

# Raekwon, Keep It Politics

I?m in my lawn, seen my brother Lebronn  
Up in the Chinese saloon, shooting dice  
Lee at the 5th and a thong  
On a sexy little bitch named Left  
Both sides of my arm, he must have paid  
About a million in bonds  
No touching, their instructions  
If you touch it, I?ma clutch and and cut you  
And send you back home to your mom  
We the headhunters,  
Who crunch numbers and dodge fumlbers  
Beef a little bit, pulling joints out of the rumble  
While I flash jumping in a new blue horse  
With some new cash  
Up in massie finger and stacy dash  
Don?t make me spazz, on make you shotgun  
Pal by niggas, put them all in your ass  
Go dolo, every time I?m up in soho it?s a nono  
Ways gasing me up, scarface throwing nolos  
You tired of flying around solo, made a few legit moves  
Had to quit, call up my man come on chef  
We gonna get you the new mall  
Nights those will shut down  
It?s time for you hand me your logo  
No more promo,  
Just keep it politics, just keep the politics load off  
You already know what it is man,  
Warrup?

Shout out to Raekwon, only do is hustle is Yvone  
Rock his jeans, like ghost space and chilling his baby mama  
Talking bout pill and his baby mom  
This nigga the baby fons, a picture like the nigga Jim armor  
Cooling all my temperature karma  
Buying bricks now and then  
Fascinate your mind, it?s the jungle  
I rock gazelles with lamas, new album on the approach now  
Will be a long and feet of prons and coins true  
He a charmer, he do the same G at kianna  
This nigga money like Warren and Giuseppe and \_\_\_\_  
Take his seeds out of his\_ and bung up  
Yeah light it, yeah, you know what it is man?

Don't fu\*\* with us!