

# Yae Yo

## Raekwon

We doing this baby, oh shit  
What the fuck happened?  
Nah man, nah, nah this what I'm a do  
I'm a get on the phone one time  
Stupid, yo, aiyyo, aiyyo Why this shit ain't cooking up right  
Papi told me this is solid white  
Fuck it wrap it up take it back up, still in all it's a play out  
Tired of spending money, might get them niggaz laid out  
Yo, yo Fernando sent me yo, stop acting hostile yo  
And yo don't point that shit at me  
Bad enough I gotta come in the crib  
Wid Spanish niggaz using languages and shit I'm feeling like a dick, left the crib with my hand brolic  
This is some bullshit, might get knocked take the wrist coward  
Yo Fernando what happened?  
Shit cooking up backwards, light up a backwood  
Don't make me backtrack, blew it dime it the llelo lay low  
Saying in my mind, fuck that Papi gotta pay off  
Cash rules the power woo chant it  
Yo Louis this ain't our product, this is Carlos family Oh y'all wanna play me like a smoker  
Coming out my ice choker, my man in the back looking colder  
Papi yo why y'all wanna jucks me  
Yo listen B we got the best clientele since '83  
Fuck it, pull out the pot let's cook it, light the stove up  
Julie go to the store get some flour, sat back burning a big dutch  
With the crisp eighteen shot glock, stashed in my nuts  
Poured it in the Pyrex sizzling, now it start drizzling Rainy day murder black won't miss him  
Still I'm yelling this shit is business, but they still ain't gonna violate  
What I stand for with these drizzers  
He took it off the stove run the water  
Trying to work me yo, knew I shouldn't a hit the nigga's daughter  
He might showed more love  
Than went in the freeze, broke the ice down, pour it in  
We both looking at it on the twirl around particles grew Fly Khaluas is mad sliding coronas through  
Feeling like Castro's cousin, gave them niggaz all of my life  
All of my paper all my judgment, it droppa only like an ounce worth  
Should I just come out my shirt, go berserk and let the macks burst  
Skate off body in the Bronx, same shit, Gotti was on  
Shallah they gonna get your's play it calm  
Seventeen five was the total plus the five

Hundred for the cab driver that was rollin'

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