

Raekwon, King Of Kings

(feat. Havoc)

[Intro: Havoc (Raekwon)]

Let's go (Yeah, nigga)
Good lookin' Rae that's what I'm talkin' 'bout
(It's all good don't worry about it)
You feel what I'm sayin'? (Don't worry about it)
Yeah (Word up, let's go)
You know how we gotta come at this niggas, man
Yeah.. come on.. yo.

[Havoc]

Stuck, y'all like gum underneath my kicks
Better move little fucks when the heat I'll spit
The hammer clap like the ass on a meat-out chick
Dump clips like a triffin' ass bitch to drop
If you short you're a chance in the box
But I ain't lettin' you play with the guns in the club, I'm boothin' the ox
Got my eyes on the ho's and I'm a peripheral
Got you cowards poppin' that Moe', my hand on the 'istol
Wild out, have a ball, you could drink 'til you 'url
Thought the Firewater was strong, the pound'll leave you curled
on the floor, like a new born baby, God
What you mean "is he dead?", what type of shit is leakin' out of his head?
When you cowards see the drama and it come to a head
I'm hittin' Rae up on the jacket, it ain't much to be said
If it's on, go without sayin' somethin', deliverin'
Visa verca, this is Havoc, baby, we those niggas (we those niggas)

[Chorus 2X: Raekwon]

All that money is us, now what's fuckin' wit' us?
Eh yo all around hungry, that's us and can't get nothin' get it
Eh yo all that money, all them niggas
All them shorties, everybody yell "All lovely"

[Raekwon]

I chop meat out ya face, Daddy, gladly
Mad breeze on, rubberband currency and I splash ya visa
You know the code, yo caesar low straddlers
Front Streets, cracks all in the front seat spazzin'
Imperial wizards, Staten
Knife game off the chain and I'm with four hundred with wagons yo
Live wires, shoot darts for bread
Any map, I assist that, I'm holdin' it, all niggas dead
What? Battle for cake and fuck wizzes
We do it straight business, all mount ride, ain't no fake niggas
Reminisce, spit faces
Pissin' on the fake little swindler's list, Rae gave them niggas cake
Battle the gun, you're wildin'
I might levitate well, I might take ya shit, push up, stylin' it
Oxes, reefers, police need us
The regime of Shaolin with Queens re-up
Fuckin' with the poisonous hand
Remember y'all, no commercial, I hurt you, yo go get ya mans

[Chorus 2X]

[Raekwon]

Eh yo select me, Gucci sneaker recipe
Not the S dot Carters, no disrespect but respect me
One of the top five gangstas alive
My element is just the Elliott Ness, niggas who hide
Yo I ran from some niggas that was police
These niggas heard about me bringin' marked money in, I had the whole East

I've been the greatest, been flippin' the latest
Somethin' like the new haggler on the Ave., ham it up, pullin' haze
And all the young niggas praise me
It's like the talent of the Six Million Dollar Man, 'yana pace
Come on, banana squeeze, aim at these Caravans
Heard he had his man and that ugly Keish'
Comin' from a galaxy of hood, hard real people gettin' ki's
Fuck wit' the media, it's all good

[Chorus 2X]