

# Luxury Rap

Raekwon

[Featuring: Fred the Godson][Verse 1: Raekwon]This the Terrordome, where niggas get tied up, Berretta blown

Or whip the vanilla 200X lebanon

Doofie gauge, 38s, 300 rebels strong

Out in Grenada, chilling snow pebbles on prosperous

Hugh Heff's fucking?

Favorite color purple, we would circle the jets

He talk base, in a I-8 racing clear doors we face

In life, in trying to get away from these whores

Or rolling uptown in gambling stores

Stealing clothes in Macy's, running out with like five, six Valores

Thug couple Rugby boys who get fly and break jaws

And take papes the stakes is yours

[Verse 2: Fred Da Godson]Rae told me victory's unexpected

They hating on my chain, misery from a necklace

See my YouTube and hear me spitting, know I'm reckless

First nigga ever selling metaphors on Craig's List

Fresh shit, we on it, no matter what the joint

You the Hornets, you lost Chris Paul, what's your point?

I could spit a freestyle and be on

This beat feel like I should rhyme with some Wallabees on

I would wrong if I told everybody get your weight up

But back to the real shit, that wave up, phase up

If he owe me dough, I hope that he pay up

Hand on that trigger when that finger roll he'll lay up

Wait up, it's just homicide humor

I could've bodied you sooner

I just provided the rumor

Whatever he rhyming on, I'll bring it to you

I'm a phenomenon, Travolta with the tumor

[Verse 3]Blowing exotic kush, watermelon flavor, no seeds

Burn it by the O-Z, imported from O-T

Export it from T-O, salute to the OG

Flips is high risk, but the moves is low key

Young hustlers, dreaming about awards and tours

The world is ours, and any store accepting the credit card

Bought her: fly boosters, designer shades, and all that

Hit it in the back, then fell back in the callback

I'm busy chasing paper on the cash rule major

All we do is see numbers like an old school pager  
Double your wager, we busy clocking like Flavor  
Time waits for no man, man don't be a hater  
Land of opportunity, keep your mule and forty acres  
I'd rather forty mill and own a piece of the Lakers  
Dancing with devils, and two stepping with saints  
We young, black, and getting it, everything that you ain't ? ever

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