

# Raekwon The Chef, Giant Size

\* unedited lyrics; The PJ's soundtrack is clean

[Intro: Chip Banks of American Cream Team]

What? Aiyyo, y'all wanna do a track wit us or some shit?  
We the billion dollar boys club.  
What you got a hundred thousand for us? The f\*\*k's that?  
Three rings and a hair cut or some shit?  
Aiyyo, American Cream Team, baby.  
Heavy hitters, New York City Giants.  
Gamble for plots and 4 better for spots and things of that nature.  
Pop off.

[Superb of American Cream Team]

I don't rock wit hoes, I puff Optimos  
Your label ship gold, but only copper sold  
Perb got flows, everybody and God knows  
F\*\*k a bitch for two dimes, she got to cop those  
Used to be a thug, now he wear cop clothes  
Try to come to the hood and we shot hoes

[Chip Banks of American Cream Team]

I don't care who you got a deal wit or who you chill wit  
Banky'll run up in your session and shut you down on some real shit  
Till the Chef be like (Chill, kid)  
That's word to Abola Perrione, dem not know who they deal wit  
Chef Banks, uh-huh, slash Banky  
Got the whole world callin Flex tryin to transtate me  
Said New Jack City 2, Banky B. Nino, push a 2000 benz-ino

[Killa Sin of Killarmy]

These rap icons, mass spit fire out of cons  
F\*\*k a bigon, rely on ion in my python  
We squeeze off, long disc when we piss  
Resort this, gun powder coverin wrist is blastphemist  
Shotties say, "F\*\*k!", cursin my name  
Knowin damn well, I'm hurtin the same  
What part of the game you playin?  
Kid, I'm sayin, yo, three months ago you was on  
You fallin short now, chasin a don, you're money ain't loned  
Faggot f\*\*k, bag him, stick him in the back of my truck  
strip him and smack him up for actin up  
Be slitherin, hit him in the ribs again  
Broke the code of honor that we livin in  
Depleted the whole click, is never when  
but never that

[Chorus: Raekwon]

Aiyyo, there it go again, same shit, just rep  
Show me ya holdin kid, control ya rep when we rollin  
Worldwide, niggaz look live, collection cream by a land slide  
Settin up to son, won the grand prize  
Stand up, why? Where it came from? Accord and the 5  
Where the name from? Read the Rob, yo  
Yo, while we handglide, slang lye  
Chill, ya better recognize, 'cause it's cut out for big shit, Giant Size

[Polite of American Cream Team]

Yo, we from the ghetto, the land where everythin is real  
Nights was tough, days came hard as steel  
Still we played the field like players witout contracts  
Broke the trends and the fans far beyond that  
Comin to America, now we tradin places (uh-huh)  
New faces in the hood, and they racist (uh-huh)  
>From all the squeezin, they callin the precinct

We could battle in ya PJ's or battle in the becon!

[Raekwon]

I kick vocals at the top of my lungs, drunk  
Playin cards, young start wildin on dunns with guns  
Remmy doctor, old man jams with voice of Hoffa  
Chill, slap shorty up at the opera (Battle in the becon!)  
Uncle got the Kangaroo, rock the Kangaroo, boo  
Start cursin out white boys shoes, you wild  
Thirstin Howl wit a growl start barkin at crowds  
He actin like he got shark skin now

[Kingpin of American Cream Team]

I lace my hookers with G-String, Liz Clairborne  
Don the King, hustlin, nigga Don I mean  
Exquisite, a radiant, brilliant chemist  
American Cream Team, billion buck spenders  
Strip boutiques, advantage, get move on  
We too strong, the menace, nothin to lose con  
Yachts we cruise on, money that's too long  
Pull out a check book, coupon, purchase the Yukon

[Chorus]

[Outro: Raekwon]

It's never been a game, stop playin, stop playin (repeat to fade)