

# Raekwon The Chef, Fuck Them

Method Man:  
Yo, yo, yo, yo  
F\*\*k you

Chorus: 2x  
What you wanna be when you grow up  
You wanna be thugs  
You wanna be pranksters  
You wanna sell drugs  
You wanna be gangsters  
Thats what silly boys are made of

Raekwon:  
Aiiyo, aiiyo  
Cool G's and forty seven flavors  
Display swade gators  
We comin through  
To blaze neighbors  
Meet mark and pardon me to heat mark  
A dutch spark it  
Lex Leonardo arts profit  
Apple cranberry mixed with crystal  
Fan worry  
Desert mountain crib in the ground  
We arsonists  
One point five a liter  
Take a taste  
Splash your heater  
Smack your face twice  
Clap your sneakers  
Shit is like a mission to Mars  
Fishin' for bars  
Takin' whats ours  
Knowledge the car Pa  
Dont be stupid  
Get a little cash  
Better swoop it  
Throw it in the ground and recoup it  
Next check was best  
Your family pack your shit  
Get vexed  
Leave a nigga standing in a bag of leaves  
Some niggas catch on later  
Try to put them on they haters  
I met eighty of them niggas yo  
Waitin' on the sidelines droolin'  
Some need schoolin'  
Let me teach yo  
And roll a student what  
Rule one  
Yo respect if you lose son  
Dont be big back about to learn to move dunn  
All hell to niggas in jails  
With sharks in they fishtanks  
Now he come home he a whale  
Wolves in the projo's, projo's yo  
We realer up in my shows yo  
Middle finger five O's  
Take time to climb vines yo  
Lay on the lines  
Like Laury only lovin' Rae kind  
Sun splash cash layin like three bags of hash  
Fully wrapped in a indian man's stash

Method Man:  
Aiyyo

Chorus: 2x

Raekwon:  
Aiyyo, get up  
Lex should be braggin'  
Get it up  
F\*\*k shorty got cream in a mean truck  
Prop-ness she hollar like the Loch Ness  
He large rock this  
Fresh Ferrari in a drop six  
Fro's  
Yo talkin about the dough on his clothes  
Glaze is crushed up pokin on rolls yo  
Oh yeah and maybe gettin' cream  
See what I mean black queen  
Stop actin' like crack fiends an'  
Brawl we wanna thank all of y'all  
Play the wall hype  
Checkin how this lady walks stay hawkin'  
Grab the remain, divorce (Uh)  
Shame came to yours  
We like green  
Rock the same gameplan, ours (Yo, Yo)

Method Man;  
Ladies and gentlemen  
Your about to see  
A pastime hobby about to be  
Takin' to the next degree  
By M-E-TH and the bloody Chef Boyardee  
Watch out bitches is too nosey  
Backhand slappin' the phoney  
Got to walk it off can't mosey  
Who got you open up  
Crack pipe still smokin'  
Face frozen  
Coke straw stickin' out your nose and D  
Proposin' that you bleed on the Chef apron  
My thing hold down the play-pen  
And say the nursery rhymes they makin  
Come on now  
Shits too real  
F\*\*k you and now your man feel  
Time don't stand still for y'all bitches  
Wanna Big Ball  
I got two for you to juggle in your jizzals  
Im losin' it now  
Throw in the pieces like a jig-saw  
Aiyyo  
She multi-colored like a rainbow  
Mr. Meth and the Cuban Link kiddo  
On tracks we connect, politic ditto  
Take that to that

Chorus: 2x