

# Spot Rusherz

## Raekwon

Yo! Can you feel me?  
Storytelling rap Magellan I ain't telling  
Them niggas ran in the spot for selling  
Word up, pushed up, man got mushed up  
Seen him at a rap show acting like fat cat though  
Glasses gold, shining like a real big boy  
This nigga had mega ice on Chips Ahoy!  
Cats surrounded, this political brown kid  
All out the wind yo, my man walked in  
Pulling mints out son had mad clientele  
Order me Cristal twice Kion, chill!  
Watch them niggas, a-yo that clique's from outta state  
They bubble weight in Far Rockaway with Blake Carrington  
You know the kid with the most dough 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 gain duke  
Grab the cell, I got a heist to pull off well  
At the end of the week, I'm buying you a L  
Lexus nigga, I ain't talking 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 crunchy chump for all of his lump  
Don't try to front, you was sweating this Hilfidiger  
Guess who walked in having it, his man from Farragut  
Confront him with the Ruger on his back, walk in black  
Where's your man, where's the sky blue Land at?  
Stop playing Wu in the back, smacked him wit the gat  
(Yo, money said he be here in fifteen!)  
He's not lying, wait for the Millenia green to pull up  
He got the Donna Karan shit on, two rings  
Six carats a piece plus the chain swings  
Like anchors on ships flooded with all diamond chips  
Back pockets: two clips - four-fifths wit rubber grips  
Laying, two bottles of brass I was slaying  
Meditating, red dot be waiting 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-red at his head when he entered  
Butter soft Perry Ellis leather with Dorinda  
A friend of, Kion's wife, Kenya, the bitch larger than life  
Yo, shorty be fucking mad Columbian niggas  
Fuck it, get on the floor meet the black Lex Luthor  
Strip fast, the bitch had on Claiborne drawers  
Yo Rae I'm 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 screaming like a bitch!

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