King Of Kings

Raekwon

Let's go yeah, nigga
Good lookin' Rae that's what I'm talkin' 'bout
It's all good don't worry about it
You feel what I'm sayin'? Don't worry about it
Yeah, word up, let's go
Know how we gotta come at this, man
Yeah, come on, yo
Stuck, y'all like gum underneath my kick
Better move little when the heat I'll spit
The hammer clap like the on a meat-out chick
Dump clips like a trifflin' to drop
If you short you're a chance in the box
But I ain't lettin' you play with the guns in the club, I'm boothin' the ox
Got my eyes on the and I'm a peripheral
Got you cowards poppin' that Moe', my hand on the 'istol
Wild out, have a ball, you could drink 'til you 'url
Thought the Firewater was strong, the pound'll leave you curled
On the floor, like a new born baby, God
What you mean "Is he dead?", what type of is leakin' out of his head?
When you cowards see the drama and it come to a head
I'm hittin' Rae up on the jacket, it ain't much to be said
If it's on, go without sayin' somethin', deliverin'
Visa verca, this is Havoc, baby, we those
All that money is us, now what's wit' us?
Eh yo all around hungry, that's us and can't get nothin' get it
Eh yo all that money, all them
All them shorties, everybody yell "All lovely"
All that money is us, now what's wit' us?
Eh yo all around hungry, that's us and can't get nothin' get it
Eh yo all that money, all them
All them shorties, everybody yell "All lovely"
I chop meat out ya face, Daddy, gladly
Mad breeze on, rubberband currency and I splash ya visa
You know the code, yo caesar low straddlers
Front Streets, cracks all in the front seat spazzin'
Imperial wizards, Staten, knife game off the chain
And I'm with four hundred with wagons yo
Live wires, shoot darts for bread
Any map, I assist that, I'm holdin' it, all dead

What? Battle for cake and wizzes, we do it straight business
All mount ride, ain't no fake, reminisce, spit faces
Pissin' on the fake little swindler's list
Rae gave them cake, battle the gun, you're wildin'
I might levitatate well, I might take ya, push up, stylin' it
Oxes, reefers, police need us, the regime of Shaolin
With Queens re-up, with the poisonous hand
Remember y'all, no commercial, I hurt you, yo go get ya mans
All that money is us, now what's wit' us?
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Eh yo select me, Gucci sneaker recipe
Not the S dot Carters, no disrespect but respect me
One of the top five gangstas alive
My element is just the Elliott Ness, who hide
Yo I ran from some that was police
These heard about me bringin' marked money in I had the whole east
I've been the greatest, been flippin' the latest
Somethin' like the new haggler on the Ave
Ham it up, pullin' haze
And all the young niggas praise me
It's like the talent of the Six Million Dollar Man
'Yana pace, come on, banana squeeze
Aim at these Caravans, heard he had his man
And that ugly Keish' comin' from a galaxy of hood
Hard real people gettin' ki's
wit' the media, it's all good
All that money is us, now what's wit' us?
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