

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]