

# Criminology 2.5

## Raekwon

What you think I'm a fucking worm like you?  
I told you, man, I told you, don't fuck with me  
I told you, no fucking kids, no, but you wouldn't listen  
Well, you stupid fuck, look at you now (Y'all already know!)  
(For real, y'all, back behind the wall again) (yeah, you know what it is)  
(You know what it do, '09 style this time) (It's time to go in now, y'all)  
(For real, making CREAM again, nigga, blaow!) (you already know, it's crunch time)

First of all, black park it, guns, we spark it  
Hit you in the back of your dome, from far, kid  
Dice kickers, gun clickers, run up in the bank for ones, quick  
The drug dealer niggas, we flip 'em  
Polo rubies, flags on my hats, you love these  
Knockout artists are one-piece  
Fly in a foreign, all my money ties is tied-up  
I'd rather sell coke, no bargain  
Tough like a Hummer, fly like a Maybach  
Spot runner, clap you in a gun shop, one up  
Fuck about police, we Park Hillians with gold geese  
And everyday's a Sunday Easter  
Cousins in Gaza, the new improved Shottas  
Stretched out, mink on the floor, you hassa  
We run through with turbans, diamonded up chain with boots on  
Mori umbrellas in Tucson  
Rhyming is a color, the lifestyle is live, my fly brothers  
Something go wrong, we slug something

Chill my nigga, chill (I got this, I got this)  
Make sure you handle that beat, you know what time it is  
Body that beat, man, come on (Yeah)

You can catch me anywhere, frost bitten chain  
Bad dame, a thousand grams in Delaware  
The smoke shop's is owls, laid back, hanging niggas to death  
Word, you can call us coat racks  
With 'giants' all around me like, Eli Manning  
The bitch is on the block like, he died scrambling  
Cause L frames is crack, popped out, nina one of his eyes  
Can't come back home, they locked out

All he did was re-up, hustle for kick money  
Kept Beez all around him, thinking he shit honey  
Bow, I'm into bobsleds, wasting large bread  
Gucci helmet is blue, trim in his dark red  
The rap TJ Swan, it's me Ason  
If he don't spin my shit, break the DJ arm  
And glide off like an escapade, renegade on ice  
Lemonade Clark, the haze is nice  
The Goldielocks, rocks sapphire, chain is right  
Bitch niggas, y'all watch what y'all say in ya mics, suckas

Aiyo, Rae, aiyo, Rae, check it out, yo  
Let me go in there one more time and air these niggas out  
For old times sake, you know how we do, my nig'  
Old times sake, just for me, man, one more time, I'm begging you  
Let me just go in, and just fly on these niggas heads, man  
It's what I'm talking about

It's like a body in a project hallway, who did it?  
Who's the next nigga that sucked the snit-ich  
That's my word, it could never be me  
You see the deer head on the living room wall, like his neck fell off  
That can be all sculptured and glazed with gloss  
Call the shots that Bill Belichick would call  
Snake niggas slither all in the glass house, racial slurs  
When it's time to go to war, they cash out  
Throw 'em in the rear-naked choke, they tap out  
Niggas try to surround the kid, I backed out  
And threw two rocks at 'em, watching the ho drop  
I'm from a place where we locking the low glocks  
Yellow tape, the bodies, jiggy and road blocks  
Got the towels up in the air, it's so hot  
Talking bout Staten Island, profiling  
Switchblade city, the goons is wilding  
Escape from my slums, nigga, you got talent  
And we don't want the fifth of 'yac, we want the gallon

What you think I'm a fucking worm like you?  
I told you, man

Vacate black, bust gats, wherever we at  
You all that, hit 'em in the chest, we fall back  
I got mines, nigga, where yours at?  
We call that, raw rap, got fiends in front of my door mat  
That Witty Unpredictable fly shit, drive-by shit

These the niggas I ride with  
And we gon' get cake, y'all, as soon as this pie split  
Smacking up the dry snitch, nigga, you my bitch  
Somebody put Tical on, matter fact, put Tical on  
One suuu, Staten Isle on 'em  
I bank roll, I break codes, and I ain't tryna catch another case, case closed  
Give me my crown, cause I deserve it, real dudes giving me pounds  
But not too close though, the semis'll round  
Bitches, running they mouth, goons, running your gate  
My team running the block, cops running my plates  
Well fuck that, Criminology rap  
Niggas hate, I hate back, floating in the flyest Maybach, nigga

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