

Spot Rusherz

Raekwon

Yeah

One-two, one-two, nigga

Line for line, line for line

How we get down wit' da rhyme

Yo, it be a line for line, line for line

This is how we get down

Yeah, line for line, line for line

This is how we get down

Yo, Can you feel me?

Storytellin' rap Magellan I ain't tellin'

Them niggaz ran in the spot for sellin'

Word up, pushed up, man got mushed up

Seen him at a rap show actin' like fat cat though

Glasses gold, shinin' like a real big boy

This nigga had mega ice on Chips Ahoy!

Cat surrounded, this political brown kid

All out the wind yo, my man walked in

Pullin' mints out son had mad clientele

Order me Cristal twice Kion, chill

Watch them niggaz, aiyyo that clique's from outta state

They bubble weight in Far Rockaway with Blake Carrington

You know the kid with the most doe-getters

And terrors on fat shit clique they rock Lo sweaters

That's my man, that's my man too

Call him up on the strength of the Wu

And watch me game, yo grab the cell

I got a heist to pull off well

At the end of the week, I'm buyin' you a L

Lexus nigga, I ain't talkin' 'bout Hancock

No time for weed plus no time to get locked

That night, up in the staircase

Cousin had me laced out, skeed all outta my face

We gon' get dat cruchy chump for all of his lump

Don't try to front, you was sweatin' this Hilfidiger

Guess who walked in, Abbott and his man from Farragut

Confront him wit the Ruger on his back, walk in black

Where's your man, where's the sky blue Land at?

Stop playin' Wu in the back, smacked him wit' the gat

(Yo, money said he be here in fifteen!)
Stop lyin', wait for the Millenia green to pull up
He got the Donna Karen shit on, two rings
Six carats a piece plus the chain swing
Like anchors on ships flooded wit' all diamond chips
Back pockets, two clips, four-fifths wit' rubber grips
Layin', two bottles of brass I was slayin'
Meditatin', red dot be waitin' for my payment
Heard the key in the lock, cocked the glock
Turn the lights out, dip behind the couch
Kion, gag his mouth
Infra-redded his head when he entered
But a soft Perry Ellis leather with Dorinda
A friend of, Kion's wife, Kenya, the bitch larger than life
Yo, shorty be fuckin' mad Columbian niggaz
Fuck it, get on the floor meet the black Lex Luthor
Stripped fast, the bitch had on Claiborne drawers
Yo Rae, you about to scrape her, chill Ghost
Thought for a second, turned around
Threw the nine in his meatloaf
Yo, where's the cash and the stash that's mixed?
I don't know
Shot his hand, he started screamin' like a bitch

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