Raekwon The Chef, Clientele Kidd

(featuring Fat Joe, Ghostface Killah & Polite)

[Intro: Raekwon]
Yo straight up last minute, you know what time it is
Word up, yeah, yeah, yeah
Word up, blip blip blap blap blap
What up?

[Hook x2: Polite]
Who don't know? They don't know, betta let 'em know
There they go, here we go

[Raekwon]
Aiyo Clientele Kidd
Layin in the crib gettin' ill money, those who 8 hours get gig
Got rugby's on and 4/5ths
Attractin' them niggaz I go against, the money was his
One nasty unit of murderers, all type of Goons'll watch
Then four minutes later they burgulars
I heard from the grapevine mine made it
Elevate the name up, this gift gotta reign and his game went up
And now he's stronger than ever, Nike jackets and Classics
Go against it and it's instant vendettas
He run things, gun down Kings, check the joint the kid flyin' in
Crib in Africa with two lions
Somethin' like the Prince of a jewel thief, so smack the millions
Came back wrapped it up, too sweet
The game is missin' somethin' unique
I put too much to fall back on, I rather just sleep

[Chorus x2: Polite]
CHEF! We designin', rhymin' with Diamonds
CHEF! Ice Water, it was all in the timin'
CHEF! He gave y'all niggaz bricks on consignment
CHEF! To the death and he Billboard climbin'

[Fat Joe]
Yeah uh
Yo Don Carta' bomb harder over nearly everybody
Very rarely you find me without the mini-shotti
Just waitin' for Rae to give met he cue and
you see about 100 Puerto Rican niggaz shootin'
Get down, lay down, we don't play around
I don't know what you heard but, we don't play around
It's cooked coke, but look, but what the f**k happened?
How you leave the dope game to persue rappin'?
Already knowin' that ya shit was trash
Breathin' hard on the mic when yo' click is ass
All we tryin' to do is bring dignity to rap
And you kiddin' me? I'm literally the epitome of that
Uh, we much better than y'all, Terre-error the Squad
My niggaz set it when we get in the yard
Whether Marcy or Comstock, triggers 'pon cock
Straight punch in ya lung and you niggaz gon' drop
What?

[Chorus x2]

[Ghostface Killah]
Yo yo yo shoot him in his mouth.. (nah)
F**k him, get the gasoline tell Terry to pull the act up
Bring him to Rae warehouse, hang him from hooks then skin his ass
As lame as he look he ready to cook (yeah)
And he pleadin' for mercy, bleedin' from his dome and he thirsty

The first week we made him eat shit!
Videotaped his wiz and I f**ked his bitch
Made him watch me on the couch havin' fun with his kids
So what hurts more: is it me showin' love to ya fam?
Or you in the box laid under the floor?
Or keep you alive blow torchin' ya balls?
My murder chainsaw, ya bloods on my Scarface walls
Not even Ajax can clean that, Jack
We need that maintenace man shit that kill that greasy blood on contact
Finish you off 'cause I'm pressed for time
Your man and 'em will be next to die
Mothaf**ka!

[Chorus x2]

[Hook x4]