MTV Cribs

Raekwon

[Intro: Raekwon]
Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the most extravagant flashy lifestyle
Of the wealthy and comfortable. I'm a be your host tonight
We gonna be exhibiting the fly palace of my brother Raekwon the Chef's
Nineteen thousand square feet deluxe villa. Let's walk inside
[Verse 1: Raekwon]
Hey yo, Pyrex vision, gangster intermission
Snow fishing over the stove, frozen glisten
Wall unit 360 spin, see the digital gym
There's the watch rack, right near the brims
Frigerator see-thru, walls got a different type texture
Peeped out the sectional true
Vodka mugs, Ace of Spade rugs, Louis cups and candles
Fila forks, gold Kangols
Travel over here, priceless lights
Tub full of ice
Granddaddy pinecones, leather bikes
Gear junkie, monkey Timbs blunt me
Yeah, kinda sloppy - my maids, they be coming in monthly
Silk towel, red leathers, green hats, mean sweater, jeans
You should let us be your stylist, get you better
Octagon mirrors, box of sneakers
Louis, Gucc, Nike, Clark, Avia I bought in Peru
Yeah, plasma toilet, go go Gadget stuff
If I gotta squeeze, running out of time
This automatic button right here blow the house down
I'm walking slow in my fire jumper
Tom Ford and Bloomberg got too
Polo drawers, go blast your door
Cover girl sent, tap it in the toilet seat
[Interlude: Raekwon]
Yes, ladies and gentlemen. These are the most exotic
Illustrious mansions in the world. We will step inside
My nigga Bussa Bus next level, tri-dimensional sector of his
Exclusive imported ceramic style-slash-frontier shit. Mr. Bus
[Busta Rhymes:]
Yo
[Raekwon:]
Can you walk us through the front, sir?

[Verse 2: Busta Rhymes]
I welcome y'all to my crib
The fortress of I self, lord and master
Crystal chandeliers looking like satellite dishes from NASA
Yeah, you niggas is bugged
Shoes forbidden in the crib, especially on my Alaskan polar bear rugs
Pictures with billies and parties out in Ibiza
Living room floor laced with imported marble from Indonesia
High ceilings, eighteenth century paintings is basic
With litters of money, many casinos in the basement
A million letter way a nigga parlay
With money to wrinkle your face up like a Shar Pei
Limited box of cigars from diplomats in Cubana
Rare art of Basquiat feeding fruit to Madonna
Copacabana, I'm a celebrate til they respect a
Success story with trucks unloading imperial nectar
Too many whips, I built a valet
Hundred thousand dollar drapes
Dancing and swinging like a ballet
I showed you all enough to where this shit's a hassle
I'm sorry, your time is up, niggas - now get up out my castle
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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