

# Clientele Kidd

## Raekwon

Straight up, last minute, you know what time it is?  
Word up, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Word up, word up, blip blip blap blap blap  
What up? Who don't know? They don't know, betta let 'em know  
There they go, here we go  
Who don't know? They don't know, betta let 'em know  
There they go, here we go Aiyo, aiyo Clientele Kidd layin' in the crib gettin' ill money  
Those who 8 hours get gig got rugby's on and 4/5ths  
Attractin' them niggaz I go against, the money was his  
One nasty unit of murderers, all type of Goons'll watch Then four minutes later they burglars  
I heard from the grapevine mine made it  
Elevate the name up, this gift gotta reign and his game went up  
And now he's stronger than ever, Nike jackets and Classics Go against it and it's instant vendettas  
He run things, gun down kings  
Check the joint, the kid flyin' in  
Crib in Africa with two lions Somethin' like the prince of a jewel thief, so smack the millions  
Came back, wrapped it up, too sweet  
The game is missin' somethin' unique  
I put too much to fall back on, I rather just sleep (Chef)  
We designin', rhymin' with Diamonds  
(Chef)  
Ice Water, it was all in the timin'  
(Chef)  
He gave y'all niggaz bricks on consignment  
(Chef)  
To the death and he Billboard climbin' (Chef)  
We designin', rhymin' with Diamonds  
(Chef)  
Ice Water, it was all in the timin'  
(Chef)  
He gave y'all niggaz bricks on consignment  
(Chef)  
To the death and he Billboard climbin' Yeah uh, yo Don Carta' bomb harder over nearly everybody  
Very rarely you find me without the mini-shotti  
Just waitin' for Rae to give me the cue and  
You see about 100 Puerto Rican niggaz shootin' Nigga get down, lay down, we don't play around  
I don't know what you heard but we don't play around  
It's cooked coke but look, but what the fuck happened?  
How you leave the dope game to pursue rappin'? Already knowin' that ya shit was trash

Breathin' hard on the mic when yo' click is ass  
 All we tryin' to do is bring dignity to rap  
 And you kiddin' me? I'm literally the epitome of that Uh, we much better than y'all, Terre-error the Squad  
 My niggaz set it when we get in the yard  
 Whether Marcy or Comstock, triggers 'pon cock  
 Straight punch in ya lung and you niggaz gon' drop  
 What?(Chef)  
 We designin', rhymin' with Diamonds  
 (Chef)  
 Ice Water, it was all in the timin'  
 (Chef)  
 He gave y'all niggaz bricks on consignment  
 (Chef)  
 To the death and he Billboard climbin'(Chef)  
 We designin', rhymin' with Diamonds  
 (Chef)  
 Ice Water, it was all in the timin'  
 (Chef)  
 He gave y'all niggaz bricks on consignment  
 (Chef)  
 To the death and he Billboard climbin' Yo yo yo, shoot him in his mouth  
 Fuck him, get the gasoline tell Terry to pull the act up  
 Bring him to Rae warehouse, hang him from hooks then skin his ass  
 As lame as he look he ready to cook And he pleadin' for mercy, bleedin' from his dome and he thirsty  
 The first week we made him eat shit  
 Videotaped his wiz and I fucked his bitch  
 Made him watch me on the couch havin' fun with his kids So now what hurts more? Is it me showin' love to ya  
 fam  
 Or you in the box laid under the floor  
 Or keep you alive blow torchin' ya balls?  
 My murder chainsaw, ya bloods on my Scarface walls Not even Ajax can clean that, Jack  
 We need that maintenance man shit that kill  
 That greasy blood on contact, finish you off 'cuz I'm pressed for time  
 Your man and 'em will be next to die, motherfucker (Chef)  
 We designin', rhymin' with Diamonds  
 (Chef)  
 Ice Water, it was all in the timin'  
 (Chef)  
 He gave y'all niggaz bricks on consignment  
 (Chef)  
 To the death and he Billboard climbin'(Chef)  
 We designin', rhymin' with Diamonds  
 (Chef)  
 Ice Water, it was all in the timin'  
 (Chef)

He gave y'all niggaz bricks on consignment

(Chef)

To the death and he Billboard climbin' Who don't know? They don't know, betta let 'em know

There they go, here we go

Who don't know? They don't know, betta let 'em know

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