

Raekwon, Friday

Friday nigga

Whats the word

You got something for me

I'ma see you in 2 seconds

Right, yo pull my Rover on the side

Right there police coming man

Heard me

Verse 1:

Yo up in the game on 4 in the morning

And it's storming and we blitzed

Just rocked another wig yeah we on it

God had blood on his sweat pants

The way the tech dance

On a nigga face

Son ain't have a chance

Seen him high pitch yellow nigga

>From outta town a young mellow ally

Trying to run through

Hell and song called the dogs to get on him

When we caught him the only famous nigga

Was a lord in his forum

Bum nigga fresh outta jail

I used to play baseball wid him

'Til he got large son bought a whale

As you're by the entrance

Guess it's real nigga night out

He moving on his own negligence

Yo Lexxy strap up meet you in the back

In the Acura spectacular big key stackeler

Seen a nigga gymed down fresh haircut

Trying to swim now

Aqua green Avias on brim style wild

We walked by eyeing 'im

Shorty ain't looked

He trying to get fly

My niggas ain't dived on him

Kase had the mack in the vest

The way he moving might be dressed

He made two rights nigga move left

Standing by the incinerator

Thank God he your generator

I can tell bought his lady swade gators

Yo now it's time to move

Spit nozzles on the tools

Might just bust him quiet style rules

He walked out the crib yup dranked

We at the elevator base

Staring at the nigga chains shake

We looked at him seen all crooked

The we flashed on him

He knew we was live

My man Boo stashed on him

Pulled out take of the wool

Nigga cool out

Walk you out the bulding

Betta run nigga move out

This nigga liver than fuck

Larger than fuck betta kill me

All y'all niggas is butt

What spray it up

Took the chains in case

Shot him at point blank range

He started screaming like a cave man

Blood got a salty taste

I can tell furniture fell out his place
Laced now it's a case
Threw up vomit on my Kobe
Snatched all his ice now
Chrome teeth boating of a loan key
Didn't know the kid was large
Hour later call from jail
Mexicans surrounding the Gods
Chill you bigga than the ocean
Slow motion play it off no emotion
But my man in there grossing
What to do they might kill him
We might kill you circulate death
That's how the real do
We sat there 3 live macks of the year
Crack beers one nigga in the back
Washing off his trackers
Don't take it serious
Vivid flow luxurious
I'm hearing this'll
Make a real nigga curious
Friday my day chill pop
Leave 'em on the highway
Betty won't never fly my way