

# Raekwon The Chef, Real Life

[Conversation]:

Smash you grilla.....  
That's right, that's right  
A hundred and ninety-six million  
nine hundred and forty thousand  
square miles, on this planet  
Fresh outta New York  
Ayyo,

Verse 1:

Ayyo,  
Rollie what's up son Noodles had a problem  
He called Lucky Hands lab saying niggas mobbed him  
Max was on the outskirts tricken' in DC  
Blaze had a shorty in his lab gettin' weed for free  
That night I was in the cut alone zoned out  
Suggest I rock a utility vest when I'm bonin' out  
Yeah you know it, Bobby told me before  
Keep the heat by the side of the door  
Ready for military war  
Numerous cats, niggas is uterus  
Who this, claimin' that he lookin' for Louis Rich  
Diamond a young king doing his thing  
Big safes out in Beijing  
Aqua green thing  
One connect had turned on him  
God, shit got realer than a f\*\*k  
Crackers up state want him  
Marshalls came through the hood that night  
Bagged my man Chaz 32 bags he copped flight  
Now he upstate baggin' niggas  
House and Air Maxs big ACs  
Won the Oscar award for crabbing niggas  
Now all y'all niggas get to laugh now  
Who got the last laugh now  
Hit his stash house

Hook:

It's called real life  
Y'all niggas betta see the light fast pa  
Real life, it don't cost nuttin' just to blast  
Real life, lay down son you won't last  
Real life  
Real life  
Real life

Verse 2:

February tenth day on a Wednesday  
It's like grimsday  
Russian hats rocking it the Benz way  
That day we got guns on us  
Jakes want us,  
Playin Einstein lenses and Auroras  
Little meek caught us  
Couple of francs, peep the blue Taurus  
What up tuck your chain they came for us  
Jumped out big nines and some hard bottles  
Eyes of hate finally meeting up wid the stakes  
It was who I thought it was  
2 pair of Clarks one pair of Lugz

Wit the hardbottom nigga wid the snub  
Cocked it, where rock at, stop that  
Violate this cipher pa we'll definitely strike back  
All of us right there slight fear in our heart  
Blink we take it right there  
Doing our thing apart  
Broad jumped out tryin' to run shit  
Spoken loud words all we want is his head  
He did some dumb shit  
Beef from Miami now  
Damn yo big head Lance in some wild shit  
Noodles caught the stair down  
Now it came back to me yo  
Handle it wise and brutally yo  
Put down your tooly and talk like men  
No shots rang yo, hittin' the ground like mangoes  
Swiss cheese the thirty-G dorango  
Few weeks later son seem 'em all..  
I mean 'em all..

Hook  
(Repeat x2)