz is yelling, man
We in the back cooking, B, come on, man
What the fuck? Langston, go to the store
I'm stilling waiting for the baking soda)

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