

# Raekwon, Fuck Them

Method Man:

Yo, yo, yo, yo

Fuck you

Chorus: 2x

What you wanna be when you grow up

You wanna be thugs

You wanna be pranksters

You wanna sell drugs

You wanna be gangsters

Thats what silly boys are made of

Raekwon:

Aiyyo, aiyyo

Cool G's and forty seven flavors

Display swade gators

We comin through

To blaze neighbors

Meet mark and pardon me to heat mark

A dutch spark it

Lex Leonardo arts profit

Apple cranberry mixed with crystal

Fan worry

Desert mountain crib in the ground

We arsonists

One point five a liter

Take a taste

Splash your heater

Smack your face twice

Clap your sneakers

Shit is like a mission to Mars

Fishin' for bars

Takin' whats ours

Knowledge the car Pa

Dont be stupid

Get a little cash

Better swoop it

Throw it in the ground and recoup it

Next check was best

Your family pack your shit

Get vexed

Leave a nigga standing in a bag of leaves

Some niggas catch on later

Try to put them on they haters

I met eighty of them niggas yo

Waitin' on the sidelines droolin'

Some need schoolin'

Let me teach yo

And roll a student what

Rule one

Yo respect if you lose son

Dont be big back about to learn to move dunn

All hell to niggas in jails

With sharks in they fishtanks

Now he come home he a whale

Wolves in the projo's, projo's yo

We realer up in my shows yo

Middle finger five O's

Take time to climb vines yo

Lay on the lines

Like Laury only lovin' Rae kind

Sun splash cash layin like three bags of hash

Fully wrapped in a indian man's stash

Method Man:

Aiyyo

Chorus: 2x

Raekwon:  
Aiiyo, get up  
Lex should be braggin'  
Get it up  
Fuck shorty got cream in a mean truck  
Prop-ness she hollar like the Loch Ness  
He large rock this  
Fresh Ferrari in a drop six  
Fro's  
Yo talkin about the dough on his clothes  
Glaze is crushed up pokin on rolls yo  
Oh yeah and maybe gettin' cream  
See what I mean black queen  
Stop actin' like crack fiends an'  
Brawl we wanna thank all of y'all  
Play the wall hype  
Checkin how this lady walks stay hawkin'  
Grab the remain, divorce (Uh)  
Shame came to yours  
We like green  
Rock the same gameplan, ours (Yo, Yo)  
Method Man;  
Ladies and gentlemen  
Your about to see  
A pastime hobby about to be  
Takin' to the next degree  
By M-E-T-H and the bloody Chef Boyardee  
Watch out bitches is too nosey  
Backhand slappin' the phoney  
Got to walk it off can't mosey  
Who got you open up  
Crack pipe still smokin'  
Face frozen  
Coke straw stickin' out your nose and D  
Proposin' that you bleed on the Chef apron  
My thing hold down the play-pen  
And say the nursery rhymes they makin'  
Come on now  
Shits too real  
Fuck you and now your man feel  
Time don't stand still for y'all bitches  
Wanna Big Ball  
I got two for you to juggle in your jizzals  
Im losin' it now  
Throw in the pieces like a jig-saw  
Aiiyo  
She multi-colored like a rainbow  
Mr. Meth and the Cuban Link kiddo  
On tracks we connect, politic ditto  
Take that to that  
Chorus: 2x