

# Clientele Kidd (feat. Fat Joe & Ghostface)

## Raekwon

[Intro: Raekwon]

Yo straight up last minute, you know what time it is

Word up, yeah, yeah, yeah

Word up, blip blip blap blap blap

What up?[Hook x2: Polite]

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

There they go, here we go[Raekwon]

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[Chorus x2: Polite]

CHEF! We designin', rhymin' with Diamonds

CHEF! Ice Water, it was all in the timin'

CHEF! He gave why'all niggaz bricks on consignment

CHEF! To the death and he Billboard climbin'[Fat Joe]

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 met he cue and

you see about 100 Puerto Rican niggaz shootin'

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 why'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?[Chorus x2]  
[Ghostface Killah]  
Yo yo yo shoot him in his mouth.. (nah)  
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 (yeah)  
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 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 maintenace man shit that kill that greasy blood on contact  
Finish you off 'cause I'm pressed for time  
Your man and 'em will be next to die  
Mothafucka![Chorus x2]  
[Hook x4]

Songwriters

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