

# 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 mashed 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 Hilfiger  
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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