

# Raekwon, State Of Grace (Remix)

[Busta Rhymes]

Wherever you want it, believe I'm running through there hard  
Dismantle your cypher, yo, Rae, happy new year God!  
Foul and fucked up, niggas know I spit ugly  
Jewelry trucked up, niggas know they can't fuck with me  
If you my target, you probably wouldn't wanna be 'em  
My legacy royal with statues in a museum  
With numerous artifacts, hanging in the mosoleum  
Type living room setting is bigger than the land of freedom  
I'm parked on the corner, while pretty bitches holla "hello";  
I'm another breed, different species from you fellows  
Technically, it's kinetic, I'm genetically better  
I'm something you will never see, far as you can remember  
My buzz exceding rapidly, no matter how it's measured  
Like an unstoppable machine in the Mohabi Desert  
So hungry I smell it, success up in my after taste  
Still spit til it's painful, despite the money in the safe  
I see you resentful, stay up in your place  
And while they be morning your death, we in a State of Grace  
Designing, I'm perfect with timing, take it back to Rucker  
RZA, it's hard to stop rhyming on this muthafucka!  
Stay on the poster, the street, we never sleeping on him  
New album, Big Bang, slowly creepin' on 'em  
Wu-Tang, Flipmode, fuck you wanna do?  
Another banger, Chef, RZA, Bust', Cuban Link 2!

[Raekwon]

CREAM vanquish, my queen keeps it's stainless  
Cracks and Brussels, screwing everything famous  
Love to hustle, my ring, call it big Uranus  
Cats that scuffle, crawl on you and break fingers  
That's what's up, you saw me and them Lone Rangers  
Me and my homey, we bought like forty things up  
Long as you owe me, you won't get a damn thing, son  
Shoot off your kangol, while you in the plane, fronting  
Stop, admirin' me, ya'll should of fired me  
Cuz when I come back, it's me and my diary  
None of that bullshit, few men got tired of me  
My niggas is wrong, they hated, and they lied to me  
Explain the saga, fuck yo, your chain liver  
Fuck the blinging, have my money by five, to me  
Ya'll 'pose to bring it, fuck you and your whole variety  
I'm bringing my hammers, I beat it like, five to three

[Chorus: Raekwon]

Jealous ass niggas can't see they man prosper  
They'd rather see me in a broke down fuckin' Mazda  
Don't disrespect me, son, you will get popped up  
My resume's off the hook, now, check mi casa  
Yeah, call it, what you wanna call it  
My bread is larger, nigga, you can never spoil it  
Thought you was loyal, now a nigga can't support you  
Blastin' you up, and off me, now you look rewarded

[Raekwon]

What's that smell? Rat piss and possum pussy  
Bitch don't yell, I'm not impressed, don't push me  
I'm back with some haters, they wipe shit and blast pussies up  
Bloody ya blazer, take all your man cush weed  
Yeah, I'm coming just to claim a title  
Rap is boring, niggas need another idol  
When I'm gone, just let off like forty rifles  
Aiming at rappers, biting off the God's bible  
I destroy you, lyrically, I spit oil

This is war, you can never escape, conio  
Ya'll some lamesters, never seen a yard soiled  
When it's on, now we gon' see who's loyal  
Yeah, yeah, I'm coming, yo, we get it from you  
Place that crown in the garbage, or you sitting on  
A few things mattered, you was just a corner don  
That got shot dead like Malcolm in the Audubon

[Chorus]