

Return Of The North Star (Feat. Papa Wu)

Raekwon

Yo, Rae, that's you baby?
Damn, man, I heard all these things about you, man
Boy I heard you been doing your thing, man
Wait, wait, let me tap them pockets, man, them pockets fat?
You know I'mma get mine, yo, Rae, baby, check this out
Yo, we done went through so many trials and tribulations, man
It's a shame, man, but you know, I told you what the devil is, man
Always watch them people who lie to you, them people try and cheat you, man
Out your money, I told you, you ain't let me cheat you out your money
Shit, man, what? You gon' let another nigga cheat you out your money, boy, you crazy?
Aight, watch the tricks, baby, cuz the trick is a lie
And a lie is a thief, trust me, baby
Knowwhatimsayin, now give me a couple hundred, man
Time to go do my thing, man, I'm going on the road
When you get, when you, yo, I already had the vision
Yo, Rae, I had a vision, I seen you, man
At the, at Madison Square Garden, and I just came through
And you said "Yo", and it was real, son, and you took the world by storm
They didn't understand it, cuz they didn't see that far
They couldn't see the forest from the tree
But Rae, I'mma tell you, it's your time, man
Go get that paper, man, you understand?
Get that paper, man, cuz it belong to you, man
Allah is the God, trust, keep Allah in your heart, brother
And you won't fail, trust me, always remember
How far the thou travel, thou travel as far as the dimension he could see
What you see? That's all I can say baby, watch the liar, watch the cheat
We need more time, we need more crime, man
Damn, stop playing, what up nigga
Yeah, man, chill, stick around for a minute
There's alot of money out there
Trying to get alot of fold ups, captain
It's all real, lay the roof, I'll meet you there in a minute
Monkeys with the AK's is upstairs, stupid
It's all good, chill, close the cabinet, stupid
Relax, man, relax, you got shit showing, nigga
Aiyo, Chef, a nigga got all your jewelry on when you be out of town, my nigga
What the fuck is this nigga problem, son
Chill, baby... a lot of bread...

All you gotta do is stick around...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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