

New Wu

Raekwon

[Intro: Raekwon] Uh-huh, what up son? Yeah
Maintaining, maintaining, you know?
You good, right? Everything proper, still, right?
Of course, come on, man, what's the matter wit you, man?
Ain't nothing, I just want us to be on
[Chorus: Method Man] Tell a friend, it's that symbol again, that W
Coming through, bust a shot on your block, give me a suu
Get it right, all my chicks hold ya tits, let's get it in
All my niggas take a toke off this weed, let it begin
Here we go, yo, ya'll already know what it do
Brand new, nigga, back from the slums, it be the Wu
Now throw ya W's up, back from the slums, it be the Wu
[Raekwon] love to dress a lad, get rocked, hundred bags, black doorags
Ski masks is on, g-wags
dont try to take pictures, relax, still in the grass
You'll learn respect, burst when I ask
Rhyme master busy, wizzy on the subject
Love Deck, thug battle, drug vest, snub sets, iller than most
Night time toast, gorillas in boats, three votes
villains is killa, gangstas flip notes
Hibernation yo, switch up, liver nation, fly information
Vivid vacation, deliberation moments
Move like '91 Romans, cloning everything
Gents only, the rent's on the stove, I'm in Rome
Maxed out, Amex style, my team gram bandits
Make a move and get blown off the planet, baby
Hold that cannon, just understand we got the whole shit
Padlocked down, my niggas won't have it
[Chorus]
[Ghostface Killah] Aiyo, jumping out of Benz wagons, my family live in the Hill
They call us Bin Ladins, laughing, turbaned up
fuck around get murdered up, these streets is like radio beef
So watch how the kid turn it up
Bulletproof tuxes, knuckle guage clobbering busters
Eighteen niggas, bringing the ruckus
Flame throwers on our backs and shoulders, the rusty joints still work
The trey eight'll blow one in your douljah
When it's mad heat im mad calm, walk around
Go collect, 36, over G bomb

My inner strength flowing, I mastered chi kung
Ya'll Planet of the Apes, standing next to King Kong
Forensic files, ultraviolet hype, sky blue Bowels
Laying niggas like ceramic tile
I'm like Urlacher, beasting at the top of the pile
kneeing niggas in the nuts, goddamn damn I'm foul
[Chorus][Method Man]We blow money, got game, hungry, we pop things
look bummy, grams in my pocket, Chef cook for me
Blue Magic bundles, I'm dope, but on the humble
I'm a good dude, don't short change me, see that's a hood rule
Beer drinkin', Cuban Linkin', new way of thinking
God me thinking meth, break the handcuffs, run out the precinct
This is hard body, hard knocks, if you pushing that hard rock
Then let these niggas know off top
We rock fitted, dropkick it, I lived it if not quit it
I pitched it, my pops sniffed it, need business, I'm not finished
I'm *sniff* too hot wit it, you bitching, the plot thicken
I'm shitting the glock, spitting, if nigga don't stop snitching
Just what the block missing, the two-seater wit the top missing
And two divas wit they tops missing
Now that's living to me, I'm what these kids is killing to be
But I don't want my children to be

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