

# Raekwon, Clientele Kidd

(feat. Fat Joe & Ghostface)

[Intro: Raekwon]

Yo straight up last minute, you know what time it is  
Word up, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Word up, blip blip blap blap blap  
What up?

[Hook x2: Polite]

Who don't know? They don't know, betta let 'em know  
There they go, here we go

[Raekwon]

Aiyo Clientele Kidd  
Layin in the crib gettin' ill money, those who 8 hours get gig  
Got rugby's on and 4/5ths  
Attractin' them niggaz I go against, the money was his  
One nasty unit of murderers, all type of Goons'll watch  
Then four minutes later they burglars  
I heard from the grapevine mine made it  
Elevate the name up, this gift gotta reign and his game went up  
And now he's stronger than ever, Nike jackets and Classics  
Go against it and it's instant vendettas  
He run things, gun down Kings, check the joint the kid flyin' in  
Crib in Africa with two lions  
Somethin' like the Prince of a jewel thief, so smack the millions  
Came back wrapped it up, too sweet  
The game is missin' somethin' unique  
I put too much to fall back on, I rather just sleep

[Chorus x2: Polite]

CHEF! We designin', rhymin' with Diamonds  
CHEF! Ice Water, it was all in the timin'  
CHEF! He gave y'all niggaz bricks on consignment  
CHEF! To the death and he Billboard climbin'

[Fat Joe]

Yeah uh  
Yo Don Carta' bomb harder over nearly everybody  
Very rarely you find me without the mini-shotti  
Just waitin' for Rae to give met he cue and  
you see about 100 Puerto Rican niggaz shootin'  
Get down, lay down, we don't play around  
I don't know what you heard but, we don't play around  
It's cooked coke, but look, but what the fuck happened?  
How you leave the dope game to persue rappin'?  
Already knowin' that ya shit was trash  
Breathin' hard on the mic when yo' click is ass  
All we tryin' to do is bring dignity to rap  
And you kiddin' me? I'm literally the epitome of that  
Uh, we much better than y'all, Terre-error the Squad  
My niggaz set it when we get in the yard  
Whether Marcy or Comstock, triggers 'pon cock  
Straight punch in ya lung and you niggaz gon' drop  
What?

[Chorus x2]

[Ghostface Killah]

Yo yo yo shoot him in his mouth.. (nah)  
Fuck him, get the gasoline tell Terry to pull the act up  
Bring him to Rae warehouse, hang him from hooks then skin his ass  
As lame as he look he ready to cook (yeah)  
And he pleadin' for mercy, bleedin' from his dome and he thirsty

The first week we made him eat shit!  
Videotaped his wif and I fucked his bitch  
Made him watch me on the couch havin' fun with his kids  
So what hurts more: is it me showin' love to ya fam?  
Or you in the box laid under the floor?  
Or keep you alive blow torchin' ya balls?  
My murder chainsaw, ya bloods on my Scarface walls  
Not even Ajax can clean that, Jack  
We need that maintenace man shit that kill that greasy blood on contact  
Finish you off cuz I'm pressed for time  
Your man and 'em will be next to die  
Mothafucka!

[Chorus x2]

[Hook x4]