

Raekwon, Rover Sport

[Intro: Raekwon]

All that heroin out there, nigga
I can't tell, nigga, what's up
I can't tell you nothing no more

[Raekwon]

Pull up the Range sport, blow in the back of the trunk
Color sickening, bitches is blunt
Snitches get plucked and popped, cut and chopped, and yo
We generate hoods and hide this gwop
For all the blocks we invading, we be caking & strip naked
I know you wasn't selling by the building, I feel the hating
Dust blunts with heroin, servin up Steak'ems
Shot him by the building, yo, and spit on his laces
Rich niggaz'll rise, more eyes, yo, Busta, what up?
Chilling like we at the 25's out
Night time is vibe, pies get thrown to guys
You fuck up this money, bones is fried
I'ma stay fly, getting paper, sit on a ten acre kitchen
Bout the size of the Ritz at Penn Station, yup
Rich niggaz we spot you, stay genuine, cousin
Do your numbers, fam, regardless, yo, we got you

[Interlude: Raekwon]

Hahahaha... ahhhh, do it nigga, there, you should fucking..
Fucked up New York Yankee hats on fronting
Niggaz know Cuban Linx when they hear it nigga
Huh... I'm the motherfucking Ali of the game, bitch

[Raekwon]

Nigga Chef back, wood back, he in the good Ac'
What's hood, me in your hood, we got the good crack
Don't violate me, I hate, I'm like Star and Buc
In the morning, I'm mourning, wild on the fake, yo
Stay dropping bracelets, cases of Cryst' and Cru'
Don't even move duke, take off your shoes
We hardbody action packed, keep a baboon
The jewels is back, with strappers on, come take it
Shoebox with nothing but hash, alotta old ass
Wallies is off the meat rack, splash
Nigga, Diamond down, moving like China Town
Me and forty-five mad real niggaz, we light clowns up now