Fuck Them

Raekwon

Yo, yo, yo, yo
Fuck youWhat 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 ofWhat 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 ofAiyyo, 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 sneakersShit 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 hatersI 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'sTake 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 stashAiyyo
What you wanna be when you grow up?
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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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