

Fuck Them

Raekwon

Yo, yo, yo, yo
Fuck you What you wanna be when you grow up?
You wanna be thugs
You wanna be pranksters
You wanna sell drugs
You wanna be gangsters
Thats what silly boys are made of What you wanna be when you grow up?
You wanna be thugs
You wanna be pranksters
You wanna sell drugs
You wanna be gangsters
Thats what silly boys are made of Aiyyo, aiyyo
Cool G's and forty seven flavors, display swade gators
We comin' through to blaze neighbors
Meet mark and pardon me to heat mark a Dutch spark it
Lex Leonardo arts profit, apple cranberry mixed with crystal
Fan worry desert mountain crib in the ground
We arsonists one point five a liter take a taste
Splash your heater, smack your face twice
Clap your sneakers Shit is like a mission to Mars fishin' for bars
Takin' what's ours knowledge the car Pa
Don't be stupid, get a little cash better swoop it
Throw it in the ground and recoup it
Next check was best your family pack your shit
Get vexed leave a nigga standing in a bag of leaves
Some niggas catch on later try to put them on they haters I met eighty of them niggas yo, waitin' on the sidelines
droolin'
Some need schoolin' let me teach you, enroll a student what
Rule one, yo respect if you lose son
Don't be big back the barrel on the move done
All hell to niggas in jails with sharks in they fishtanks
Now he come home he a whale
Wolves in the projo's, projo's yo
We realer up in my shows yo, middle finger five O's Take time to climb vines yo
Lay on the lines like Lauri only lovin' rare kind
Sun splash cash layin' like three bags of hash
Fully wrapped in a Indian man's stash Aiyyo
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 Fuck Shorty got cream in a mean truck
 Prop-ness she holler like the loch ness
 He large rock this fresh Ferrari in a drop six
 Froze, yo, talkin' about the dough on his clothes
 Glaze is crushed up pokin' on rolls yoOh yeah and maybe getting' cream
 See what I mean Black Queen
 Stop action' like crack fiends and brawl
 We wanna thank all of y'all play the wall hype
 Checkin' how this lady walks stay hawking'
 Grab the remain, divorce, shame came to yours
 We like green rock the same game plan, oursLadies and gentlemen your about to see
 A pastime hobby about to be takin' to the next degree
 By Meth and the bloody chef Boyardee
 Watch out bitches is too nosy, backhand slappin' the phony
 Got to walk it off can't mosey
 Who got you open up, crack pipe still smokin'
 Face frozen Coke straw stickin' out your nose and D
 Proposin' that you bleed on the chef apron
 My thing hold down the play pen
 And say the nursery rhymes they makin'Come on now shits too real
 Fuck you and now your man feel
 Time don't stand still for y'all bitches wanna big ball
 I got two for you to juggle in your jizzals I'm losin' it now
 Throw in the pieces like a jig-saw, aiyyo
 She multi-colored like a rainbow
 Mr. Meth and the Cuban link kiddo
 On tracks we connect, politic ditto take that to thatWhat you wanna be when you grow up?
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