

# Raekwon, Pa-Blow Escablow

[Chorus 2X: Raekwon]

Hug your right hand, jumped off the plane, kissed the white man  
A steady act, curly hair, chubby, fly mustache nigga  
Money was long, and plush hat, shit cost nine thousand  
Picture me in the housing, serving much crack  
Cat look at me, I'm real, lobbin' on the field  
For real, I shot niggas shakin' their hands, I'm ill  
Damn, one of them business man's  
I just seen 'em murk a nigga, but he jerked him at the same time  
(That's fam.. (Polite: oh shit))

[Raekwon]

That's fam, one of those Columbians who got money  
One of those niggas might try to get up on me  
Yo, damn, I need to eat, and I'm a man  
I'm a stand up, nigga, I'mma handle when I'm makin' my plan  
Pop, I'll take two hundred bricks, hit me  
One helicopter had the super bungalo with the van  
All ill technology to watch if I ran, he only gave me  
Woody gave sixty eight other black mans

[Interlude: Polite]

Now.. if Pa-Blow would've kept it gangsta  
None of this shit would've never happened

[Raekwon]

Now the DEA was on his ass  
Slick Saucony's on, big homey takin' a blast or somethin'  
Handsome big niggas around him  
Surroundin' him with big glasses on, drinkin' on lances, fam  
Most them niggas fastin'  
Cuz when he fed niggas after that, pussy and grass  
Had made backs, eight labs, his date was Miss Mass-  
Achusetts, Cap eatin' fruit, tongue in his ass  
You can't fuck with the cartel, you barked at it  
Jabbed her and shot her in the back, I can't stand the bird  
Word to furs, I need big wizes  
He looked at me, "Huh, exactly, Chef go after big bitches"  
Frozen burner henchman, flash the great  
Lookin' nine on me, rhinestones, no, them shits is dime stones  
Hold a million dollar pound, bust something, don't trust nothin'  
I'm in shock, starin' it down

[Interlude: Polite]

Now.. here's where this shit gets crazy!

[Raekwon]

The killas increase, he fell, but  
Maybe a little bit, the Mediene Cartel will fail  
Diego his horse, with George Young  
Yo, will argue over large sales, hittin' Cuba with lumps, yeah  
Call them niggas drug barons, eighty billion workers sniff  
Gettin' lift ownin' Miami yo  
Flips got bigger, makin' more trails  
Set it out of nowhere when coppin' a jail, I'm eatin' fresh veal  
Pa-Blow, the largest nigga involved  
The arsenal will have sixty three hundred murders  
Livin' in apartments, wild he violated flight a Bianca  
Took two hundred niggas down but two men houndin' him  
The fuckin' cockroches posin' the on six million dollars sold  
We're eatin' enchilada, goat cheese pasta  
Yeah we're drippin' it with more salsa  
And then they rushed in, found him on the roof dead in his boxers  
But it wasn't him.

[Outro: Polite]  
The story.. oh shit.. mothafucka!  
Hahahahaha