

# 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]