

# We Will Rob You

## Raekwon, Slick Rick, Masta Killa & GZA

Who in the hell teaches you kung fu?  
Your master must be an ignorant idiot as well!(Uncle Ricky, would you read us a bedtime story?)  
Nah kid, but I'mma give you one them old Raekwon crime joints  
Feel me? We will, we will  
We will, we will -- here we goWell it was late one night, walking through the park  
With my leathered down coat and wallabee Clarks  
Getting my step on, big shit, big six, big wrist  
So much excitement in the air, I was crisp  
Money suitcase, Louis joint (yo, Rae, I'mma get some shit just like yours!)  
Go make it happen, black God and get rich  
Saw the D's fly by, in a New Yorker, yup, tints and shit  
They made a right on me, them last two dicks  
Know I seen 'em, Max loaded, jog right back to the car  
They spun around again and blast their shit  
I dropped a Backwood, a puff and then a 6-4-5  
You'se a live nigga, you almost smashed your shit  
I'mma don my way out the bitch, moving through the car  
Nice and slow, two hoodies on and a golden pit  
Nigga had a white eye, they both blacked down  
What's the clown shit for? The dog jumped in the whip  
It was a trained one, wops pointed at me (yo, nigga, freeze)  
I told the Chef Raekwon, pump the breaks  
Slow it down, you know these C-Cypher Punks scanned your plates  
Release the seatbelt off the shoulders, a mile ahead  
Then the vibe got a lot colder when the marksman said  
"Black niggas in the Jeep, get the fuck out the car"  
"Put your hands where my eyes can see or suffer a scar"  
He was a veteran, who kept, pepper spray in the cannister  
Donut shop lounge, thirty eight brandisher  
On top of that, the blunt smoke just rang a bell  
Of his bloodhound who had an acute sense of smell  
Beef tripping, saliva dripping from razor sharp teeth  
That was pointy as the daggers of the Indian Chiefs  
Same cops known for exorting pimps and booking whores  
Aimed Glocks at me and Rae, cause they was looking for  
A few MC's wanted for a string of break-ins  
Last seen, wearing long minks and snakeskins  
We will, we will, rob you  
We will, we will, Glock you

We will, we will, what? who? (not you)  
Here we go You know my Clan done ran from Japan to Atlanta  
With stamina, peace to Chef, Mr. Meth  
Move it on your left, with the Iron Lung breath  
Ghostface Kill', U-G ill  
Deck so real, Dr. Ason Unique, the medic  
Ahh, Allah Just, The Abbott, ya'll niggas can't forget it  
You might catch a Cap if your shit ain't Street  
Allah Mathematics make the cypher complete  
See knowledge is the foundation of existence  
To know starts the spark of the flow  
Wisdom activation of the Nation moving  
Wise words, show and prove or understand the 13 letters  
And the Masta, culture be the way of life  
Freedom is reward, who will pay the price for the power  
Spending hour after hour, preparing his self  
For the hour, now look how refined  
When the mind and body is one, every part of me  
Supreme equality, manifest the nature of self  
G-O-D, now build and add on to the truth  
Destroy the bullshit, born incomplete  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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