Pop Shit

Raekwon

Keep everything on
Blaze always
Nigga this only nineteen thousand
yo check this shit out
I want my thousand dollars now
I don't give a fuck
I went up in the club
And like a thousand niggas
A thousand chicks
Was doing the James Brown
Get the fuck out of here
I'm like, oh shit
You lying, you lying
Shit was real son
Stop lying man
Cream team walked in
We started doing it
Wild man
Feel me?
So what happened, let me onAea yo, aea yo, aea yo
Electric slide on them niggaz
Drive by on them niggaz
Show 'em that killers is live and fly figures
Fruit flavored Nikes
Now I'm in a six hundred white piece
Send half my love out to wife
Fillin' out tax reports
Lookin' live up in guess shorts
Bitches show love and support
Table teaspoons
Fake goons with balloons shit it out
Make room
How them niggas ate strait tunes yo
Horror flick scriptures
Godfather flicks
Superfriends equal foul niggas
Bar miss you'll flip yo
Aim the nozzle
With the head brace the bottle

Get your dang licked
Six thousand square feet
Paid shit
Stretch Auroras in Florida
Kilo's comin' out of water
Watch me slaughter
Take your daughter over yo
Space shit
Boat across your shit
Cargo shit
Well Fargo got Renaldos shit
Reclining chair
Drunk billionaire
Willie like a bear
The whole block suck cock on a leap year
No remorse
Heavy plaque red and white
Eddie Bauer jaws
'Bout the bitch smack five out of yours
Pens bleeding
Got my shit soft
Figure like Ike Frost
Icy chain
Cop and hangin' on a horse
Lames laws
Got your name crossed
You cannot claim boss
Unless he kiss braid hair
That ain't yours
Fly statistics lystics
Slang optimistic
Two bats a tie and a biscuit
Kissed it
Diamond on the wrist kid
Misfit
Bought it like a ten dollar outfit
Pop shit get your house lit
Straight up
The route mouse shit
Get your style shit
I announced it
Slang lordy yo
Staring at my man, Gordy Laury
The bitch bought 'em on
She'll reward me

Flossed it, cost it, tossed it
The same main source shit
You at the barbeque eatin' horse dick
Sneak up link up
Nigga, tie your sneaker
You wink what
Speed it up
Caught you in that beaten-up truck it was luck
Fuck page your uncle thirty bucks
Ran in your shit
Blew you with your hands in your nuts
Louis
Thats the same crew as those
Millwakee brewers
Rocking Wu shoes with Kaoluas
Time for lotti
Bald Gotti here
Don't make me throw shots trough your body
Everybody out of here
Thats my word
God through Shakespeare here
Take me there
Get your fastened
And take clear
Its so real we might face years
Cuddled up in HDM's
Chill baby on and a nigga here
You start screamin' and your scared
And shorty came on last year
And lapped danced my man for a wack pair
ill I smell it in your hair
My faculties remained clear
Pussy in a refrigerator back here
Damn watch your mouth
Hear it on the air
Like a grand prize
Freak nigga that taps shit

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